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SKETCHES

OF

LIFE, SCENERY, AND SPORT IN NORWAY.

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NORWAY

BY

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PREFACE.

I HAVE from time to time written articles in various periodicals and papers containing short sketches of life, sport, &c., in Norway. These I have now gathered up into one volume, in the hope that in a connected form they may not only prove interesting to the general reader, but of service to the tourist to that country. It will be noticed that I have omitted to dilate on some of the most striking and renowned scenes to be found there, such as the Vöring Foss, &c. But these "famous lions" are so generally well known, and have been so often described, that I have preferred rather to draw the attention of my readers to parts which are comparatively unknown to English travellers.

Those who remember my former work, "Sport in Norway, and Where to Find It,"—now out of print—will recognise the accounts of the Alpine Flora of the Dovre Fjeld, and the "Sketches from Sætersdal." In other respects I have not borrowed from it.

M. R. B.

March, 1871.

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SKETCHES

OF

LIFE, SCENERY, AND SPORT IN NORWAY.

CHAPTER I.

Social Life in Christiania—Remarks thereon by a Norwegian—Legend of Stor Hamar Abbey.

Intending tourists to Norway will, doubtless, before reaching the metropolis of that country, be pretty well up in all the lions of the place; I do not, therefore, purpose wasting their time in describing over again things which abler pens than mine have laid before them. Moreover, are not all these things written in the Chronicles of Murray's Knapsack Guide to Norway? But, though I shall say nothing of Christiania and its lions (in which by the way it is extremely deficient), I think a few remarks about the social life of its inhabitants may not prove altogether uninteresting. I wrote the following sketch a few years ago for *All The Year Round*. Of course it soon found its way to Christiania, and provoked some rather amusing criticisms in a comic paper called the *Viking*.

It was five o'clock on a Tuesday morning when I arrived in Christiania. I had with me a letter of introduction to a Norwegian gentleman, one of the most hospitable fellows I ever met with. We were good friends directly.

"My friend tells me," he said, glancing over the contents of the letter, "that you want to see something of our town life before

going up country. Nothing could be more fortunate. I am giving a ball to-night, so come and make your observations on us. By the way," he added, "take this," giving me a pink piece of paper, with the following printed on it:

"Herr H. giver sig den Ære at indbyde Herr —— til en soirée dansante. Tirsdagen den ——

"Kl. 7."

Which being interpreted is:

"Mr. H. gives himself the honour to invite, &c., &c.

"Seven o'clock."

At the time appointed I arrived at my friend's house; for I purposely came early in order to be able to scrutinise the company. And here, at the outset, I must remark that I was extremely taken with the Norwegian ladies, especially the young ladies; not that they were beautiful—our English girls far surpass their Norwegian sisters in respect of good looks; but, in the first place, I refer to their "get up," of which, for my lady readers, I will endeavour to give a true, though I fear not a scientific, description. Nearly all of them were dressed in muslin, white or coloured, with appropriate head-dresses of flowers or ribbons. There was scarcely an expensive dress in the whole room. "Sensible girls!" I soliloquised. "I wonder what it would cost my sisters to turn out for a ball like this? I should like some of our English young ladies to be here, to take a lesson in dress. Here is a good effect produced for a very little money." But here my reflections were directed into another vein by a bevy of young men—students, officers, and so forth—who came in hat in hand. What on earth do they bring their hats into a ball-room for? Ah! perhaps they are afraid of losing them. Not a bad idea! But I wonder what they will do with them when the dancing begins? Surely not put them on? However, after having paid their respects to the host, they proceeded carefully to place them in out-of-the-way corners, while others, who did not, I suppose, mean dancing, kept theirs in hand for the rest of the evening.

Just then the folding doors of an adjacent room were thrown open, and supper was announced.

Another surprise for me. What, supper before dancing! So it was. And an excellent plan, too, I'm inclined to think. For, don't you, young ladies, always enter into the spirit of dancing all the more, after you have had a little sip of iced champagne? Don't you, young gentlemen, often then first get rid of that shyness and reserve which are so peculiar to you? You know you do.

The supper was an elegant affair; but a standing-up one, as is universally the case in Norway. As I had only just dined, I became a passive spectator. I observed that the gentlemen, as soon as they had handed their partners in, left them to shift for themselves, while they looked after number one. But the dear creatures seemed quite used to such treatment. There were no sweets on the table; all the dishes were savoury dishes. (By the way, Russian peas seemed very popular.) But in another little room were laid out ices, jellies, creams, cakes, flanked by numberless bottles of champagne. The ladies had the first *entrée* into the chamber of sweets; and it was not till they turned out, that we turned in.

The band now began to strike up in the ball-room: a signal for the gentlemen to adjourn thither.

"You dance?" said my host.

"Oh yes; certainly!"

"Come then. I'll introduce you to that girl in pink; she is dying to dance with an Englishman."

She was an uncommonly charming girl, the daughter of a pastor in the Loffoten Isles, and had never been in Christiania before. She rejoiced in the name of Katinka. I naturally thought she might be shy, as this was the first time she had ever been in a town. Not a bit of it! She had plenty to say for herself; could talk English very well, though she had never heard it spoken by an Englishman before; and was thoroughly well up in English literature.

I never danced so much, nor enjoyed an evening so much, as I did this evening, my first in Northern Europe. It is quite impossible to help liking the young ladies. They are so simple, unreserved, conversational, well informed, and un-coquettish.

Dancing was kept up with spirit till twelve, when another edition of supper on a minor scale made its appearance.

"Well! And what do you think of us in this out-of-the-way country?" said my friend, who prevailed on me to stay behind and smoke a cigar after his guests had gone.

"Think! I think I would like to cut the Temple, and come and live here for good and all!"

He laughed, and said, as I took my leave,

"By the way, I forgot to tell you I have been requested to bring you with me to-morrow to a grand dinner-party. You'll see something new there, if I mistake not. *God Nat!*"

After bathing next morning in the Fjord, in close proximity to his Majesty Carl John the Fifteenth—when I had an opportunity of seeing rather more than one usually sees of royalty—I repaired to my friend's house, to be taken out to dinner.

The Statsraad W. lived during the summer in a villa about half a mile from town. Indeed, nearly all the merchants and wealthier people reside in the country during the summer months. The villas, which I noticed as presenting a very picturesque effect, on sailing up the Fjord, are generally built of wood, and painted either a pale pink, white, or yellow. From the second or third stories there are balconies, and on the ground floor there is a verandah, connected by glass doors with the house. One never sees a carpet during the summer, and not usually even in the winter. The floors are painted and varnished, and convey to the mind an assurance of coolness and absence of dust: desirable advantages in a climate which, for a short time in the year, resembles that of India.

There were, perhaps, a hundred and fifty guests assembled when we entered. I wondered how we were all going to be accommodated.

"I dare say you do not have these sort of dinner parties in England," said a young lady to me, whom I had met the evening before. "We always, at such parties, stand up to dinner." My answer was cut short by our being ushered into the dining-room.

As I wished to do at Rome as they did at Rome, I first turned to a little side-table, on which were arranged sardines, anchovies, "Throndhjem aquavit," and other appetite-ticklers. I won't describe the dinner; suffice it to say, it was most excellent. But I would earnestly recommend any one going to Christiania to practise dining standing up before leaving home; for it requires an uncommon knack to be able to manage it properly. Try; take a plate with a bit of chicken, a slice of ham, some peas, and potatoes on it, for instance. Hold this in your left hand—for all the chairs and side-tables are monopolised by the elderly people—and cut up and eat with your right. In the mean time, keep constantly drinking wine with imaginary guests, and get your sisters to push gently up against you from all sides. And withal you should not omit to pay some attention to the study of attitudes. Assume the best posture for preserving your "gravity in a state of stability," while at the same time seek to avoid a straddle, as if you were on the deck of a rolling steamer, otherwise you may be animadverted on by the company. You must not feel annoyed if, just as you have succeeded in cutting up the chicken and ham in nice little bits, and have relinquished the knife for the fork, a jolt from behind disturbs the direction a mouthful is taking, and sends it outside your shirt-front instead of inside; neither must you be irritated at feeling that some one is pouring a plateful of gravy down your back. I upset a glass of wine over a young gentleman's legs (an elderly man of stout basis, who bumped against me, was the cause), and I am ashamed to say that I looked hard in another direction, as if I knew nothing at all about the matter. Another piece of advice I would venture to suggest—especially if you dislike using dirty forks—is, that you keep a tight hold of your own. Forks are always at a premium, and if you put yours down for one moment, you'll never see it again. I cannot suggest the modest stranger's doing anything better with his wine-glass than putting it in his pocket when not in immediate use; for I am convinced that not one of the ladies or gentlemen present drank out of the same glass twice.

After dinner, which was over about six, the gentlemen strolled out into the grounds to smoke. The ladies don't at all object to the smell of the fragrant weed, and nearly all the clergy indulge in it. Indeed, whenever you meet a man up the country with a long meerschaum pipe, and tobacco-pouch slung round his neck, the chances are that he is a pastor. You can judge for yourself, when I inform you that in 1855, when the population consisted of one million four hundred and ninety thousand and forty-seven souls—I like exactitude—the imports of tobacco amounted to about three millions three hundred thousand pounds; which gives an allowance of two pounds and a quarter to each soul, not deducting women or children! One gentleman to whom I was introduced informed me that he always had a smoke the last thing at night, after he had got into bed; and, from some incidental remarks he made, I discovered that he was a married man, and occupied the same apartment as his wife. Cigars, coffee, and its attendant curaçoa, having been duly appreciated, we returned to the house, and danced till twelve o'clock; and, though the party had thus lasted eight hours, it had been throughout an uncommonly pleasant one, and the time had passed very quickly.

"As you have now seen what we can do in the way of balls and dinner parties," said my friend, as we strolled home in the soft twilight (for it was so light, that I could easily have read the smallest print), "you shall see us as we are every day. I will take you to a friend's house to-morrow, and will not tell him anything about it beforehand."

If the dinner party the day before had been costly and profuse, the fare to-day was homely, and rather sparing. The dinner consisted of fish-soup—a dish my pen is quite unable to describe, but which I should pronounce very nasty; roast chickens stuffed with parsley, about the size of partridges; and Multer-berries and cream. As a rule, Norwegian families do not eat meat more than three or four times a week; and a pudding—at least what an Englishman calls a pudding—is unknown.

Dinner being finished, as if at a preconcerted signal, everybody

arose and pushed (not lifted) his chair back against the wall, thus producing an immense deal of unnecessary noise on the uncarpeted floor; and then everybody shook hands with the host, and with everybody else, and said, "Tak for Mad."

I was amused by an anecdote an English lady who had married a Norwegian told me. It seems they resolved upon living as much as possible in the English style, and therefore had meat and pudding every day. The servant had the same fare. But she could not eat it; she pined after her milk-soup, salt herrings, and potatoes; and actually lodged a complaint with the police against her master, because he *would* give her meat and pudding instead.

I should like to take Jeames, or John Thomas, or Betty the cook, over to Norway, and treat them to servants' fare there. A month or two of it would do them all a world of good! How they would appreciate the cold leg of mutton when they got back; and how heartily table ale at tenpence a gallon would be relished after nothing but coffee and cold water!

If any of my readers may ever have had the good fortune to be present at a Norwegian party, they will not think the above sketch overdrawn. I only trust my friends in Norway were not irritated or annoyed on reading it. Indeed, I have so great a regard for them that I would not willingly hurt their feelings in any way, and I am inclined to think that many of them enjoyed a hearty laugh at the way in which their customs were depicted by a foreigner.

The following, taken from the pages of the *Viking*, proves, I think, that such was the case:—

"*A Dinner Scene in Christiania.*

"The natives of Norway, a poor country somewhere near the North Pole, eat their dinners in the following strange way, when a 'spread,' for instance, is given by a 'great gun.' First of all, the ladies make a rush at the table, closely followed by the gentlemen, and, having secured something to eat on a plate, dart out of the

room once more to devour it in peace. The ladies having left the room, the gentlemen, each armed with a plate in one hand and a fork in the other, now approach the festive board, pushing and hustling one another in such a way that a great portion of what is meant for the mouth falls down between the waistcoat and the shirt, where it remains till the following day, when it is eagerly devoured as a special *delicatesse*. It is also customary with the natives to pour warm greasy sauce down each other's backs: this is called 'the warm douche-bath'! One never quite empties a glass; for in high life it is usual to pour the heeltaps on your neighbour's boots or unmentionables, whilst you look in an unconcerned way in another direction the while. This is termed a 'libation to Bacchus.' But there is one custom the natives have, and which, by the way, they adopted from the wild Indians, which Europeans find great difficulty in adopting, and that is, they exchange forks with one another, and drink out of each other's glass. It is not thought polite to put your glass in your pocket, though, for the sake of cleanliness, it may often be done. In private circles, when dinner is over, each member of the family squats down on a chair, and pushes himself along till his back touches the wall, whereupon, as if at a preconcerted signal, everybody runs against everybody else, shouting out at the top of their voices, 'Tak for Maden!'

"On retiring to rest at night man and wife always smoke side by side in bed, which is the reason why so many fires occur in Christiania. Common servants eat potatoes and dried herrings, a species of food also given to cows to make them milk well, and occasionally a little milk soup. We hear that a company has been formed in England in order to send dainty servants over to Norway instead of to Botany Bay."

We must now bid adieu to Christiania, for very few travellers remain there a day longer than they can help; not because it is a disagreeable town to be in, far from it! But, as their time is generally limited, and there is a great deal to be seen, a stay of two or three days in the city will be found quite sufficient to exhaust all the

sights and to make the necessary preparations for the journey northwards.

Starting, probably, by an early train, the traveller will find himself in about four hour's time on board one of the steamers, that ply up and down on the Miösen Lake, between Eidsvold, the terminus of the railway, and Lillehammer, at the further extremity of the lake, a distance of about ninety miles. There is little to be said about the Miösen, or of the scenery on its banks. It is pretty, but not imposing; always pleasing, but nowhere grand.

About half way up the lake, shortly after the steamer has left Stor Hamar, a rising town, from which, by the way, a railway runs to Grundsæt, on the Glommen, the traveller will notice some find old ruins. Many a pleasant day have I spent among them; for some English friends of mine used to live in the pretty little house close by, and it was always a pleasure to pay them a visit. Of course there must be a story attached to old ruins wherever you may find them: and I am glad to say that the ruins of Stor Hamar Abbey are no exception to this rule; for I think that the following tale, which I translated from a little book by the poet Munch, will not be unacceptable here.

Legend of Stor Hamar Abbey.

One evening in Whitsuntide, in the year 1537, a boat, rowed by four men, might be seen approaching the town of Hamar. Over the stern was erected a canopy, beneath which, propped up by pillows and cushions, a female form was reclining; it was evidently that of a lady already past the prime of life. She had once been beautiful, and even now her haggard features showed traces of loveliness, which time and illness had not effaced. She lay with closed eyes; and, had it not been that her fingers mechanically wandered from time to time over the beads of her rosary, and that her lips quivered quietly, as if she were engaged in prayer, she might have been taken for a corpse, so deathlike did she look. She was clad in deep mourning, and the jewelled rings on her

fingers, and the massive gold chain round her neck, afforded unmistakable evidence that she was some noble lady. By her side knelt a fair young maiden, the rosy bloom on whose cheeks afforded a striking contrast to the pale, careworn features of her companion. She was a true specimen of a Norwegian girl, with light blue eyes and flaxen hair. Her whole thoughts were evidently centered on the suffering lady. On the other side of the couch stood, or rather leaned against the canopy, a priest dressed in ecclesiastical garb; and it seemed as if he were labouring to make his sleek, plump face assume a mournful air, as, with unpraised eyes, he kept muttering half aloud the prayers for the dying, ever and anon turning his eyes from the suffering lady to a roll of parchment which he held in his hands, with a look of triumphant satisfaction.

The stillness of the evening was unbroken, save by the regular plashing of the oars and the suppressed sobs of the young girl.

Hamar may be said at this period to have passed the zenith of its glory, and though no visible signs of decay were apparent, yet slowly and gradually the elements of change were working underground.

The abbey formed a central point for several interests, and it was evident that the downfall of the Church would be the precursor of universal ruin. That time, alas! was fast approaching, though, to judge from the thronged streets and the happy countenances of the citizens, peace and prosperity seemed to have found there a lasting abode.

Christian III. was on the throne of Denmark, and it was his determination to root out the Roman Catholic faith from Norway, and introduce the doctrines of the Reformed Church in its place.

Meanwhile, our travellers were fast approaching the land. It was the hour of vespers, and the deep-toned voice of the abbey bell clanged forth a welcome over the waters of the Miösen. At the first sound the invalid endeavoured to raise herself, as if the better to drink in its clear, melodious notes, and fastened her eyes, which had been hitherto closed, eagerly and intently in the direction of the abbey.

"Nay! holy father," she broke out, somewhat impetuously, "impossible! Yon holy pile can never fall into the hands of a Danish heretic! O tell me that, and I can die at peace."

But the exertion proved too great for her, and she fell back exhausted on the couch, muttering half-audibly, "Yes! there shall they pray for him."

"Jesus! she is dead," cried the maiden in alarm.

"Not so, child; it is but fatigue from the journey," said the monk.

"Alas! father, why hast thou induced her to undertake it? Could not the bishop have come to her?"

"Our Lady forgive thee, child," said the priest. "Speak not of what thou understandest not. Her meeting with the holy father brooks of no delay," he muttered between his teeth, as he grasped the roll of parchment tightly in his hand. But the maiden's quick ear caught the last words, and involuntarily she said, aloud, "To what use this mysterious meeting?"

"Peace, child," sharply retorted the priest. But the invalid had heard the last question of the maiden, and opening her eyes, said gently, "I heard thy question, dear Margaret; it concerns not thee, sweet child; another meeting more suitable to thy years awaits thee—thou wilt see I have not forgotten thee."

A deep blush suffused Margaret's face as she pressed the lady's hand, and her eyes spoke those thanks which her heart was unable to express.

By this time the boat had reached the quay, where a litter, borne by serving men in the bishop's livery, was in attendance. A crowd of townspeople had assembled to witness the unwonted scene, and, while the sick lady was being lifted in and carefully borne along the covered passage to the abbey, they gathered in knots of twos and threes in earnest conversation.

"It must needs be a lady of rank," said a tall, thin person.

"What, man," said a little fussy personage, who evidently thought himself to be somebody, "dost not thou know the rich

lady of Greffseng? They do say that she and Bishop Mozens were well acquainted in times gone by; they must be well advanced in years!"

Leaving the inquisitive burghers to settle and discuss affairs to their own liking, let us follow our former acquaintances. Vespers in the cathedral had just ended; the dying notes of the organ might still be heard gently vibrating through the fretted roof like far off music, and clouds of incense might still be seen floating through the air. In a little side chapel before the image of the Madonna the sick lady knelt, or rather lay prostrate, sunk in deep and earnest devotion; but ever and anon an air of fierceness gleamed from her eyes, and her compressed lips and clenched hands showed that other thoughts besides prayer reigned in her bosom. By her side knelt Margaret, and the close observer might have noticed that her eyes wandered from time to time towards the figure of a man who stood half concealed from view by one of the massive pillars close by.

The lady's chaplain was chanting a mass in a low tone, when a side door by the altar opened noiselessly, and the form of an aged ecclesiastic passed through into the chapel. His violet-coloured robe and crozier evidently betokened that he held a high office in the Church. And, indeed, it was no other than the bishop himself. His countenance had an air of nobility and mildness about it; but the nervous and uneasy glances he ever and anon directed to all parts of the building, as if he feared an enemy behind every stone. showed a want of resolution and firmness. Softly he drew near to the group before the altar, and, waiting till the chaplain had pronounced the final blessing, laid a gentle hand on the sick lady's shoulder as he saluted her by name.

"I am come, venerable father," she said, as, assisted by Margaret, she slowly and painfully raised herself from her recumbent position.

"And thy work is accomplished, Lady Carina," said the bishop in solemn tones. "Thy name shall ever live in the memory of posterity as that of one who gave up all she had for the maintenance of the true faith."

"Speak not of that; it is nothing," replied the lady. "It is but a memorial to him who once died for his fatherland."

"Thou speakest of thy brother, lady?" said the Bishop, "Herr Knut? Ah me! his death was a terrible one—murdered in spite of knightly vows. But Time, dear lady, Time has spread its soothing influence over the wound, and has strewn his grave with flowers. Yet, alas! a storm is gathering over us. But yesternight I was sitting in my chamber, pondering over the tidings I had just received from Trondjhem—how thy kinsman, Herr Truit Ulfstand, had entered the town, and had put the Archbishop Oluf to flight. Sad thoughts cast shadows on my mind, and I felt bowed down to earth with the foreboding that the feet of heretics and strangers might soon defile the Lord's temple, even in this retired valley, when the great bell in the cathedral began to toll with mournful sound, as if some one had just passed from life, and the organ pealed forth through the still night as if chanting a requiem for the dead. Startled, I sprang to my feet, when, lo! a blaze of light burst from every window in the abbey, and methought I could hear the tramp of armed men on the chancel floor. I called my attendants, and hurried out into the night. But all was still, and naught could be heard but the rippling of the water on the strand. I understood its meaning. It is a token from heaven. The days of our glory are numbered; the end is fast approaching; the iron heel of tyranny will crush out the independence of my country; and who am I to withstand? I am but a poor feeble old man; and even those on whom I counted have deserted me; traitors are under my roof!"

"It is because thou and Norway forget Knut Alfson's martyrdom that this has come to pass," said Lady Carina impetuously. "The freedom he would have given to his country lies buried with him in the grave; and ye, ye have not courage to avenge his death. Only I remember him, I, his sister! Thou knowest well, holy father, his death made me what I am—a lonely and forsaken woman. Thee it made bishop, else hadst thou been my husband. See'st thou this sword—these blood-stained gloves? They were his. I took them from his mangled corse, and have treasured them ever since.

And now I feel my end approaching, and bid it welcome, for it will unite me to him. Therefore, holy father, do I bequeath thee all my goods, that the name of the murdered man may be mentioned here in thy prayers. That name alone can preserve thy house and this church from ruin, and rouse thee to meet the strife. Hast thou the parchment, Father Johan?" The monk handed her the roll. "Take this, holy father," she continued. "Here will you find a formal bequeathment of my house at Greffseng, with all my manorial rights, to you and yours for ever. So long as you preserve this, and suffer not my kinsman to wrest it from you, so long will Hamar's ——"

"Hold!" cried a voice behind the group, as a young man stepped quickly forward. "My Lord Bishop, I am sent here by Herr Ulfstand, Knight, to present this letter to your Holiness. He protests against this injustice; and bids me say he will speedily come himself in person to maintain his rights."

At these audacious words, spoken impetuously and in a loud voice, the bishop stood as if thunderstruck. To be defied thus in that sacred building! Already could he see the fulfilment of the vision commencing. His face became as pale as death, and he would have fallen to the ground had not Margaret hastened to support him.

"Back, sacrilegious intruder," cried Lady Carina (and the young man quailed under the penetrating glance of her dark eye); "profane not holy ground. Tell thy master I defy him and his. My wealth is my own; and, if I choose to give it to the Church, it concerns not him. Tell him the Lady Carina, the sister of him he feared, bids him defiance; tell him that the thunders of heaven. . . . ." The sentence remained unfinished; the blood which excitement and passion had brought to her cheeks, seemed as if it suddenly flowed backwards in her veins, and with a cry of pain, she fell heavily to the ground. "Bear me to the Ursuline cloister," she faintly murmured, "that I may die in peace. Forget not Knut Alfson and his sister Carina."

* * * * * * *

Two months had elapsed since the occurrences just mentioned.

It was now St. John's (Midsummer) time, and bonfires were blazing through the night from hill and dale in the vicinity of Hamar; but the town itself wore a strange and serious look. Truit Ulfstand was approaching; and the frightened burghers were busying themselves in erecting palisades, digging trenches, in burying their valuables, and in barricading the doors and windows of their houses. The bishop's retainers might be seen piling up heaps of stones and other missiles in the courtyard of the palace, and planting stout wooden poles as an outwork in front of the main entrance. Even the monks were busy; and they might be seen going from house to house, stirring up the spirit of the peaceful burghers, and stimulating the workpeople to redoubled energy. At each window in the convent were stationed archers, armed with crossbow and bolt, while two old culverins were placed in position on the summit of the large stair case leading up from the courtyard. But the good old bishop could with difficulty be brought to sanction all these proceedings; he could not believe that Truit Ulfstand, bold and bad as he might be, would dare to invade the sanctity of his domain; and it was not till word was brought him by a scout that an armed host was seen in one of the defiles of the Dovre, marching towards the south, that he could be induced to order the town and abbey to be placed in a state of defence. True, some weeks before he had received word that the ambassador of Christian III. was commissioned by his royal master to confiscate all the abbey lands, to extirpate the Catholic religion, and in its place introduce the new doctrines of the Reformed Faith. But he relied on the Lady Carina's last words—"so long as ye remember Knut Alfson ye are safe;" and it was not till he was forced by his monks to rouse himself from the lethargic security into which he had fallen that he would permit any hostile preparations to be made. Even then it required from time to time fresh oil to feed the lamp, and an encouraging voice to cheer him on in the work which was evidently so distasteful to him. But, alas! the only voice that could have roused him had long been hushed in silence; and flowers were already blooming on Lady Carina's grave in the

cemetery of the Ursuline cloister. Daily did he mention her and Knut Alfson in his prayers, and ever rose encouraged from his knees.

One day, as he was kneeling at the very same altar where she had knelt, wrapped in deep thought, and as it were withdrawn from all communion with the external world, he heard a voice close beside him whisper in his ear, "Remember thy promise; the time has come!" Startled, he turned quickly round; but the place was vacant. "Surely it was her?" he cried aloud. "Yes, I will do thy bidding, dear lady; and will e'en from this moment prepare me for the fray."

From that hour a visible change came over the old bishop; late and early he was to be seen among the work people, encouraging them by words and gifts to renewed exertions. Spies, too, were posted on the neighbouring heights, to give timely notice of the approach of the invader, while arms were distributed amongst the townspeople.

Thus the days passed on. Already the bishop's energy was seen to slacken, and he was beginning to think that Heaven had averted the blow for that time, and that they might therefore slacken their vigilance. But the time was near at hand.

It was afternoon. The horizon was filled with lowering clouds, and the wind sighed and howled through the old building. The weather, too, was close and sultry, and the breeze seemed to parch and suffocate, rather than refresh. A storm was evidently gathering; and even now the thunder might be heard rolling amongst the distant mountains; while from time to time angry flashes of lightning pierced the dark mantle of cloud above. But Margaret heeded it not. She was, according to her wont, sitting by the Lady Carina's grave, removing the withered flowers of yesterday, and scattering fresh ones over the green turf. Her thoughts were buried in the grave with her whom she had loved; and an occasional tear might be seen to course its way slowly down her cheek, and mingle with the flowers at her feet. This afternoon she was more than usually sad; her thoughts wandered back to by-

gone days when she and her lover used to roam through the shady alleys in Grefseng garden, and she called to mind the vows they exchanged, and the promises he had made to love her.

For Aage had been a great favourite with Lady Carina, and it had always been her aim to bring about a marriage between the two young people.

And then she thought how deceitful he had been to the good old bishop, who had brought him up from boyhood and had always kept him about his person; and, lastly, to make the gulf between them wider and more impassible still, he was a heretic; and so she felt very sad this afternoon, none to advise her, no one on whose bosom she could pour out her bursting heart. The grave of her protectress, she thought, was the most fitting place for her—there could she hold communion with one who had been to her more than a mother.

As she sat with arms folded before her, and with her head bent low on her heaving bosom, deeply buried in her own sad thoughts, she was startled at hearing the sound of approaching footsteps, and looking up perceived the form of a man hastily approaching towards her. It was Aage! She had not seen him since that eventful day in the cathedral; and he was so changed in appearance that at first she did not recognise him. He was clad in a cloak of rich cloth, embroidered with gold and silver lace, and ostrich plumes waved from his bright steel helmet. His whole bearing was that of a soldier, and it was difficult to imagine how two short months could have worked so great a change in the humble secretary. His demeanour, formerly reserved and almost approaching to shyness, had now a degree of recklessness about it that ill harmonised with Margaret's present feelings. Her first impulse was to fly, but Aage anticipated her wishes, and with one bound stood by her side, and, encircling her waist with one arm, cried out, in a mocking tone, "Whither away, sweet dove? Our path lies not surely to yon musty convent! but rather to the bright world without. Come, my Margaret, come with me; there is none now to hinder us, or stand in the way of our happiness." As he said these last words he pointed with his disengaged hand down to the grave.

"Leave me," replied the maiden haughtily. "All is at an end between us—our paths are different. Sooner than go one yard with thee to the gay world thou speakest of, would I rather lie down there with her. Aage," she said in solemn tones, "listen to my last words. Thou knowest not how I loved thee; I would have made thee an obedient wife; willingly would I have laid down my life for thee, for I thought thee pure, honourable, and virtuous. And she loved thee too, and would have made thy fortune as far as worldly wealth could have done; but her love thou hast scorned; thou hast proved a traitor to thy country, and forsaken the religion of thy fathers. Traitor, doubly a traitor, coward, heretic, Margaret de Britten has nought to say to thee. Take back thy plighted word. I loath thee from my heart!"

"Tut, tut, foolish child," said the other. "What means all this idle talk? Thou hast acted thy part well! it was well done to appear to be angry with me. Now come, a truce to folly, and let me fold thee to my heart. And so the Lady Carina is dead you say? Well, she was kind, but still cold, stern, and unforgiving. It is better as it is. She would have had us live in some poor hovel under that weak old man's protecting wings, and do nothing but tell our beads, and attend mass—a livening prospect for a young man with a good head on his shoulders, and a stout arm to wield a sword, forsooth!"

"Leave me, blasphemer," cried the maiden in an undaunted tone; "profane not this sacred place with thy presence:" and with a sudden start she freed herself from his grasp, and hurried like a frightened bird in the direction of the abbey.

But Aage was immediately at her side. "Listen to me," he said, "but for one instant, and thou shalt then be at liberty to depart wheresoever thou wilt. Thou hast lived all thy life amongst monks and old women, thou knowest nought of the bright world outside—of its beauty, its loveliness. Already am I high in the favour of my patron, Truit Ulfstand, who has promised to advance me as his fortune rises. A bright prospect is before me, and thy presence will make it brighter. I can procure thee rich silks and velvets

instead of that old rusty gown; diamonds, richer and brighter than aught thou hast seen, shall be thine. What, does not that allure thee? Then let me tell thee that the days of Hamar are already numbered. Before to-morrow's sun rises on yonder hill the old abbey will be in ruins."

At these terrible words Margaret turned away her face and wept bitterly.

"Be, then, no longer a child," he continued; "it is no time now to indulge in grief. I have hastened on before my master and his followers to save thee. Not a hair of thy head shall be injured if thou wilt but put thyself under my protection. My arm is strong, and my heart is bold. Follow me to honour and renown. Hark! Dost hear that noise? They come! They come! Let us fly; there is yet time."

And in truth the tramping of horses' hoofs might be heard in the streets, shots were exchanged, lances glistened in the sun, but Margaret heeded not. She had sunk on her knees by the grave, and her tears fell fast and warm on the cold green turf at her feet.

In the great hall of the Ursuline cloister the Bishop of Hamar might be seen pacing uneasily up and down. He was surrounded by his monks and choristers, whose terrified countenances and distracted minds showed plainly that little dependence could be placed on them: and, indeed, he now, if ever, wanted some one to advise him; for the time which he had so fondly hoped would never come had arrived at last.

It was evening, and the setting sun cast a strange and unearthly light on the group. Thunder might be heard rolling in the distance, mingled with the tramping of horses, and the oaths and curses of the soldiers. Already the bolts from the hostile archers were heard rattling against the barred casements. Messengers came hurrying in, one after the other, to report that the enemy had taken possession of the streets, and were making preparations to invest the convent. At every fresh announcement the bishop became more and more bewildered, so that he issued the most contradictory commands—now they should all sally forth and strike dismay into

the hearts of the heretics, now they should retreat into the most retired parts of the building, there to abide the issue in prayer and silent resignation.

Thus there was no plan, no unanimity, amongst the beseiged; and as no one knew what to do, each followed his own devices.

Fondly had the bishop hoped that his faithful townspeople would make a stout resistance; but, with none to lead, with no commanding voice to cheer and to direct, no wonder that strong arms remained inactive, and brave hearts were paralysed. As a last resource he ordered the great alarm bell to be rung, trusting that its sound, which was only to be heard in cases of extreme peril, would touch a chord in their hearts, and rouse them to make one effort to save their town and rid themselves of their troublesome enemy. But all in vain; its sound fell on deaf ears. Meanwhile the hostile force was drawing closer and closer round the walls; the palisades which the bishop had had erected were easily pulled up under many a jeer and scoff; bullets and arrows were discharged against every opening; but still the massive masonry of the walls and the ponderous iron-bound gate proved an insurmountable obstacle in their way, and repelled all their endeavours to effect an entrance.

Taking advantage of a momentary lull, the bishop had retired with his clergy into a room at the farthermost extremity of the convent, and but a short distance from the abbey. Scarcely had they arrived there when a messenger rushed into the apartment, and hastily announced that the enemy were preparing to set fire to the gate, round which they had piled up all the inflammable materials they could lay hands on.

Overcome with these disastrous tidings, the bishop sank down on his knees before a large oaken crucifix. In his arms he still held Lady Carina's letter, and loudly did he call upon her and all the saints in heaven to aid them in this hour of peril. His terror-stricken clergy stood around him; and fain would they have interrupted their venerable master in his devotions, but there was something so majestic in his countenance that they could only wait in

patience till it would please him to issue some further order. At length he arose from his knees, and at the same moment another messenger burst into the room. "Fly, fly," he cried, "they have fired the outbuildings, and the gate is yielding."

"Bring me my vestments," said the bishop, with calmness, for a wondrous change had come over him during the last few moments, while his countenance had assumed an air of dignified tranquillity; 'and follow me, holy brethren, to the abbey. May God's will be done."

Mechanically they obeyed his command. From the iron chests hey quickly took out the sacred robes, and for the last time decked he last Bishop of Hamar in all his pristine magnificence.

"Hold but for one short moment the postern entrance," continued he bishop, "till we have reached the house of God. From thence vill the power of the Almighty be shown: there shall we triumph over the foe."

In solemn procession they repaired to the church, the bishop in he midst. Before him was carried aloft the Host, covered with a cloth resplendent with gold and jewels. It was an imposing spectacle to see those venerable grey-haired men, like shadows from another world, marching in profound silence to the house of God, which for all they knew would prove their grave.

Meanwhile, the work of destruction was going on apace outside. The rude soldiers, accustomed to meet with hard blows, treated the whole matter as mere play, and laughingly said amongst themselves hat they were fighting with old women in petticoats. Truit Ulfstand was himself at their head, directing the operations. Time after time had he sent a summons to the bishop to surrender. Tired out with receiving no reply, he at last, though reluctantly, was on the point of giving the command to set fire to the pile of straw and faggots heaped up against the gate, when he received tidings hat the bishop and his clergy had fled to the abbey. Thither, then, hey hurried in wild haste to batter open the doors with their heavy sledge hammers. But on arriving at the spot they were arrested by a strange, unearthly sound, as of the chorus of many voices, accompanied by the swelling notes of the organ. Then suddenly, as if by

an unseen hand, all three doors were cast wide open, and a spectacle met their astonished gaze which rivetted them to the spot.

By the high altar stood the venerable old bishop, dressed in all the magnificence and gorgeousness of his order, with arms uplifted, calling down curses and imprecations on the heretical mob, whilst his clergy knelt around him. Awe-struck, with terror depicted on their faces, the wild soldiers fell on their knees and implored the forgiveness of heaven. In vain did Truit Ulfstand urge them on by gestures, oaths, and blows; not a soldier stirred from his place. It was a strange sight to see those savage rude men, who dared brave death in any shape, held as it were by enchantment from entering the sacred edifice. But alas! the spell was soon to be dissolved, for there rushed at this moment into the church a young girl, closely pursued by a man in the garb of a soldier. It was Margaret. "Saved, saved!" she cried, as she fell down before the altar. "O God, I thank thee." And now the charm was broken, and the whole band dashed through the nave and aisles to seize the prelate and his followers.

He stood undaunted and alone, for his clergy had fled, having waited in vain to see the fulfilment of his prophecy; for, when they saw the soldiers entering the doors, they felt that all was over, and therefore hastened to save their lives. But he stood there firm as a rock, as if unconscious of the tumult around him. Already was more than one hand raised to strike, and next moment would he have been trampled under foot, had not Margaret, who had never left him, dragged him with superhuman force to the sacristy, and dashed to the door in the face of their baffled pursuers. Exasperated and infuriate, Aage was proceeding to burst it open, when the voice of his leader, commanding him to desist, arrested him in his purpose. Truit Ulfstand wished to spare the noble pile of buildings, and thought that now, in all possibility, the bishop, seeing that further opposition would be useless, would surrender. And indeed the old man saw that all hope was gone. "God has forsaken us," he said—"our sins have been too great—and will deliver us into the hands of the heretics; else surely had Lady Carina's dying

words had effect!" And, therefore, when Truit Ulfstand's herald came with a summons from his master to surrender, he sent back word that at the expiration of three days he would enter into negociations with him.

During this interval, Margaret remained constant in attendance upon the bishop.

In vain did Aage endeavour to obtain an interview with her, and send repeated messages to her to that effect. Piqued at being thus thwarted by a girl whom he really loved as much as his volatile and impetuous nature admitted of, he sent her a last request, urging her by their old love, by their plighted vows, to admit him into her presence, intimating at the same time that in two days more she would no longer be able to refuse that which he could then demand as a right.

Terrified at this badly concealed threat, Margaret hastened to the only friend she had, the bishop, who loved her dearly, both for her own sake and also because the Lady Carina had especially bequeathed her to the old man's care and protection.

She found him, as usual, at his devotions, and, waiting till he had risen from his knees, cast herself weeping at his feet.

"Stand up, my child, and let me bless thee," said the venerable old man, as he caressingly pushed back the clustering curls from her marble forehead, and laid his hand on her head and prayed fervently that it might please his Heavenly Father to bless her and guard her in this hour of trial.

"What wilt thou, poor child?" he continued, as Margaret seized his hand and kissed it passionately through her tears. "Art come to seek help of one who is himself helpless? And yet, though I am no longer Bishop of Hamar, I am still a servant of the Most High, and as such it is my duty to listen to the tale of sorrow, and pour oil into the bleeding heart. Come, then, my daughter, tell me thy troubles." And then Margaret told him all about her former love for Aage, and how the good Lady Carina had encouraged their acquaintance, and of the provision she had made for their future happiness — but how her lover had joined with the heretics, and

had become an enemy to God and his native soil. She told him, too, of their meeting at the grave, and how he had pursued her into the church, and now threatened that in two days' time she would be for ever in his power. And she concluded by beseeching the bishop to protect her, as she had no one in the wide world to look to but him.

"But tell me, Margaret," replied the bishop, after having patiently listened to the outpouring of her heart, "tell me, dost thou love him still?" A deep blush spread over the poor girl's face at this question. "I mean," continued the bishop, not waiting for a reply, "dost thou feel sure that thou dost not so love him in thy heart that thou wouldest not willingly follow him, heretic and blasphemer though he be, to worldly honour and renown?"

"Ah! no, holy father," whispered Margaret, "the rough rude world is no place for me; and though I feel that without him all earthly happiness is at an end (for I loved him, and, God forgive me! I love him still), yet would I fear to go with him. He is too inpetuous and violent, and has a strange power over me which I know not how to resist. With him I feel I shall be eternally lost—and I am come, holy father, to pray thee to save me from him, from my own weak self. Make me thy servant, so that I can be no longer free to do what I please; and then I would fain enter some peaceful convent, where I may hide myself from the world, and, forgetting all its miseries and troubles, live only for heaven."

"Alas! my child, no convent in this land could longer afford thee the shelter thou standest in need of. But, stay! hast thou courage," he continued, after a moment's pause, during which he was evidently buried in thought, "hast thou courage to follow a weak and infirm old man into exile?"

"Yes, holy father; let me come with thee," answered Margaret, as tears of joy streamed down her face, "to tend thee and care for thee in thy old age. It is what she would have wished. Let me follow thee, if need be, to death itself."

"If such be thy determination," said the bishop, "methinks I can yet save thee from the power of the heretics. Thou art too

innocent and gentle for those rough men; thy gentle spirit would soon be crushed. Leave me, then, now, my child," he added, "and be ready when the hour comes."

During that three days' time an extraordinary stillness pervaded the town of Hamar. Not yet had the rich burghers been able to realise their position. The shock had been too great, and they were like men paralysed, without power to raise arm or voice in self-defence. And though they were well aware that with the downfall of the abbey their prosperity and weal were at an end, they had not only passively submitted, but had even stood with folded arms listlessly watching the marauding troops as they ransacked the houses from garret to cellar, as if they had rather been the property of others than themselves.

And now the eventful day had at length dawned. Precisely at eight o'clock the outer gate of the palace-yard was thrown wide open, and the bishop issued forth accompanied by his clergy, each with a staff in the hand, in token of the pilgrimage they must undertake.

It had been arranged that the meeting was to take place in the great room at the town-hall; and punctually at the appointed hour either party entered the saloon from opposite doors. In one of the bow windows of the apartments a number of women had flocked together, and held themselves aloof from the rest of the spectators. After cold and formal salutations had been exchanged, the bishop handed over to his conqueror all rights and titles to the abbey lands and properties. "These must I yield up: so God wills it. As for me, I am an old man; the sand of my life is well nigh run out, and I care not how soon the time of my appointed pilgrimage be ended. With me ye can do as ye will; but these," continued the old man, "these thou canst afford to spare, and it is for them that I appeal to thee."

"Bishop Mögens," said Truit Ulfstand, "thou art a brave old man, and therefore do I honour thee. Never shall it be said of me that I trample on the conquered. I am authorised to tell thee, in the name of my royal master, that these will be cared for. But as

for thee, venerable sir, I grieve to say that thou must quit this place and repair to Denmark, where thou wilt be at liberty to choose any cloister for thy residence. The king, my master, will order that thou shalt be maintained as it becomes a gentleman of thy rank and years; and, as a further proof of the royal clemency, it is permitted thee to take whomsoever thou wilt of thy retainers with thee to follow thee into exile."

A deep silence reigned throughout the room as the aged prelate rose and said, with a voice overcome by emotion: "I thank thee and thy master, Truit Ulfstand, for this condescension. The thought that ye will be cared for, beloved friends, removes a load from my heart, and will comfort me in my banishment, when I no longer drink in the fresh, pure air of my native mountains. Fare ye well; and receive for the last time the blessing of him so long your leader and guide, but now a prisoner and outcast. And ye, my faithful adherents, I can offer you no bright prospect by following me—better for you to remain where you are; but, still, if there be anyone who would wish to follow the old man into banishment, and share his misfortunes, let him stand forth ere it be too late." And straight from out of the crowd of women stepped forth a female form, clad in deep mourning and closely veiled, so that no one could discern her features, and, kneeling at the bishop's feet, bowed low her head to receive his blessing. It was Margaret; and the bishop knew who it was, and a tear of thankfulness glistened in his eye as he laid his hands upon her and blessed her.

But other eyes than the bishop's recognised her. "What cunning trick is this?" cried Aage in a voice of passion. "It shall not be. This maiden is my affianced bride, and not the bishop's handmaid. I claim her as my lawful prize. Let who dare oppose me;" and he glared round the room with an air of savage ferocity.

On this there arose a general uproar—one party espousing the part of Margaret, the other that of Aage. "What meaneth all this, sir bishop?" called out Truit Ulfstand in a stentorian voice. "Is it true that this maiden is my follower's affianced bride? Let us have no intrigues. I await an explanation."

"And that shalt thou have, Truit Ulfstand," said the bishop, as he drew himself up to his full height, and looked the other in the face. "Methinks I have made all the concessions which man can render to man in similar circumstances. Thou hast stripped me of wealth, of worldly fortune, of home, and of country! Wilt thou deprive me, too, of the company of one faithful soul? Where is any longer faith in knightly promises? Thou didst but just now pledge me thy word that I might take with me into exile whomsoever I would of my followers. I demand, sir knight, the fulfilment of thy oath. This maiden is my servant, my foster daughter. Thy relative, the Lady Carina—God rest her soul!—entrusted her to my care with her dying breath. But let her speak for herself; none shall go forth with me against their will. Question her, then, sir knight, and if she tell thee she would fain stay behind, in God's name let her remain; but should she tell thee that she willeth to follow me, I demand of thee the fulfilment of thy promise."

"Thou speakest fair, holy sir," replied the knight, "and though to me it matters but little whether she go with thee or remain, still it shall never be said of Truit Ulfstand that he broke his knightly word. What ho! maiden," he added, addressing Margaret, who, at the bishop's concluding words, had cast herself at his feet, "speak for thyself. Is yon youth thy lover? Wilt follow him, or choosest thou rather to accompany this venerable man into exile? Speak for thyself, and I swear that thy answer shall decide the matter."

"Thanks, thanks, noble gentleman," answered the sobbing girl. "I am in truth the bishop's handmaid, and him would I fain follow, to death itself if needs be."

Scarcely had these words issued from her lips than Aage, no longer able to contain himself, burst into the middle of the apartment, his face swollen with rage and passion. "Hear her not," he cried; "she is not in her right senses—yon drivelling monk has bewitched her, and she dare not speak out her mind. She is mine! We are plighted to each other, and therefore none shall tear her from me—none—not even——."

"Herr Truit Ulfstand, thou wouldst add, perhaps," interrupted

his commander. "Peace! rash boy, else thou ruest it. The maiden has declared her pleasure, and I have sworn to observe it. Nay, frown not on me. It was I who raised thee from the dust, and the same hand can hurl thee back. I charge thee speak no more of her; molest her not else thou wilt know what it is to beard Truit Ulfstand."

At these words, spoken in a tone which brooked no reply, the young man slunk out of the room, amidst the applause of the bystanders. And, indeed, though he loved Margaret, as he thought, truly and deeply, he loved gold, fame, and honour better; and it was more from the apprehension of losing the esteem and favour of his commander than from regret at being thus separated, and for ever, from his mistress, that his anger had subsided, and his eye quailed under the fierce glance of the former.

"And now, sir bishop," continued the knight, "it is my painful duty to escort thee to the vessel which is prepared for thee. The delay has already been too great."

At these words the party slowly adjourned to the water's edge, Truit Ulfstand himself accompanying the aged prelate. Many were there to see him embark—men, women, and children—and as the aged bishop turned round, and, with eyes uplifted and hands extended, pronounced a solemn blessing on the assembled multitude, they fell on their knees on the strand.

"Farewell, my friends—may God bless and protect you," he said; "ye will remember the old man in your prayers sometimes? And, dear Margaret," he added, turning to the weeping girl at his side, "if thy heart, even now, repents its choice—if thou wouldest yet prefer to remain in thine own land, instead of following me in my banishment—I will still recall thy promise. Speak, then, ere it be too late."

"Thee, thee, will I follow—to death—to heaven," she whispered in his ear.

"Amen," he repeated in a solemn tone, and the bark, impelled by a brisk wind, glided swiftly down the lake.

Never again did he return to his native land. Margaret accom-

panied him to Denmark, and abode with him, lavishing all the care and attention on him which her gentle and loving nature was capable of, till the day of his death. And often, when the sun was setting, in the cool of the evening, might they be seen sitting together in the convent garden, talking of bygone days, and praying for the welfare of those he had loved so truly and so well. Hamar itself did not long survive its former master. In the year 1567 it was attacked by the Swedes, plundered, and razed to the ground. All that is left to tell the tale is that old ruin, which looks so grand and imposing, standing as a monument to mark the spot where life and prosperity once flourished. Pass not lightly by it!

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But we have been on the Miösen full long, and will therefore hasten on through the little town of Lillehammer, up the beautiful valley of the Gudbrandsdal, over the steep hill of Kringelen, celebrated for the massacre of Colonel Sinclair and his Scotch followers in 1612, a full account of which will be found in "Laing's Norway," till we reach Dombaas. At this point the road forks off, the northern branch passing over the Dovre Fjeld, and leading to Throndhjem, while the other will take the traveller to Veblungsnæs, on the mouth of the Rauma, through the charming valley of Romsdal.

In the next chapter I will give those of my readers who may like to know something of the alpine flora of the Dovre Fjeld, and where to find them, a detailed list of the same; while I would recommend those who have no taste for botany, and to whom a list of plants with their *habitats* is about as interesting as reading over a subscription list to some missionary society, with the addresses of the donors, to skip to p. 65, where I will meet them on the "Nameless Fjeld," and give them a sketch of the sport that a "certain friend" of mine enjoyed up there in the summer of 1863.

CHAPTER II.

Alpine Flora of the Dovre Fjeld—Hints to Botanists—Sport on the Nameless Fjeld.

By the permission of the late Professor Blytt, whom I saw a few weeks previous to his death, I am enabled to lay before my readers a detailed list of the flora of the Dovre Fjeld.

The alpine plants of the north seem to have concentrated themselves in parts of this mountain range, as will be more expressly alluded to in a few tours which I have appended for the benefit of the collector. A short list of the ferns of Norway will also be found in their proper place, many of which are very rare, and some quite unknown in our country.

Those stations where good quarters are to be had are printed in italics.

The plates referred to will be found in the "Flora Danica."

RANUNCULACEÆ.

Thalictrum alpinum, L.; Fl. D. tab. 11.—Common up to 3,400 feet above the sea; rarely found beyond this.

T. simplex, L.; Fl. D. tab. 244.—Common on the heights about *Tofte*, by Bergsgaard, Rustgaard, Lie, *Drivstuen*, in Drivdalen; rarely found above the birch-limit.

"Drivdalen," remarks Professor Blytt, late Professor of Botany at the Christiania University, "is one of the richest localities on the whole fjeld in Alpine flora; nearly all the Alpine flora of the north seems to have concentrated itself in this valley." There is good fishing in the Driv. Good quarters.

The "birch-limit," under lat. 61°, is 3,750 feet above the sea; under 62° it is 3,700 feet above the sea. "The dwarf birch (*Betula nana*) grows everywhere in the Alpine regions, and at higher altitudes than any other of the tribe."—Dr Schübeler.

The limit of eternal snow under lat. 62° is about 5,500 feet above the sea. That of the larger willows, *e.g.*, *Salix lanata*, *limosa*, *glauca*, &c., under the same latitude, is about 5,000 feet. Whenever "corn-limit" is used the limit of barley is to be understood.

ANEMONE VERNALIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 29.—Common over the whole fjeld. At Storhöe above Tofte, and near Drivstuen, it reaches the limit of eternal snow.

RANUNCULUS REPTANS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 108.—Common up to and a limit beyond the birch-limit, by Fogstuen; near *Kongsvold*, it apparently vanishes at the above limit.

Kongsvold is an excellent station for the botanist—good quarters. The station is over 3,000 feet above the sea. Good shooting and fishing here.

R. PLATANIFOLIUS, Fl. D. tab. 3.—Rather common in Drivdalen. On the heights by Drivstuen it is found up to the birch-limit.

R. GLACIALIS, Fl. D. tab. 19.—Varieties of this plant, with the snow-white, light or dark rose-coloured flowers, are abundant on the edges of melting glaciers. It appears to be the advanced guard of the flower world towards the regions of eternal snow. Reindeer are extremely partial to it. The peasants call it the rein-flower; and wherever the sportsman finds this plant in great quantities untouched, he may feel sure of not finding deer. In places—*e.g.*, near Kongsvold—it is found below the birch-limit.

R. NIVALIS, Fl. D. tab. 1,699.—Is found scattered about near the highest parts of Vaarstien, on ascending the fjeld from the right. On he road from Vaarstien to Knudshoë, and on this fjeld, it is general. It is found in large quantities on the heights near to where the snow never melts, usually in company with the *Phippsia algida*, *Saxifraga oppositifolia*, *Draba alpina*, &c., and reaches even higher than *R. glacialis*. Its flowers are bright yellow; and, where they are found in large quantities, as above Drivstuen, impart a yellowish tint to the dark boggy earth on which it grows.

R. PYGMÆUS, Fl. D. tab. 144.—General up to the birch-limit, and is found even up to the snow-patches, but not so high up as the last. It is a very diminutive plant.

R. HYPERBOREUS, Fl. D. tab. 331.—Found on marshy, boggy places; plentiful on the road over Harbakken; near Fogstuen and Kongsvold, west of the bridge over the Driv; and by the road between *Jerkin* and Jerkin sæter, in Hviddal. Its limit appears to be about 200 feet above that of the birch.

Jerkin is an excellent station for the botanist, and will at the same time afford ample employment for trout-rod and gun. First-rate accommodation.

R. AURICOMUS.—Common in meadows near Fogstuen and Kongsvold.

R. POLYANTHEMOS, Fl. D. tab. 1,700.—Here and there in Drivdalen, and on the fjeld sides by Drivstuen up to the fir-limit.

The fir (*Pinus sylvestris*) limit has been placed at 2,950 feet under lat. 62°, at 1,800 feet under lat. 64°. The limit of *Pinus abies* is 2,600 feet to 2,800 feet under lat. 62°, 1,600 feet to 1,800 feet under lat. 64°.

R. ACRIS (common).—A variety, R. PUMILUS, found chiefly on high ground up to the snow patches.

R. REPENS.—At Jerkin it vanishes a little below the birch-limit.

R. AQUATILIS.—In the largest lake in Hviddal.

CALTHA PALUSTRIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 668.—Is found in places above the birch-limit. At Harbakken it grows at a height of 4,297 Rh. F. A variety (β RADICANS) found occasionally in streams flowing from the glaciers on Knudshoë, Blaahoë, Nystuhoë, &c.

BATRACHIUM CONFERVOIDES.—Occasionally in marshy places between *Jerkin* and *Fogstuen*.

ACONITUM SEPTENTRIONALE, Fl. D. tab. 123.—Disappears at about the birch-limit; flowers, blue, white, and sometimes yellow.

ACTÆA SPICATA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 498.—Grows between *Kongsvold* and *Drivstuen*, where it vanishes at about 100 to 200 feet above the fir-limit.

PAPAVERACEÆ.

PAPAVER NUDICAULE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 41.—Found in places in the northern parts of the Dovre; rare on Blaahöe; more general on Knudshoë on the descent to Vaarstien; on the banks of the Driv below Vaarstien, and in the small valleys running up from Sundal and Opdal to the Dovre, *e.g.*, as Svisdal, Druedal, Vinsterdal; in Stöldal, near the streams north-west of *Kongsvold*.

FUMARIACEÆ.

FUMARIA OFFICINALIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 940.—Found up to the limit of corn at *Tofte*, and in Drivdal.

Tofte, or Toftemoen, is an excellent station; it is kept by a descendant of Harold Haarfager (Fair-haired). *Vide* "Bennett's Handbook," p. 5. Good quarters for shooting.

CRUCIFERÆ.

BARBAREA VULGARIS, or PARVIFLORA, Fl. D. tab. 904—Found a little above the fir-limit, near Kongsvold; plentiful near Nystubæk, between *Kongsvold* and *Drivstuen*, on the west bank of the river.

TURRITIS GLABRA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 809.—As the last.

ARABIS ALPINA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 62.—Common over the whole fjeld; found above the birch-limit.

A. HIRSUTA, Fl. D. tab. 1,040.—Rare; found in Drivdal up to the birch-limit.

A. THALIANA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,106.—Found in places between *Kongsvold*, *Tofte*, and *Drivstuen*.

A. PETRÆA, Fl. D. tab 1,302.—Rare; found in the small valleys from Dovre to Sundal; flowers white, sometimes violet.

CARDAMINE BELLIDIFOLIA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 20.—Rather common over the whole fjeld; grows up to the edge of the snow.

C. AMARA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 148.—In places near *Jerkin* and *Kongsvold*, up to and above the birch-limit.

C. PRATENSIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,039.—As last, but not above the birch-limit.

DRABA ALPINA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 56.—Varies greatly in size, according to the altitude at which it is found. Near Fogsaaen, *Kongsvold*, &c., on the low grounds it is found from 4 to 5 inches in height; on the highest parts, as at Blaahoë, Knudshoë, near the lasting snow, from 1 to 1½ inches. Grows in compact masses; flowers, large yellow.

D. MURICELLA.—The rarest of all the tribe on the Dovre; has only been found at two places on Fogstuvola, near the highest part of Harbakken and on Gederyggen, by Jerkin, in both places in company with *D. lapponica*, on the steepest and most exposed places. On Gederyggen a variety has been found with quite smooth flower-stalks. Flowers, 6 to 7, yellowish white.

D. BRACHYCARPA.—Found on Gederyggen, near Jerkin.

D. HIRTA.—The commonest of all the tribe on the Dovre, and has a great tendency to vary in appearance according to locality. On high and dry places

it scarcely attains a height of 2 inches; in shady or grassy places, in birch or osier copses, it is found more than 1 foot high. Found up to the lasting snow.

D. INCANA, Fl. D. tab. 130.—Has a great tendency to vary. Common over the whole fjeld; does not grow so high up as the last.

D. LAPPONICA, Fl. D. tab. 142.—Common from the low rocks by Kongsvold up to the snow-patches on Nystuhoë. It is one of the earliest flowering of the Draba tribe. At Nystuhoë, Professor Blytt remarks: "It was the last phanerogamous plant I found in company with the stunted mountain form of *Lycopodium Selago*." It is nearly always found in seed; even by the snow-edge it is rare to find a specimen in flower.

THLASPI ARVENSE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 973.—Common up to the birch-limit.

CAPSELLA BURSA PASTORIS.—As the last.

SISYMBRIUM SOPHIA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 528.—By *Tofte*, *Jerkin*, *Kongsvold*, and in Drivdalen, especially near inhabited places, and on the roofs of houses. Common.

ERYSIMUM HIERACIFOLIUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 229.—In places from *Tofte* to *Drivstuen*; grows up to the birch-limit, near *Jerkin*.

E. CHEIRANTHOIDES, L.; Fl. D. tab. 731.—In fields near *Tofte*. Common.

CAMELINA SATIVA, Fl. D. tab. 1,038.—Rare: in fields by Bergsgaard. Flowers, pale yellow.

BRASSICA CAMPESTRIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 550.—By *Tofte*, Bergsgaard, Rustgaard, and *Dombaas*. Common.

SINAPIS ARVENSIS.—In fields near *Dombaas*.

SUBULARIA AQUATICA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 35.—On the banks of the Vola lake, between *Fogstuen* and *Jerkin*: has 7 to 8 white flowers.

VIOLARIEÆ.

VIOLA PALUSTRIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 83.—General over the whole fjeld, and found even above the birch-limit.

V. UMBROSA.—Found in places through the whole of Agershuus province, Ringerige, Toten, and Gudbrandsdal. Disappears entirely on Harbakken above *Tofte*, about 200 feet above the birch-limit. Flowers 5 to 6, blue, sometimes white.

Ringerige is a district in the province of Buskerud, north-west of Christiania. Toten is a district of Christians Amt (province), on the western shore of the Mösen lake.

V. HIRTA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 618.—Common throughout Gudbrandsdal; disappears on the heights above *Tofte*.

V. MIRABILIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,045.—Found here and there in copses and in shady places on Harbakken, above Rustgaard; in Drivdal on the fjeld sides between Vaarstien and Drivstuen above the fir-limit. Flowers bluish-white.

V. CANINA.—Rare, just by the birch-limit above *Jerkin*, towards Foldal.

V. MONTANA, Fl. D. tab. 1,329.—Common in coppices by *Tofte*, in Drivdalen, and by *Kongsvold*.

V. ARENARIA.—Common up to *Fogstuen*, *Jerkin*, and *Kongsvold*. At the former place it is found near the birch-limit, on the banks of Fogs-aa (brook).

V. BIFLORA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 46.—Very common over the whole fjeld and above the birch-limit. Flowers yellow.

V. TRICOLOR.—A variety with oblong leaves and large flowers is found by *Jerkin* and *Kongsvold*. A variety, with minute odoriferous flowers, is found in the fields near *Tofte*.

DROSERACEÆ.

DROSERA ROTUNDIFOLIA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,028. Grows sparingly near the birch-limit by the roadside over Harbakken.

PARNASSIA PALUSTRIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 584.—Common over the whole fjeld; is found in a stunted form above the birch-limit.

POLYGALEÆ.

POLYGALA VULGARIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 516.—By Bergsgaard and *Tofte*, near the birch-limit; less frequent near *Jerkin*.

P. ULIGINOSA.—More frequent than the last; but rarely found above the birch-limit. Flowers, bluish and white.

CARYOPHYLLEÆ.

SILENE ACAULIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 21.—Becomes first general about the birch-limit, and mounts up to the edge of eternal snow.

S. INFLATA, Smith; Fl. Brit. 467; Fl. D. tab. 914.—Common near mountain cabins; but not found above the birch-limit.

S. RUPESTRIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 4.—Common; and is found also above the birch-limit.

LYCHNIS VISCARIA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,032.—Disappears on the hilly meadows near *Tofte* and Rustgaard.

L. SYLVESTRIS.—General on the fjeld till high over the birch-limit up to the limit of the larger willows.

L. PRATENSIS, Fl. D. tab. 792.—Near *Tofte* and *Kongsvold*. A variety with red flowers is also found near *Tofte*, and here and there in Drivdalen, below *Drivstuen*.

L. ALPINA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 65.—Common over the whole fjeld. It first appears where *L. viscaria* vanishes, and is found up to the patches of snow. It is sometimes found with white flowers.

VAHLBERGELLA APETALA, Fl. D. tab. 806.—First appears a little below the fir-limit, by the road between *Dombaas* and *Fogstuen*, and is commonly found up to the continual snow. "I have found," says Professor Blytt, "a variety with 3 to 4 flowers, but only one specimen."

SPERGULA ARVENSIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,033.—Near *Tofte*; not found above where corn is grown.

S. SAGINOIDES, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,577.—Common over the whole fjeld. On high grounds above the birch-limit it has a very stunted growth, scarcely half an inch high, is darker of colour, and with very short roundish seed-capsules.

S. NIVALIS.—In places over the whole fjeld, though not under 4,000 feet; frequent by the old road over Vaarstien, on Knudshoë, Nystuhoë, &c.

SAGINA PROCUMBENS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 2,103.—In places over the whole fjeld, especially by roads and mountain cabins; it can scarcely be said to grow above the birch-limit, and, like *Sp. saginoides*, has a very stunted growth at high altitudes.

STELLARIA NEMORUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 271.—In shady places over the whole fjeld, up to the highest limit of *Salix lanata*, *S. glauca*, and *S. limosa*.

S. MEDIA, Fl. D. tab. 525.—By mountain cabins and sæters over the whole fjeld. Common.

S. GRAMINEA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 2,116.—Disappears at about the birch-limit. Found sparingly on Jerkinshoë and near *Kongsvold*.

S. LONGIFOLIA.—Near *Kongsvold*, in shady places; apparently it does not extend beyond the birch-limit.

S. ALPESTRIS.—Very common over the whole fjeld. Extends from the uppermost regions of *Pinus abies* (Norwegian spruce fir) in Gudbrandsdal to the limit of willow on Dovre.

S. CRASSIFOLIA, Fl. D. tab. 2,114.—In marshy places near *Jerkin*, and above Bergsgaard, near *Tofte*. Rare.

S. ULIGINOSA, Smith; Engl. Flora, 2, p. 303.—Has great similarity to the last. Found in low woody places in Drivdalen, near *Tofte* and *Dombaas*.

S. CERASTOIDES, L.; Fl. D. tab. 92.—Very common from the uppermost region of Scotch fir to the lasting snow.

ALSINELLA STRICTA.—First appears a little below the limit of Scotch fir, and is afterwards common over the whole fjeld, in swampy places, up to the perpetual snow.

A. BIFLORA (STELLARIA BIFLORA of Lin.)—On dry places; with regard to altitude, as the last.

A. RUBELLA, Fl. D. tab. 1,646.—In Drivdalen, from *Kongsvold* to Vaarstien, and on the neighbouring heights; first disappears near the perpetual snow. Not common.

ARENARIA SERPYLLIFOLIA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 977.—On dry hilly ground, near *Tofte*; not found above the limit of corn.

CERASTIUM ALPINUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 6. β GLABRATUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 979.—Common over the whole fjeld; β frequent near *Fogstuen*. Both are found up to perpetual snow. C. ALP. is often met with low down in woody places; the variety is only found on the high fjeld.

C. VULGATUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,645. Common by roads and mountain huts; rarely found above the birch-limit. A variety, with shorter leaves and petals twice the length of the calyx, is found on the road between *Dombaas* and *Fogstuen*.

C. LATIFOLIUM.—Found on Knudshoë, Blaahoë, Fogstuhoë, Nystuhoë, always above the limit of the larger willows.

GERANIACEÆ.

GERANIUM SYLVATICUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 124.—Common up to and above the birch-limit; disappears near the edge of the lasting snow-patches. Flowers light red and white.

G. PRATENSE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 124.—Disappears on the hills near *Tofte*. Not common.

ERODIUM CICUTARIUM, or GERAN. CICUTARIUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 986.—In Drivdalen, near *Rise*, a little below the limit of Scotch fir. Flowers, 4 to 7, red.

Rise is about 8 English miles from Drivstuen. Fair quarters. Good shooting may be had here, and trout-fishing in the rivers Driv and Vinstra.

BALSAMINEÆ.

IMPATIENS NOLI-TANGERE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 582.—In Drivdalen, below *Drivstuen*. Not common.

OXALIDEÆ.

OXALIS ACETOSELLA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 980.—Disappears near the limit of birch, at which altitude it is found in flower in the beginning of August.

LEGUMINOSÆ.

ANTHYLLIS VULNERARIA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 988.—Below Harbakken it disappears a little under the birch-limit. Flowers usually yellow.

TRIFOLIUM MEDIUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,273.—Common up to *Tofte*, where it disappears a little below the birch-limit.

T. PRATENSE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 989.—Common up to *Fogstuen* and *Jerkin*. Vanishes as the last.

T. REPENS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 990.—Common; as the last.

LOTUS CORNICULATUS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 991.—Common up to the birch-limit.

PHACA FRIGIDA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 856.—In places tolerably frequent over the whole fjeld. First appears a little below the fir-limit, and extends above the birch limit.

P. OROBOIDES, Fl. D. tab. 1,396.—Plentiful on the hills about *Tofte*, by Bergsgaard, Rustgaard, Harbakken; rarer near *Jerkin*, *Fogstuen*; general in Drivdalen from *Kongsvold* to *Drivstuen*, and on the neighbouring fjelds. Rarely found above the birch-limit.

ASTRAGALUS ALPINUS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 51.—Common over the whole fjeld. Often found above the birch-limit.

OXYTROPIS LAPPONICA.—Common from *Tofte* to *Drivstuen*; extends beyond the birch-limit to the limit of the larger willows. Flowers usually 7, bluish-red.

VICIA SYLVESTRIS, Fl. D. tab. 277.—Between *Kongsvold* and *Drivstuen*, a little above the fir-limit.

V. CRACCA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 804.—Over the whole fjeld up to the birch-limit.

V. SEPIUM.; Fl. D. tab. 699.—Near *Tofte*, *Jerkin*, *Kongsvold*, and Drivdalen, up to the birch-limit.

LATHYRUS PRATENSIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 527.—By *Tofte*, Rustgaard, and *Drivstuen*, below the birch-limit.

ROSACEÆ.

PRUNUS PADUS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 205.—Found in flower near *Drivstuen* towards the end of August, near the birch-limit; rarely found higher.

SPIRÆA ULMARIA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 547.—In Drivdalen, near to and a little above the limit of fir; also near *Tofte* and *Dombaas*. Common.

DRYAS OCTOPETALA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 31.—Rare on Gederyggen, near *Jerkin*; plentiful in meadows and on hills near *Kongsvold*. On Gederyggen and Knudshoë it extends above the birch-limit.

GEUM RIVALE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 722.—Common up to the limit of the larger willows.

RUBUS IDÆUS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 788.—Common in Drivdalen, below *Kongsvold*; blooms the latter part of August.

RUBUS SAXATILIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 134.—Common over the whole fjeld up to the birch-limit, at which altitude the seed does not ripen.

R. CHAMÆMORUS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1.—In morasses over the whole fjeld, near and above the birch-limit, where the fruit does not ripen. In Nystudal it has been found ripe.

R. ARCTICUS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 488.—First discovered on the Dovre in 1861, growing in swamps near *Fogstuen*.

FRAGRARIA VESCA, R.—Near *Tofte* and *Kongsvold*; the fruit does not ripen here. Found in Drivdal with ripe and half-ripe fruit in the month of August.

POTENTILLA NIVEA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,035.—Found in small quantities on the highest part of Gederyggen near *Jerkin*. Common near Goutstiaa, *Kongsvold*,

on Knudshoë, and through Drivdal in the region of fir between *Drivstuen* and *Rise*. Extends above the birch-limit.

P. NORVEGICA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 171.—Disappears with the cultivation of corn near *Tofte*.

Found on some of the islands in the fjord near Christiania.

P. TORMENTILLA, Fl. D. tab. 589.—Common over the whole fjeld; occasionally found above the birch-limit up to that of the larger willows.

P. AUREA, Fl. D. tab. 114.—Common over the whole fjeld, up to the lasting snow-patches.

P. ARGENTEA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 865.—Near *Tofte*, Rustgaard, and between *Kongsvold* and *Drivstuen*; on all places below the birch-limit, but above that of fir.

P. ANSERINA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 544.—Disappears near *Tofte* and Rustgaard below the limit of birch.

P. COMARUM, or COMARUM PALUSTRE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 636.—Occasional in marshy places; disappears a little below the birch-limit.

SIBBALDIA PROCUMBENS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 32.—Common from about the fir-limit to the permanent snow-patches.

ALCHEMILLA VULGARIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 693.—Frequently found above the birch-limit: general. A variety, β MONTANA, is found near *Tofte* and Rustgaard.

A. ALPINA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 49.—Found over the whole fjeld, but more general on the northern side, up to the permanent snow.

ROSA VILLOSA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,458.—In Drivdal below *Rise* in the region of fir. Flowers, 6 to 7, red or white. Not common.

R. CINNAMOMEA, Fl. D. tab. 1,214.—On the south side of Dovre towards *Dombaas*; on the north side in Drivdal; in both places below the fir-limit. Flowers, 6, red.

COTONEASTER VULGARIS, or MESPILUS COTONEASTER. L.; Fl. D. tab. 112.—In places near Borgsgaard, *Tofte* on Gederyggen, by *Kongsvold*, and in Drivdal, nearly always up to the birch-limit. Flowers, 6, white or reddish.

SORBUS AUCUPARIA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,034.—Disappears between the limits of fir and birch in Drivdal. Flowers in August at its highest altitude; the berries rarely ripen so high up.

ONAGRARIÆ.

EPILOBIUM ANGUSTIFOLIUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 289.—Common to *Fogstuen*, nearly up to the birch-limit.

E. MONTANUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 922.—In Drivdal, a little higher than the fir-limit.

E. PALUSTRE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,574.—Near *Tofte* and in Drivdal, scarcely above the fir-limit.

E. ALPINUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 322.—Common from the fir-limit to above the limit of birch.

E. ORIGANIFOLIUM.—Rare about *Fogstuen*; more general in Drivdal by *Drivstuen*. It is found below the fir-limit, and extends beyond the limit of birch, by springs, on banks of streams, &c. It varies greatly in size, and resembles E. MONTANUM so much as to be easily mistaken for it.

E. NUTANS, Fl. D. tab. 1,387.—A little below the fir-limit, on swampy places, between *Dombaas* and *Fogstuen*; also in places over the whole fjeld, by *Jerkin*, *Kongsvold*, &c. It extends beyond the limit of birch.

CIRCÆA ALPINA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,321.—Common to the limit of birch.

HALORAGEÆ.

MYRIOPHYLLUM SPICATUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 681.—Found in Vola lake. Flowers, 6 to 7, white.

CALLITRICHE VERNA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 129.—Common on low grounds. A variety, β *minima*, found only at higher altitudes.

C. AUTUMNALIS, L.—Found in Vola lake.

HIPPURIS VULGARIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 87.—Near *Jerkin* in a swamp below the station; between *Kongsvold* and *Drivstuen* in a swamp by the road; in both places above the limit of fir, but a little beneath that of birch.

TAMARISCINEÆ.

MYRICARIA GERMANICA, Fl. D. tab. 234.—Near *Tofte*, on the banks of the river Laagen, close by the mills, and in Drivdal.

PORTULACEÆ.

MONTIA FONTANA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 131.—Common in moist places that are often flooded, up to above the birch-limit: generally in company with KŒNIGIA ISLANDICA.

PARONYCHIEÆ.

SCLERANTHUS PERENNIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 563.—By the birch-limit above *Tofte*.

S. ANNUUS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 504.—Near *Drivstuen*. Flowers, 6 to 7, green.

CRASSULACEÆ.

RHODIOLA ROSEA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 183.—Common over the whole fjeld; extends above the birch-limit. Flowers, 7 to 8, yellow.

SEDUM ALBUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 66.—Disappears near *Tofte*. Flowers, 7 to 8, white.

S. RUPESTRE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 59.—Over the whole fjeld, but rarely found above the birch-limit.

S. ACRE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,644.—Vanishes near *Tofte*.

GROSSULARIEÆ.

RIBES RUBRUM, L.; Fl D. tab. 967.—In Drivdal to *Kongsvold*. Commonly called "Ulvebær," or wolf-berry.

SAXIFRAGACEÆ.

SAXIFRAGA OPPOSITIFOLIA, L.; Fl. D. tab 34.—Common up to the permanent snow-patches. Found in flower on Knudshoe, in company with RANUNCULUS NIVALIS, at the end of August. Flowers blue or purple, occasionally white.

S. COTYLEDON, L.; Fl. D. tab. 241.—Found in places in Drivdal from Vaarstien to *Drivstuen*; below the last-named place, plentiful. Found also near the largest in Kalvella Aaen.

S. CÆSPITOSA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 71 and 1,388.—In places over the whole fjeld. First appears at about the limit of fir, and is found up to the continual snow. It has a very decided tendency to vary. A variety with a long stalk and delicate leaves, bearing a great similarity to S. HYPNOIDES, is found growing on loose gravel near Blaahoë and other places. The little stunted form which has been named *S. grœnlandica* is common on dry places at high altitudes.

S. CERNUA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 22 and 399.—From the limit of fir up to the continual snow. It has, like the last, a great tendency to vary; sometimes being found more or less branched, with a single terminal flower, or with more; more or less hairy. Flowers white.

S. RIVULARIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 11.—On high places on the fjeld, commonly by snow-water streams, fissures in the rock, &c., up to the permanent snow. Scarcely found as low down as the limit of fir.

S. NIVALIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 28.—In places over the whole fjeld, especially by *Kongsvold* and in Drivdal. Flowers, 7 to 8, white or reddish. A variety, *β tenuis*, is found near *Fogstuen*, on Goutstifjeld and Blaahoë.

S. HIERACIFOLIA, Fl. D. tab. 2,301.—Nearly up to the snow-boundary (4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea), on Storhoë, above *Tofte*, about 7 English miles from Töfte Gaard (house), and by Tveraa, which rises in Storhoë, near the lasting snow. Professor Blytt considered it was undoubtedly allied with *S. pennsylvanica*, L.

S. STELLARIA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 23.—Very common over the whole fjeld, extending over the birch-limit to the snow-patches. A variety, *β comosa*, Fl. D. tab. 2,354, usually bearing one flower, is more rare. Found by Goutsti-aa, Goutstifjeld, and Volasöfjeld.

S. AIZOIDES, L.; Fl. D. tab. 72.—Common by brooks, roadsides, &c. Found in Gudbrandsdal, down in the region of spruce fir, and extends up to the snow.

CHRYSOSPLENIUM ALTERNIFOLIUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 366.—Near *Kongsvold*, in damp and shady places. Flowers, 5, yellowish.

UMBELLIFERÆ.

CARUM CARVI, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,091.—Disappears below the birch-limit by *Jerkin* and *Kongsvold*.

This is one of the most favourite and common plants in the country: it is found as far north as Finmarken. The Norwegians are extremely partial to it, and it enters very largely into their household economy. The rye bread is usually besprinkled with it before baked; and the "Throndhjemske aquavit" (which, by the way, is a remarkably pure and clean-tasting spirit, far better adapted for a dram than cognac or whisky, &c.), is strongly impregnated with it. The green shoots, in early summer, are used in soups, indeed it is very generally used in Norwegian dishes. Much as habit does, I never could get reconciled to the flavour of caraway in bread, not to mention that the seeds looked so like *fleas* mixed with the dough.

PIMPINELLA SAXIFRAGA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 669.—As the last.

ANGELICA SYLVESTRIS, L; Fl. D. tab. 1,639.—In Drivdal above the fir-limit.

ARCHANGELICA OFFICINALIS. L.; Fl. D. tab. 206.—Plentiful near *Kongsvold*, and in Drivdal on the fjelds on either side of the valley. Extends above the birch-limit, and grows as far north as Finmarken.

HERACLEUM SIBIRICUM.—Near *Jerkin*, *Kongsvold*, and in Drivdal, below the birch-limit. Flowers yellowish green. Frequent.

ANTHRISCUS SYLVESTRIS, Fl. D. tab. 2,050.—Up to the birch-limit by *Tofte*, and in places over the whole fjeld, occasionally over the birch-limit.

CORNEÆ.

CORNUS SUECICA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 5.—In Drivdal, at and below *Drivstuen*; beneath the limit of birch.

CAPRIFOLIACEÆ.

LINNÆA BOREALIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 3.—Found in places nearly up to the birch-limit.

Linnæus selected this plant as being most appropriate to hand down his name to posterity, on account of its "humble and depressed appearance, and its early flower." "The flower stalks are erect, and bear each two pendulous, bell-shaped pink flowers," which have a delicate odour of almonds. Common in shady places in fir woods.

RUBIACEÆ.

GALIUM ULIGINOSUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,509.—By *Fogstuen* and *Kongsvold*, a little below the birch-limit. Common.

G. VERUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,146.—By *Tofte*, Rustgaard, and *Drivstuen*.

G. BOREALE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,024.—Common in meadows near *Jerkin*, *Kongsvold*, and in places over the whole fjeld below the birch-limit.

G. APARINE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 495.—In fields near *Tofte*.

VALERIANEÆ.

VALERIANA OFFICINALIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 570.—Near *Tofte*, *Kongsvold*, and in Drivdal, below the birch-limit.

DIPSACEÆ.

SCABIOSA ARVENSIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 447.—Near *Tofte*, almost by the birch-limit, Rustgaard, *Jerkin*, *Kongsvold*, and in Drivdal.

COMPOSITÆ.

TUSSILAGO FARFARA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 595.—In places over the whole fjeld; it extends beyond the birch-limit to that of the larger willow tribe near Fogsaaen.

NARDOSMA FRIGIDA, Fl. D. tab. 61.—In places over the whole fjeld; not unfrequent by *Kongsvold* and the neighbouring heights up to the permanent snow.

ERIGERON ACRIS, L.—In places near *Tofte*, *Jerkin*, *Kongsvold*, and in Drivdal. A variety, β *glabratum*, remarkable for its larger growth, smooth stalks and leaves, and for its darker and somewhat larger flowers, is found at a rather higher altitude. Plentiful near Fogsaaen, above *Fogstuen*, *Kongsvold*, and in places in Drivdal, where it attains a growth of two feet in shady places. "This variety," remarks Professor Blytt, "is so striking, that one might almost be tempted to look on it as a separate species, but that forms of it bearing evident signs of transition to *E. acre* are found, *e.g.*, *E. Droebachense*, Fl. D. tab. 874."

E. ALPINUS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 292.—Common over the whole fjeld, from the hills near *Tofte* to Drivdal, where it descends, perhaps, 200 to 300 feet into the region of fir. It varies greatly both in size and in being more or less branched. Near *Tofte* it is usually one-flowered, and of diminutive growth, but more vigorous near *Jerkin* and *Kongsvold*, often many-flowered, and with larger and more downy flower-heads.

E. ELONGATUS.—Common in birch copses over the whole fjeld. Flowers, 7 to 8, red or white.

E. UNIFLORUS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,397.—Common at high altitudes on the fjeld, *e.g.*, Harbakken, *Fogstuen*, *Kongsvold*, *Jerkin*. It extends above the birch-limit nearly up to the lasting snow, and is never found in the neighbourhood of or below the limit of fir. Florets, red or white.

SOLIDAGO VIRGAUREA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 663.—Common up to and over the birch-limit. A variety, *β lapponica*, is also common at the same altitude.

ANTENNARIA DIOICA; Fl. D. tab. 1,228.—Common over the whole fjeld; extends above the birch-limit. Grows in dry, rocky places.

A. ALPINA, Gærtner.—Bears a great similarity to the last. First appears at about 100 to 200 feet below the fir-limit by the roadside between *Dombaas* and *Fogstuen*, after which it is plentiful over the whole fjeld. Found up to the edge of permanent snow.

GNAPHALIUM SYLVATICUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,229.—In Drivdal below *Drivstuen*. A variety, *G. rectum* (?), is common over the whole fjeld, and mounts above the birch-limit to that of the larger willows.

G. NORVEGICUM, Chr. Günther; Fl. D. tab. 254.—Common over the whole fjeld; extends up to and above the limit of the larger willow. From experiments made in the Botanical Gardens at Christiania, Mr. Moe pronounces it to be a distinct species from the last. It has a denser spike and broader leaves.

OMALOTHECA SUPINA, Cassini.—Common in birch copses over the whole fjeld; mounts up to the limit of the larger willows. Found in Opdal as low down as the limit of corn.

At the village of Opdal the road through Sundalen branches off to the north-west. At a short distance south of this, at the station Aune or Ovne excellent accommodation may be had, and good opportunities for trout-fishing and shooting.

PTARMICA VULGARIS, De Candolle.—Very rare on Dovre; only noticed at one place about four miles north of *Drivstuen*.

CHRYSANTHEMUM LEUCANTHEMUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 944.—Found by Vaarstien in small quantities below the birch-limit; occasionally in Drivdal below *Drivstuen* and by *Tofte*, in dry places.

MATRICARIA INODORA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 696.—Near *Tofte*, *Fogstuen*, *Jerkin*, *Kongsvold*, &c.; not found above the birch-limit. Grows in waste places.

ACHILLEA MILLEFOLIUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 737.—Common; in places found above the birch-limit.

ARTEMISIA VULGARIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,176.—By *Tofte*, *Kongsvold*, and in Drivdal; always below the birch-limit.

A. NORVEGICA, Fries; Fl. D. tab. 801.—Plentiful on the fjelds by *Kongsvold*, and in Drivdal, where it mounts from the river banks up to the permanent snow. Flowers, 8, yellow.

TANACETUM VULGARE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 871.—Between *Laurgaard* and *Tofte*, by *Kongsvold*, and at places through Drivdal; above the limit of fir. Found in dry places.

Laurgaard is an excellent station, about thirteen English miles south of Tofte. Good accommodation can be had here, and shooting may be got on the neighbouring heights. Reindeer are generally plentiful, and excellent ryper-shooting may be had. Capital trout-fishing in Vaage Vand, a few miles to the west, especially at Lom, where the river Bœvra empties itself into it. Shooting well spoken of.

TANACETUM BOREALE, Fischer.—Probably only a variety of T. VULGARE; found in Drivdal and in Nystudal.

ARCTIUM LAPPA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 612.—In Drivdal.

CARDUUS CRISPUS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 621.—By *Tofte*, *Kongsvold*, and at places in Drivdal.

CIRSIUM PALUSTRE, Scopoli.—By *Tofte*. Common in damp meadows. Flowers, 7 to 8, violet.

C. HETEROPHYLLUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 109.—Common in damp meadows nearly up to the birch-limit.

C. ARVENSE, De Candolle; Fl. D. tab. 644.—Near *Tofte*, in waste places. Common.

SAUSSUREA ALPINA, De Candolle; Fl. D. tab. 37.—Common up to about the birch-limit.

CENTAUREA SCABIOSA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,231.—By *Tofte*.

SONCHUS ARVENSIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 606.—By *Tofte*, Rustgaard, and below *Drivstuen*, to the corn-limit. Common on waste places.

S. OLERACEUS, L.: Fl. D. tab. 682.—As the last.

MULGEDIUM ALPINUM, Lessing; Fl. D. tab. 182.—by *Kongsvold*, and at places in Drivdal.

CREPIS TECTORUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 501.—By *Tofte*, *Fogstuen*, *Jerkin*, *Kongsvold*, and at places in Drivdal. Common on roofs of cottages; sometimes found above the birch limit. Flowers, 6 to 9, yellow.

LEONTODON TARAXACUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 574.—Common up to and above the birch-limit.

L. CORNICULATUM (TARAXACUM LÆVIGATUM of De Candolle).—On hills near *Tofte*, Harbakken, &c.

HIERACIUM PILOSELLA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,110.—In Drivdal below *Drivstuen* in the region of fir.

H. AURICULA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,111.—In Drivdal a little above the fir-limit.

H. COLLINUM, Blytt.—In places on the right hand of the valley of Drivdal by *Drivstuen*. It varies greatly in size. The smallest forms approach nearer to H. AURICULA. The larger are 1½ feet high, with many flowers in tufts, and approach very near to

H. CYMOSUM, Hartman; Fl. D. tab. 810.—Near *Drivstuen*, in scrub on the mountain side, where it attains a height of two to three feet.

H. AURANTIACUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,112.—Occasional in meadows south of *Drivstuen*, in company with *Satyrium nigrum*, L. Rare. Flowers not so deep an orange as those found in the southern parts of the country.

H. DOVRENSE, Fries.—Common by *Drivstuen* and in Vinsterdal.

H. ALPINUM, L.; β *H. alpinum parviflorum*, Fl. D. tab. 27; *j. Halleri*, δ *incisum*. —All the above-named, with many intermediate varieties, are to be found over the whole fjeld, from the limit of fir up to that of the larger willows.

H. MURORUM, L.—*H. sylvaticum*; *H. nigro-glandulosum*; *H. incisum*. These three varieties are the most frequent of the variable H. MURORUM. Found near *Tofte*, *Jerkin*, *Kongsvold*, and *Drivstuen*, but do not attain so high an altitude as H. MURORUM. The *H. incisum* here named Professor Blytt considers to be different from δ *incisum* mentioned under H. ALPINUM.

H. PRENANTHOIDES, Villars.—Near *Kongsvold*, a little below the birch-limit. Rare. More plentiful in low scrub near *Drivstuen*. Stalk many leaved, hairy. Leaves slightly toothed, and hairy beneath and on the edges. Flowers, 7 to 8.

H. BOREALE (Fries), with lanceolate-tooth leaves; β *latifolium* with cordate; sub-amplexicaule leaves. The latter of these two forms is very marked, and may be distinguished from the former by its smaller development (rarely 1 foot high), by the stalk-leaves being fewer (usually 3 to 4). and wider apart; by its ovate-lanceolate root-leaves, broader stalk-leaves, cordate, toothed, and often marked with brown spots. Flower heads, 3 to 5; not so downy as in H. BOREALE, but sparsely furnished with short stiff glandular hairs. Most probably the latter is a distinct species. Both are found in low scrub by

Drivstuen and other places in Drivdal. The last-named reaches up to the birch-limit.

H. CORYMBOSUM, Fries.—Places in Drivdal. Resembles H. BOREALE.

H. CROCATUM, Fries.—As the last.

H. UMBELLATUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 680.—In low scrub by *Drivstuen* and other places in Drivdal. Not found above the birch-limit

H. PALUDOSUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 928.—By *Fogstuen* and in Drivdal up to the birch-limit. Found in moist places in meadows. Leaves smooth and thin.

HYPOCHÆRIS MACULATA, L; Fl. D. tab. 249.—By Bergsgaard, and on hills near *Tofte*, where it vanishes a little below the birch-limit.

APARGIA AUTUMNALIS, Willdenow; Fl. D. tab. 1,996.—General over the whole fjeld. A variety, *β asperior uniflora* (Wahlberg), Fl. D. tab. 1,523, very similar to it, is found up to and above the birch-limit.

CAMPANULACEÆ.

CAMPANULA UNIFLORA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,512.—Plentiful in some places on Knudshoë, near *Kongsvold*, and on the fjeld by *Drivstuen;* less common on Gederyggen, near *Jerkin*. On Knudshoë it is found above the birch-limit on dry places which abound in lichens, such as *Cetraria nivalis, cucullata, islandica; Cornicularia ochroleuca*, and *Cladonia rangiferina*, &c. It apparently vanishes below the lasting snowdrifts.

C. ROTUNDIFOLIA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,086.—Common over the whole fjeld. When found above the birch-limit it is usually one-flowered, and of such stunted growth as to be easily mistaken for the last-named species.

VACCINIEÆ.

VACCINUM ULIGINOSUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 231.—Up to and above the birch-limit; ripens near *Kongsvold*, in August.

V. MYRTILLUS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 40.—Common. Berries not found to ripen above the birch-limit.

V. VITIS IDÆA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 40.—Common over the whole fjeld.

SCHOLLERA OXYCOCCUS, Roth; Fl. D. tab. 80.—On Harbakken, and by *Fogstuen*, up to the birch-limit, but rarely found higher. Does not ripen on the Dovre Fjeld.

ERICINIEÆ.

EMPETRUM NIGRUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 975.—Found up to and above the birch-limit with ripe berries.

ARCTOSTAPHYLOS UVA-URSI, Spreng; Fl. D. tab. 35.—Up to the lasting snowdrifts.

A. ALPINA, Spreng; Fl. D. tab. 73.—As the last.

PYROLA ROTUNDIFOLIA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,816.—Common below, and occasionally found above the birch-limit.

P. MINOR, L.; Fl. D. tab. 55.—Common. Is found at higher altitudes than the last-named.

P. SECUNDA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 402.—Up to, and a little above the fir-limit in Drivdal.

MONESES GRANDIFLORA, Salisbury.—Extremely rare, and only noticed near *Dombaas*, at the foot of the Dovre. Stalk erect, one-flowered. Flower white, large and fragrant.

ANDROMEDA POLIFOLIA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 54.—Up to about the birch-limit.

A. HYPNOIDES, L.; Fl. D. tab. 10.—From the birch-limit up to the lasting snowdrifts.

ERICA VULGARIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 677.—Common up to and a little above the birch-limit.

MENZIESIA CÆRULEA, Smith; Fl. D. tab. 57.—Up to the lasting snowdrifts, and as low as the region of spruce fir in Gudbrandsdal (2,600 to 2,800).

AZALEA PROCUMBENS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 9.—Common up to the snowdrifts.

GENTIANEÆ.

MENYANTHES TRIFOLIATA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 541.—Up to *Fogstuen*.

GENTIANA NIVALIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 16—Common up to the birch-limit; rarely found higher. Occasionally found some way down in the region of Scotch fir.

G. GLACIALIS, Villars; Fl. D. tab. 318.—Though found below the limit of Scotch fir, this species does not extend so low down as the last. It is, however, found higher up on the fjeld, nearly to the continual snowdrifts.

G. CAMPESTRIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 367.—Up to about the birch-limit; varies much in size and in form of leaf. Often found with white flowers.

G. AMARELLA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 328.—Up to and above the birch-limit. That found on the Dovre is not so broad-leaved as is represented in Fl. Dan., but bears a greater resemblance to *G. obtusifolia β spathulata* (*vide* Reichenberg's "Flor. German. Excursoria," p. 424).

POLEMONIDEÆ.

POLEMONIUM CÆRULEUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 255.—Between *Tofte* and *Dombaas*, by *Jerkin* and *Kongsvold;* in every place below the birch-limit.

BORRAGINEÆ.

LYCOPSIS ARVENSIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 435.—Common up to *Tofte* in fields. Not found on the Dovre further north.

ASPERUGO PROCUMBENS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 552.—By *Tofte*, *Fogstuen*, and *Drivstuen*.

MYOSOTIS CÆSPITOSA, Schultz.—General up to *Tofte*, where it disappears below the birch-limit.

M. ARVENSIS, L.—In Drivdal, by *Drivstuen* and *Tofte*.

M. SYLVATICA, Hoffman; Fl. D. tab. 583.—General in dry shady places over the whole fjeld. It is found above the limit of birch up to that of the larger willow tribe. It differs slightly from the plate in Fl. Dan.; has shorter and thicker leaves, flower-stalk with compressed hairs. At higher altitudes which are more exposed it is more stunted in growth, with shorter clusters.

ECHINOSPERMUM DEFLEXUM, Lehmann; Fl. D. tab. 1,568.—Near *Tofte;* in Drivdal between *Kongsvold* and *Drivstuen*. Resembles *Myosotis arvensis*, but is larger.

E. LAPPULA; Fl. D. tab. 692.—On hills near *Tofte*.

ANTIRRHINEÆ.

LINARIA VULGARIS, Miller; Fl. D. tab. 982.—By *Tofte;* not found higher than the limit of corn. Occasional in Drivdal, a little above the (Scotch) fir-limit.

RHINANTHACEÆ.

MELAMPYRUM PRATENSE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 2,238.—By *Jerkin*, *Kongsvold*, and other places, nearly up to the birch-limit.

M. SYLVATICUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 145.—As the last.

PEDICULARIS PALUSTRIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 2,055.—Common up to the birch-limit.

P. OEDERI, Vahl; Fl. D. tab. 30.—On marshy places over the whole fjeld, from the limit of fir up to the lasting snowdrifts. This plant has a great tendency to vary. On low grounds it is often quite smooth; at high altitudes downy, especially on the upper parts. The spike is more or less compact, according to age.

P. LAPPONICA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 2.—Common over the whole fjeld, from the limit of fir up to the snowdrifts.

RHINANTHUS CRISTA-GALLI, L.; Fl. D. tab. 981.—Common up to the birch-limit.

BARTSIA ALPINA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 43.—Common up to and above the birch-limit.

EUPHRASIA OFFICINALIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,037.—As the last.

VERONICA SERPYLLIFOLIA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 492.—As the last.

V. ALPINA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 16.—From above the fir-limit up to that of the willow. A variety, *β lasiocarpa*, grows in Nystudal.

V. SAXATILIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 342.—As the last, but descends lower down into forest tracts.

V. OFFICINALIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 248.—Very common. Mounts up above the fir-limit nearly to that of birch by *Kongsvold* and elsewhere.

V. CHAMÆDRYS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 448.—By Rustgaard on Harbakken, almost up to the birch-limit.

LABIATÆ.

GALEOPSIS TETRAHIT, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,271.—Disappears near *Tofte* simultaneously with the cultivation of corn.

G. LADANUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,757.—Near *Fogstuen*.

G. CANNABINA, Willdenow; Fl. D. tab. 929.—As the last.

LAMIUM PURPUREUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 523.—Common up to *Tofte*.

GLECHOMA HEDERACEA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 789.—Disappears entirely on the road between *Dombaas* and *Tofte*; grows below the limit of fir in dry places.

STACHYS PALUSTRIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,103.—Not found beyond *Tofte*.

THYMUS ACINOS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 814.—By *Tofte*, and in Drivdal below *Drivstuen*.

DRACOCEPHALUM RUYSCHIANUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 121.—Grows in dry meadows near *Tofte*, below the limit of fir. Flowers, 7, violet. Not common.

PRUNELLA VULGARIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 910.—Common. Grows up to, and sometimes a little above the birch-limit.

LENTIBULARIEÆ.

PINGUICULA VULGARIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 93.—Common. Mounts above the birch-limit, nearly up to the lasting snowdrifts.

P. VILLOSA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,921.—Near *Fogstuen*. Grows abundantly near the small lakes below the Gaard (farm-house); also near *Jerkin*, below Gederyggen.

PRIMULACEÆ.

DIAPENSIA LAPPONICA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 47.—Occasional in places over the whole fjeld, which are exposed to wind and weather, *e. g.*, on the highest parts of Harbakken, on the heights above *Fogstuen* by Fogsaa; on Volasöfjeld, by Volasö lake; near *Kongsvold*, where it descends below the birch-limit; on

Knudshoë, on the highest part of Vaarstien, and on the fjeld opposite to *Drivstuen*, where it is most plentiful. Everywhere found up to the limit of snow; flower-stalks, upright, bearing each one white flower.

ANDROSACE SEPTENTRIONALIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 7. Near *Tofte*, *Kongsvold*, *Jerkin*, and *Drivstuen*. Scarcely found above the birch-limit; disappears immediately below it. Leaves lanceolate, toothed, nearly smooth. Flowers, 5 to 6, white.

PRIMULA SCOTICA, Hook; Fl. D. tab. 125.—Common over the whole fjeld. In some places, *e.g.*, Knudshoë, Volasoë, &c., found above the birch-limit.

P. STRICTA, Hornemann; Fl. D. tab. 1,385.—Occasional. Found on Harbakken, on the left side of the road, between *Jerkin* and *Kongsvold*.

TRIENTALIS EUROPÆA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 84.—Common up to and above the birch-limit, where it has a very stunted appearance and rose-coloured flowers. A variety, *β alpina*, is common over the whole fjeld, but always above the larger willow tribe.

PLANTAGINEÆ.

PLANTAGO MAJOR, L.; Fl. D. tab. 461.—Disappears at about the birch-limit on Harbakken above Rustgaard.

P. MEDIA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 581.—Grows over the whole fjeld, especially by roads and mountain paths. Not found above the birch-limit.

CHENOPODIEÆ.

CHENOPODIUM ALBUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,150.—Grows by inhabited places on rich soil near *Tofte*.

C. PÓLYSPERMUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,153.—Occasional by the side of the new road in Drivdal.

PÓLYGONEÆ.

RUMEX ACETOSA, L.—Common. Mounts up above the birch-limit.

R. ACETOSELLA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,161.—Vanishes a little below the birch-limit by *Jerkin*.

R. DOMESTICUS, Hartman; Fl. D. tab. 2,349.—Common up to *Jerkin* and *Fogstuen*. Grows near houses.

OXYRIA DIGYNA, Campdera; Fl. D. tab. 14.—Over the old fjeld, up to perpetual snow.

POLYGONUM VIVIPARUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 13.—Up to and above the birch-limit. Flowers often rose-coloured.

P. AVICULARE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 803.—Disappears a little below the birch-limit by *Jerkin*, but found above it on Harbakken.

P. CONVOLVULUS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 741.—By *Tofte*, up to the corn-limit.

KŒNIGIA ISLANDICA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 418.—Occasional on boggy places over the whole fjeld, *e.g.*, near the old high-road over Harbakken, by the road between Volasö and *Jerkin*; by *Jerkin*, *Kongsvold*, and in Drivdal. First appears a little above the fir-limit, and mounts up beyond the limit of birch.

THYMELEÆ.

DAPHNE MEZEREUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 268.—On Harbakken, above Rustgaard, at about the birch-limit.

EUPHORBIACEÆ.

EUPHORBIA HELIOSCOPIA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 725.—Up to the corn-limit by *Tofte*.

URTICEÆ.

URTICA URENS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 739.—By mountain cabins.

U. DIOCIA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 746.—As the last, but more common.

AMENTACEÆ.

BETULA GLUTINOSA, or *B. verrucosa*, Ehrh., Wallorth; Fl. D. tab. 1,467.—Professor Blytt places its limit at 3,241 feet on the Rondfjeld, adjoining the Dovre, and on Vaarstien at 3,193 feet.—N.B. The limit of birch is reckoned by this species.

B. ALPESTRIS, Fries.—Occasional on the Dovre; grows on Knudshoë. Rare.

B. HUMILIS, Hartmann.—Occasional on the fjeld. First appears a little below the birch-limit, and mounts up to 100 feet above it.

B. NANA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 91.—Grows highest up of all the birch tribe, to the limit of lasting snow; has a very stunted and creeping form.

ALNUS INCANA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 2,301.—Mounts 200 to 300 feet above the fir-limit in Drivdal.

A. PUBESCENS, Tausch.—Found in moist places in Drivdal and Nystudal.

POPULUS TREMULA, L.; Grows as a bush, 2 to 3 feet high on the fjeld side a little above *Kongsvold*. Near *Drivstuen* it attains a tolerable height, some 100 feet above the fir-limit.

SALIX PENTANDRA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 943.—Between *Tofte* and *Dombaas*, and by *Drivstuen*.

S. GLAUCA, L.; β *Lapponum* (Fl. D. tab. 1,058); γ *appendiculata* (Fl. D. tab. 1,056); δ *denudata*.—Grow over the whole fjeld, under very different forms. They mount up towards the permanent snow in company with *S. lanata*, *S. limosa*, &c., but not quite so high as *S. herbacea* and *S. polaris*. The capsules are always covered with a thick white, or greyish-white wool (according to age). The catkins of the male and female vary in length, as also do the leaves, both in respect to colour, surface, and margin; but generally they are entire, and of a darker colour on the upper than on the under side.

S. LANATA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,057.—Found over the whole fjeld, at the same altitude as the last. The catkins of the female are sometimes two or three inches long. Leaves generally broader, and of more uniform colour on both sides, than in the last. Professor Blytt found on Blaahoë a creeping willow scarcely one foot high, in company with *S. polaris*. The leaves were more elliptical, and nearly smooth, catkins shorter, and naked scales, bearing a striking resemblance to specimens found in Greenland. "Unfortunately," he writes, "I found but one fruit-bearing specimen of this apparently very early flowering form."

S. HASTATA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,238.—Common over the whole fjeld; extends far above the birch-limit. The form of leaves is very variable—sometimes elliptical, lanceolate, or oval. The colour generally constant, dark on the surface, and a pale green below. The plant varies much in size. As a creeping bush it approximates to *S. Arbuscula*, but differs from it in the smoothness of the capsules.

S. ARBUSCULA, Fries.—In places abundant. At Bergsgaard, above *Tofte* between *Dombaas* and *Fogstuen*, *Jerkin*, and *Kongsvold*, it is found above the birch-limit.

S. PHYLICIFOLIA, L. (Fl. D. tab. 1,052); β *nigricans* (Fl. D. tab. 1,053); γ *majalis*.—Besides these varieties a great many intermediate forms are found over the whole fjeld. *S. phylicifolia* is found up to the birch-limit. β *nigricans*

grows as a small tree near *Fogstuen*, and is found up to the limits of the larger species, *S. lanata*, *limosa*, &c.

S. CAPRŒA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 245.—Disappears below *Tofte*.

S. DEPRESSA, L.—On dry sandy places, near *Tofte* and *Jerkin*, but not above the birch-limit.

S. LIMOSA, Wahl.—Grows at same altitude as *S. lanata*, &c. Common over the whole fjeld; form of leaf varies as in *S. glauca*.

S. MYRSINITES, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,054.—Common. Not found quite so high up as the last. Flowers early. Not so variable as the last. The leaves of this species found on the Dovre are shorter and thicker than in the sub-alpine specimens.

S. OVATA, Seringe.—Rare by Fogsaa above *Fogstuen*; plentiful in Nystudal.

S. RETICULATA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 212.—Common up to and above the birch-limit.

S. HERBACEA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 117.—Common from the fir-limit up to the permanent snow.

S. POLARIS, Wahl.—Rare. First shows itself above the birch-limit. Found in small quantities near *Jerkin* on Gederyggen, on the Valasö-fjeld; more plentiful on Blahoë, Gontsti-fjeld, and Knudshöe. It mounts up to the permanent snow, and appears to flourish best above the limit of the larger willows.

CONIFERÆ.

JUNIPERUS COMMUNIS, L.: Fl. D. tab. 1,119. Mounts high above the birch-limit; at its greatest altitude the leaves are very short. The whole shrub is frequently covered with a bluish-green dew that gives it a remarkable appearance.

PINUS SYLVESTRIS.—Reaches its highest limit between *Dombaas* and *Fogstuen*, and is not met with again before coming to *Jerkin*, where it covers the bottom of the valley in the direction of Foldal.

PINUS ABIES.—Is not found on Dovre; but in the neighbouring heights of Vaage it reaches nearly the same altitude as the last.

ALISMACEÆ.

TRIGLOCHIN PALUSTRE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 490.—Common up to and a little above the birch-limit.

POTAMEÆ.

POTAMOGETON PALUSTRIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 222 (?)—Found in Volasö.

P. PUSILLUS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,451.—Near *Kongsvold*, and in Volasö.

P. NATANS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,025.—In Hviddal lakes.

P. GRAMINEUS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 222.—In Hviddal lakes, and in a small tarn immediately to the east of *Jerkin*.

P. RUFESCENS, Schrader; Fl. D. tab. 1,450.—In Volasö, above the fir-limit.

P. ALPINUS, probably a variety of *P. pectinatus*.—In Hviddal's Vand and in Volasö.

P. PECTINATUS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 186 and 1,746.—In the easternmost of the Hviddal lakes.

ORCHIDEÆ.

ORCHIS MACULATA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 933.—On boggy places up to and above the birch-limit.

O. CRUENTA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 876.—At Bergsgaad, at about the birch-limit, and by a brook between *Tofte* and Rustgaard, on the right-hand side of the old road from *Tofte* to Harbakken; also near *Laurgaard*.

O. INCARNATA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,232 (?).—Near *Tofte*.

O. CORDIGERA, Reichenbach.—Occasional on marshy places, *e.g.*, near *Tofte*, above Borggaard, near Rustgaard, between *Tofte* and Harbakken; 1,800 to 2,000 feet above the sea.

SATYRIUM ALBIDUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 115. — Occasional on swampy places, up to and above the birch-limit.

S. VIRIDE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 77.—Common. Often found above the birch-limit.

NIGRITELLA ANGUSTIFOLIA, Richard; Fl. D. tab. 998.—Rare. Found in meadows south of *Drivstuen*, between the river and the high road.

GYMNADENIA CONOPSEA, Wahl.; Fl. D. tab. 224.—Common up to and above the birch-limit.

OPHRYS ALPINA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 452.—Plentiful on the hills above *Tofte*, and by the road between *Tofte* and Harbakken. Less common near *Kongsvold*.

CORALLORHIZA INNATA, Brown; Fl. D. tab. 451.—Very rare. Has only been found in birch copses near Langsvold. Flowers a dark reddish-purple.

SERAPIAS LATIFOLIA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 811.—Rare. Found in small quantities a little below the birch-limit near *Tofte*.

LISTERA CORDATA, Smith; Fl. D. tab. 1,298.—By Volasöberg, a little below the birch-limit, and occasionally in Drivdal, a little above the fir-limit.

NEOTTIA REPENS, Sw.; Fl. D. tab. 812.—Occasional below the birch-limit near *Tofte*.

ASPARAGEÆ.

PARIS QUADRIFOLIA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 139.—By *Tofte*, and between *Kongsvold* and *Drivstuen* at about the fir-limit.

CONVALLARIA MAJALIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 854.—By *Tofte*, nearly up to the birch-limit above *Drivstuen*.

C. VERTICILLATA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 86.—In Drivdal a little above the fir-limit.

MAIANTHEMUM BIFOLIUM, De Candolle; Fl. D. tab. 291.—By *Kongsvold* and in Drivdal up to and above the fir-limit.

COLCHICACEÆ.

TOFIELDIA BOREALIS, Wahl.; Fl. D. tab. 36.—Common. Mounts high above the birch-limit.

JUNCEÆ.

JUNCUS ARCTICUS, Willdenow; *Fl. D. tab. 1,095.—Very common. Found* occasionally above the birch-limit.

J. FILIFORMIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,207.—As the last, but not so frequent.

J. USTULATUS, Hartmann.—Common up to the birch-limit.

J. BIGLUMIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 120.—Very common. Mounts above the birch-limit.

J. TRIGLUMIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 132.—As the last.

J. TRIFIDUS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 107 and 1,691.—Very common. Specimens bearing one and many flowers found over the whole fjeld. Mounts above the birch-limit.

J. BUFONIUS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,098.—Near *Tofte, Kongsvold*, and in Drivdal; up to the limit of fir.

LUZULA PILOSA, Willd.—Disappears at *Fogstuen* at about the birch-limit.

L. PARVIFLORA, Hornemann; Fl. D. tab. 1,929.—Rare. Found by Fogsaa above *Fogstuen*, Gederyggen, Volashöe, Blaahöe, Goutstifjeld, Knudshöe, Nystuhöe, Jerkindshöe, and on the fjelds on either side Drivdal. Generally first appears where L. PILOSA vanishes. Mounts up to the limit of the larger willows.

L. CAMPESTRIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,333.—*β erecta; γ coarctata, δ suédetica.*

The first grows on low ground near *Tofte*, and at Drivdal; β, in shady places in Drivdal; γ, near *Kongsvold* and in Drivdal; δ, on high grounds, and mounts above the birch-limit

L HYPERBOREA, Brown.—Common over the whole fjeld. First appears somewhere above the birch-limit, and mounts up to the limit of the larger willows.

L. ARCUATA, Hartmann.—Less common than the last. Only found on the very highest parts of the fjeld, *e.g.*, Fogstuvola, Harbakken, Storhöe, Volasofjeld, Blaahoë, and Goutstifjeld. It seldom becomes fully developed, on account of the snow which lies on the ground nearly all the summer through where it grows.

L. SPICATA, Hornemann.—Very common. Mounts above the birch-limit, and vanishes where L. HYPERBOREA becomes general.

TYPHACEÆ.

SPARGANIUM NATANS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 360.—In Volasö.

S. OLIGOCARPON, Angström.—Occasional in brooks and ponds near *Kongsvold* and *Jerkin*.

S. HYPERBOREUM, Lœstad.—Not uncommon. Found, among other places, near *Drivstuen*.

CYPERACEÆ.

SCIRPUS CÆSPITOSUS, L.—Common up to and above the birch-limit.

S. BÆOTHRYON, Ehrhart; Fl. D. tab. 1,862.—Rare. Up to and about the birch-limit by *Fogstuen* and *Kongsvold*.

HELEOCHARIS PALUSTRIS, Brown; Fl. D. tab. 273.—Below *Tofte*, in a pond near the roadside.

ERIOPHORUM ALPINUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 620.—Rare. Found on Harbakken, near *Fogstuen*, *Kongsvold*, *Jerkin*, *Drivstuen*.

E. CAPITATUM, Hoffmann; Fl. D. tab. 1,502.—Common. Mounts up to the lasting snow, and descends into the region of fir.

E. VAGINATUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 236.—Over the whole fjeld. Vanishes a little above the birch-limit.

E. ANGUSTIFOLIUM, Roth; Fl. D. tab. 1,422.—Occasional over the whole fjeld. Altitude the same as last.

E. LATIFOLIUM, Hoppe; Fl. D. tab. 1,381.—As the last.

ELYNA SPICATA, Schrad.; Fl. D. tab. 1,529.—Occasional on high and dry places; *e.g.*, on Harbakken, Jerkinshöe, Gederyggen, *Kongsvold*, &c.

KOBRECIA CARICINA, Willd.—Rare. On peat-bogs near *Tofte*, on the hills above the Gaard, and on the marshes along the road between Harbakken and *Fogstuen*, by *Jerkin*, *Kongsvold*, &c.

CAREX DIOICA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 369.—Common. Often found above the birch-limit.

C. PARALLELA, Sommerfeldt.—Less common than the last. Occasional on damp, grassy places—*e.g.*, Gederyggen, Sprænbækdal, and in meadows near *Kongsvold*. It bears a resemblance to C. RUPESTRIS, in company with which it is found.

C. CAPITATA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 2,061.—Not common. Grows in the marshes between *Fogstuen* and *Jerkin*, and in those below *Jerkin* on the right of the road near the Gaard. Less frequent near *Kongsvold*.

C. RUPESTRIS, Allioni; Fl. D. tab. 1,401.—Occasional in swampy places, and in clefts and crevices of the rock—*e.g.*, along the road over Harbakken, on Gederyggen, near *Jerkin*, *Kongsvold*, and *Drivstuen*.

C. MICROGLOCHIN, Wahl.; Fl. D. tab. 1,402.—Rather common in the marshes rom Harbakken to *Drivstuen.*

C. LEUCOGLOCHIN, Ehrhart; Fl. D. tab. 1,279.—Very rare. Found in the egion of fir between *Dombaas* and *Fogstuen.*

C. INCURVA, Lightfoot; Fl. D. tab. 432.—Occasional in swampy places a little below the birch-limit—*e.g.*, by Bergsgaard, *Tofte*, *Fogstuen*, *Jerkin*, and *Kongsvold.*

C. CHORDORRHIZA, Ehrhart; Fl. D. tab. 1,408.—Occasional in marshes up to about the limit of birch—*e.g.*, near *Jerkin*, *Kongsvold.*

C. LAGOPINA, Wahl.; Fl. D. tab. 294.—Up to and often above the limit of the larger willows. First becomes general at about the fir-limit.

C. LOLIACEA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,403.—In the region of fir between *Dombaas* and *Fogstuen.*

C. CANESCENS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 285.—Is common with the β *alpicola*, up to and above the birch-limit.

C. HELVOLA, Blytt.—Rather plentiful in Nystudal.

C. STELLULATA, Schreber; Fl. D. tab. 284.—Not uncommon in Drivdal.

C. FLAVA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,407.—Near *Kongsvold*, *Tofte*, and in Drivdal.

C. FILIFORMIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 379 and 1,344.—Near *Fogstuen*, *Jerkin*, *Kongsvold*, up to the limit of birch.

C. ROTUNDATA, Wahl.; Fl. D. tab. 1,407.—Occasional. In company with C. PULLA, of which it is probably only a variety, near *Fogstuen*, *Jerkin*, and *Kongsvold.*

C. CAPILLARIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 168.—Common up to and above the birch-limit.

C. USTULATA, Wahl.; Fl. D. tab. 1,590.—Very common from the fir-limit up to the lasting snow.

C. FRIGIDA, Hart.—Occasional on high parts of the fjeld, from the birch-limit to the lasting snow—*e.g.*, on Blaahöe, Gederyggen, Knudshöe. Probably the same as *C. misandra*, found by Brown in Melville Island.

C. PANICEA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 261.—Common, with β *sparsiflora* and γ *pauciflora*, up to and above the birch-limit. It has a great tendency to vary. The latter is found only in shady places.

C. ORNITHOPODA, Willd.; Fl. D. tab. 1,405.—On hills near *Tofte.*

C. ERICETORUM, Pollick; Fl. D. tab. 1,765.—Common over the whole fjeld. Often found above the birch-limit.

C. ALPINA; Fl. D. tab. 403.—As the last.

C. ATRATA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 158.—As the last.

C. BUXBAUMII, Wahl.; Fl. D. tab. 1,406.—Not common. Found on marshy places near *Foystuen*, *Jerkin*, and *Kongsvold.*

C. PALLESCENS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,050.—Less common than the last, and not found at such high altitudes. Near *Tofte* and in Drivdal.

C. LIMOSA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 646.—Rare near *Jerkin* and *Kongsvold.* β *rariflora* by the road between Harbakken and *Fogstuen*, and near *Kongsvold*; γ *irrigua* near *Jerkin.*

C. AMPULACEA, Willd.; Fl. D. tab. 2,248.—Near *Kongsvold* and *Fogstuen.*

C. VESICARIA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 647.—As the last. Both species grow below the birch-limit.

C. AQUATILIS, Wahl.—In marshes below *Fogstuen.* More plentiful between *Fogstuen* and Harbakken.

C. SAXATILIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 159.—Common up to the lasting snow. A variety has been found in grassy places near the banks of streams, &c., by *Kongsvold* and Nystuhöe, bearing a great resemblance to the last-named species.

C. CÆSPITOSA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,281.—Occasional over the whole fjeld, up to and above the birch-limit.

C. VULGARIS, Fries.—Common. Grows up to and a little above the limit of the larger willows.

C. JUNCELLA, Fries.—Occasional in damp places. Not found above the limit of birch.

C. PULLA, Goodenough.—Very common from the limit of fir up to the permanent snow. This species has a great tendency to vary according to locality.

GRAMINEÆ.

ALOPECURUS GENIDULATUS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 861.—Common, especially along roads up to about the birch limit. Seldom found higher. A variety, *β natans*, (Wahl., Fl. D. tab. 1,801), occasional in flooded places. Found also in a little lake at the foot of Blaahöe above the birch limit.

PHLEUM PRATENSE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,985.—Occasional at low altitudes—*e.g.*, near *Tofte* and *Drivstuen*.

P. ALPINUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 213.—Very common, and found up to and above the limit of birch.

PHALARIS ARUNDINACEA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 259.—In Drivdal, on the river banks above *Drivstuen*, where it attains its highest limit.

HIEROCHLOA BOREALIS, Römer and Schultes.—Drivdal and near *Jerkin*.

VAHLODEA ATROPURPUREA, Fries.; Fl. D. tab. 961.—Rare. Found a little below the birch-limit—*e.g.*, near *Fogstuen*, Volaso, and by the road between the lake and Blaahöe, and on the river bank below *Kongsvold*.

ANTHOXANTHUM ODORATUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 666.—Very common. Mounts high above the birch-limit, nearly up to the lasting snow.

MILIUM EFFUSUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,143.—Occasional in shady places. Grows at about the birch-limit—*e.g.*, in Sprænbækdal, and at many places near *Kongsvold*, and in Drivdal in copses near *Drivstuen*.

PHIPPSIA ALGIDA, Brown.—At the edge of eternal snow on Knudshöe and Nystuhöe. Probably common in similar localities, but is easily overlooked on account of its diminutiveness.

CATABROSA AQUATICA, Palisot de Beauvois; Fl. D. tab. 381.—Very rare on Dovre. Has only been noticed at two places—*e.g.*, between *Dombaas* and *Fogstuen*, and by the Driv about a mile and a half north of *Drivstuen*. Grows a little below the fir-limit.

AGROSTIS RUBRA, L.—Occasional below the birch-limit.

A. ALPINA, Scop.—Common over the whole fjeld. Mounts up above the birch-limit.

A. CANINA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,443.—Near *Jerkin*, *Kongsvold*, and in Drivdal.

CALAMAGROSTIS HALLERIANA, De Candolle.—In Drivdal, by mountain streams near *Drivstuen*.

C. PHRAGMITOIDES, Hartmann.—Not uncommon. Mounts up to the limit of the larger willows.

C. EPIGEIOS, Roth.; Fl. D. tab. 2,165.—Grows below *Tofte* in a dry meadow, and between *Tofte* and *Dombaas* on a sandbank close by the road.

C. STRICTA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,803.—Common up to the birch-limit.

C. SYLVATICA, De Candolle; Fl. D. tab. 1,683.—In the fir-forest between *Dombaas* and *Tofte*, near the road. Common.

AIRA CÆSPITOSA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 240.—Common up to the birch-limit. Not frequent above.

A. ALPINA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,625.—Common from about the fir-limit till far above that of birch.

A. FLEXUOSA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 157.—Common over the whole fjeld at low altitudes. A variety, β *montana*, Fl. D. tab. 1,322, is found up to and above the birch-limit.

A. SUBSPICATA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 228.—Common. First becomes general between the limit of fir and birch. Mounts far above that of the latter.

AVENA PUBESCENS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,203.—Disappears near Bergsgaard and *Jerkin*, a little below the birch-limit; but has been found high above the same, near *Kongsvold* and *Drivstuen*.

POA ANNUA, L.: Fl. D. tab. 1,686.—Common near inhabited places. A variety, β *supina*, is found on high and dry places—*e.g.*, near *Jerkin*.

P. LAXA, Hænke; Fl. D. tab. 2,342.—General on high parts of the fjeld. First appears at about the birch-limit. Usually found growing under stones near brooks, &c. It grows up above the limit of the larger willows, and disappears in the region of the polar-willow—*i.e.*, *Salix herbacea* and *Salix polaris*. A variety, β *minor*, is also found.

P. STRICTA, Lindeberg.—An intermediate form of P. LAXA (?). Common on Knudshöe, Blaahöe, Fogstuhöe, Nystuhöe, &c. First appears above the limit of the larger willows, and mounts up to the extreme limit of the Phanerogami.

P. FLEXUOSA, Whalenberg.—Occasional on Goutstifjeld, Blaahöe, Knudshöe, Nystuhöe. First appears at about the birch-limit, and mounts above the limit of the larger willow tribe. Found in company with *Salix polaris* on Goutstifjeld, and with *Campánula uniflora* on Knudshöe. Professor Blytt is of opinion that it is one and the same species with *P. arctica*, found in Melville Island by R. Brown. A variety, *P. flexuosa* β *abbreviata*, is found in plenty on Blaahöe, Nystuhöe, and Knudshöe, always above the limit of the larger willows.

P. GLAUCA, Vahl.; Fl. D. tab. 964.—Common on low rocky ground over the whole fjeld.

P. BALFOURII, Parnell.—On the sunny side of the highest part of Dovre—*e.g.*, on Blaahöe, Nystuhöe, Snehætten, and Knudshöe.

P. ALPINA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 807.—Very general over the whole fjeld. Mounts above the birch-limit, but does not grow so high up as P. FLEXUOSA or P. LAXA. A variety, β *vivipara*, is found on Jerkinshöe and near *Kongsvold*. This plant varies much in appearance, according to the dryness or fertility of the locality where it is found. Thus, in very dry places it assumes a dwarfish growth, and has so great a resemblance to *P. laxa* β *minor*, as to be readily mistaken for it.

P. TRIVIALIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,685.—Occasional in moist and shady places below the birch-limit—*e.g.*, near *Kongsvold*, and many places in Drivdal.

P. PRATENSIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,444.

β. *humilis.*
γ. *rigens.*
δ. *iantha.*
ε. *angustifolia.*

The first is found on grassy places, nearly always below the birch-limit. β on dry places, by road-sides—*e.g.*, near *Jerkin* and *Kongsvold*; γ on dampish meadows. The variety which Professor Blytt has entered under the name of δ *iantha* is found high up on the fjeld, far above the birch-limit, on rather damp places; ε near *Tofte*, *Jerkin*, and in Drivdal. The Professor found two other varieties, of which the one he thinks may have been a luxuriant form of γ *rigens*. The other bore a great similarity to P. GLAUCA, Vahl.

P. SCROTINA, Ehrh.; Fl. D. tab. 2,166.—In the lower parts of Drivdal and Nystudal, in moist places. Not common.

P. NEMORALIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 749.

β. *firmula.* γ. *montana.* δ. *glauca.* ε. *cæsia.* — The first of these is common in shady places, especially in Drivdal; β also in Drivdal; γ near *Kongsvold, Jerkin*, and *Drivstuen*; δ and ε over the whole fjeld, chiefly on the higher parts. Professor Blytt considers the variety δ *glauca* and P. GLAUCA (Wahl., Fl. D. tab. 964), to be the same plant. He is also of opinion, that this as well as ε *cæsia* are probably varieties of the

POA CÆSIA, Smith.—Very common near *Kongsvold.*

GLYCERIA DISTANS, Wahl.; Fl. D. tab. 251 and 2,222.—Grows near *Tofte* and *Jerkin.*

CATABROSA AQUATICA, Palisot de Beauvois; Fl. D. tab. 381.—On boggy places near *Tofte.*

MELICA NUTANS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 962.—Grows nearly up to the birch-limit near Kongsvold and in Drivdal.

MOLINIA CÆRULEA, Mönch.; Fl. D. tab. 239.—Near *Tofte*, and in Drivdal below the birch-limit.

DACTYLIS GLOMERATA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 743.—Near *Tofte* and below *Drivstuen* in Drivdal. Hardly found above the fir-limit.

FESTUCA OVINA, L.—Common in dry places over the whole fjeld; often mounts above the birch-limit. A variety, β *vivipara*, is common near *Kongsvold* and parts of Drivdal; γ *curvula*, another variety, grows near *Jerkin*, has a bluish-green appearance.

F. RUBRA, L.—Common up to and above the birch-limit. A variety, β *subvillosa*, grows near *Fogstuen* and *Kongsvold.*

F. ELATIOR, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,323.—Common. Disappears near *Tofte.*

TRITICUM REPENS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 748.—In Drivdal and near *Tofte.*

T. VIOLACEUM, Hornem; Fl. D. tab. 2,044.—According to Professor Blytt this plant is probably a variety of the last. It is found in tolerable quantities on high grounds in Drivdal, near *Kongsvold* and *Jerkin.*

T. CANINUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,447.—Occasional in shady places in Drivdal where it mounts above the limit of fir.

NARDUS STRICTA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,022.—Common over the whole fjeld up to and above the birch-limit.

EQUISETACEÆ.

EQUISETUM ARVENSE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 2,001.—Occasional in moist places, on clayey soil, over the whole fjeld. It mounts very high up, and is found on the banks of streams up to the limit of the larger willows. A variety, *E. alpestre* (Wahl., Fl. D. tab. 1,942), of more delicate growth than the former, is found even at higher altitudes.

E. SYLVATICUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,182.—In Drivdal, to the same height as E. ARVENSE. A variety, β *capillare*, has been noticed near *Kongsvold.*

E. UMBROSUM, Willd.; Fl. D. tab. 1,780.—In Drivdal, at same altitude as the last.

E. PALUSTRE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,183.—Occasional over the whole fjeld, on moist and swampy places about the birch-limit. A variety, *E. tenellum*, grows near *Jerkin* and *Kongsvold.*

E. HYEMALE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,409.—Occasional on rather damp, sandy, or peaty soil, up to about the birch-limit. Grows near *Kongsvold, Jerkin*, and in Drivdal.

E. VARIEGATUM, Willd.; Fl. D. tab. 2,490.—Occasional up to and even above the birch-limit—*e.g.*, near *Jerkin, Kongsvold*, and in Drivdal. It is often washed down by the rivers, and may be found on the banks of the Miösen, only 400 feet above the sea.

E. SCIRPOIDES, Willd.—Common nearly up to the limit of snow. This, too, is frequently washed down by the rivers. Professor Blytt differs in opinion from Hook and Wahlenberg, who held that the two last forms were one and the same. "*E. scirpoides*," he adds, "is a genuine Norse growth, and, as far as I know, has never been found in S. Europe; neither in our own country is it found at such low altitudes as *E. variegatum*."

E. LIMOSUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,184.—In a tarn between great and little Nystubæk. A more delicate, less branched form has been found in the eastern-most lake in Hviddal, and in a tarn by the roadside between *Jerkin* and Jerkin-Sæter.

FILICES.

POLYPODIUM VULGARE, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,060.—Grows on walls, stone fences, rocks, and in fissures. Common up to East Finmark. Found on the mountains up to, and sometimes above, the birch-limit. Bears fruit the summer through, and found with ripe fruit from autumn to spring.

P. PHEGOPTERIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,241.—In woods. Common up to Alten and Hammerfest; probably also in East Finmark. Grows on the mountains up to and above the birch-limit, and is found even at higher altitudes than the last. Bears fruit all the summer. Occasional in Drivdal and Vaarstien. A variety, *P. major*, has been found on Bogstadaas, near Christiania.

P. DRYOPTERIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 1,943.—Common in shady places in forests up to East Finmark: on the mountains up to, and sometimes above, the birch-limit. Bears fruit from the beginning of the summer to August and September, according to the altitude. Grows in Drivdal up to and above the fir-limit. A variety, *P. tenerrimum*, of much more delicate growth, has been found on Grefsenaas near Christiania.

P. RHÆTICUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 2,607.—Common on the mountains from the southernmost part of Christiansand Stift (*e.g.*, on Hekfjeld) to East Finmark, where it descends to the sea-shore. In the south it is only found in the higher regions, scarcely under the limit of fir, and grows at altitudes of 4,000 feet above the sea. The nature of the subsoil does not seem to affect it.

P. ROBERTIANUM, Hoff.; Suppl. Fl. D. tab. 41.—Has a great resemblance to the last. Occasional in shady places from Porsgrund and Christiania to Snaasen in Throndhjems Stift. Professor Blytt remarks that he has never found it on the mountains, and scarcely at higher altitudes than 1,000 feet. Bears fruit from June to August and September. Grows always on chalky soil.

WOODSIA ILVENSIS, R. Br.; Fl. D. tab. 391 and 2,186.—Common in fissures in the rock from the southern parts of Christiansand Stift to East Finmark: on the mountains in osier copses up to and above the birch-limit. Grows in the lower part of Drivdal in the region of fir. Bears fruit at different times according to altitude.

W. HYPERBOREA, R. Br.; Fl. D. tab. 2,185.—Bears a great resemblance to the last. Habitat same as the last. Occasional in Drivdal, and more frequent than the last. It seems to thrive best on substrata of lime and slate.

ASPIDIUM LONCHITIS, Sw.; Fl. D. tab. 497.—Grows on rocky places and in forests throughout the whole country. Rather common; somewhat less frequent in the south of Norway. On the mountains it may be found up to the birch-limit, occasionally higher. It bears fruit at different times, according to the nature of the locality. It may be found here and there in Drivdal, and near *Kongsvold* growing up to the birch-limit.

A. ACULEATUM (L.) β ANGULARE.—Very rare. Grows on shady and rocky places. Beitstaden, in Throndhjems Stift, is its known northernmost habitat in

Europe. It bears fruit from midsummer, and is green the winter through. Always grows on low ground, below the limit of fir. Has been found on Kolsaasen, near Christiania; near Sandvigen, on Ullernaasen, and in Maridal; on Hovlandfjeld, near Modum; and by Holmestrand; near Eidsfoss, near Ruim and Brunkeberg in Thelemark; near Tvedestrand, Christiansand; Lervig and Frue Gaard on Storöe in Bergen Stift, on Sandvigs fjeld and in Dörvedal, near Voss.

POLYSTICHUM THELYPTERIS, Roth.; Fl. D. tab. 760.—Grows in marshy places, especially in copses on the edge of swamps. Rather common in Aggershuus Stift; less frequent in other parts of the country. Nummedal, in Throndhjems Stift, is its known northernmost limit. Found generally in low-lying forests below 1,000 feet above the sea. Bears fruit in July and August.

P. OREOPTERIS, D.C.; Fl. D. tab. 1,121.—Not unfrequent from the southern parts of Christiansands Stift, *i.e.*, from Lillesand along the whole coast to the southern part of Nordland, *e.g.*, Helgeland. Less common away from the coast. Bears fruit from July to September. Not found at higher altitudes than 1,000 feet above the sea.

P. FILIX MAS, Roth.; Fl. D. tab. 1,346.—Common in shady places through the whole country to East Finmark. Grows on the fjelds up to about the fir-limit. At Drivdal it has been found somewhat higher. A variety, *P. Erosum*, Professor Blytt has only found growing on Egeberg, near Christiania. Bears fruit from July to September, according to altitude.

P. CRISTATUM, Roth.; Fl. D. tab. 1,591.—Has hitherto only been noticed in the low lands of the southern parts of Aggershuus Stift, never in mountainous regions. It grows at several places in the neighbourhood of Christiania, *e.g.*, Ostensö, Lysaker, Næsöen, at the foot of Grefsenaas, by Kjænsrudkjærn, near Stabæk. It bears fruit in June and July.

P. SPINULOSUM, D.C.; Fl. D. tab. 707.—Common on dry as well as moist and shady places up to East Finmark. Grows on the mountains up to about 3,500 feet above the sea. Found in Drivdal above the fir-limit. Bears fruit according to the altitude at which it is found.

P. DILATATUM, D.C.; Fl. D. tab. 759.—In shady places, in forests and mountains to East Finmark. Its greatest altitude is about 2,000 feet. Bears fruit from June to September, according to the altitude at which it grows. Grows in Drivdal at same height as the last. Professor Blytt remarks, that "the three last-named species are so closely united to each other by intermediate forms that it is a matter of difficulty to pronounce them separate species."

P. RIGIDUM, D.C.—Very rare. Found in marshy places on mountain forest tracts. Has been found in Sogendal, in Christiansands Stift. Professor Blytt does not seem to think that Hüdner's assertion that "he had noticed it growing in several places in Norway," worthy of credit.

CYSTOPTERIS FRAGILIS, Bernh.; Fl. D. tab. 401.—Common in shady places up to East Finmark under different forms. Grows on the mountains to 3,500 feet above the sea. Bears fruit from July to September.

C. MONTANA, Bernh.; Fl. D. tab. 2,259.—Not uncommon in mountain valleys up to East Finmark. It grows in dark, shady, and dampish places on the high fjelds, and attains an altitude of 3,000 feet. Common near *Kongsvold* and in Drivdal. Bears fruit generally late on in the summer.

ASPLENIUM CRENATUM, or CYSTOPTERIS CRENATA, Fr.—Occasional in shady places in Gudbrandsdal, at altitudes of 600 to 1,000 feet above the sea, *e.g.*, Kringelen, *Elstad* on the other side the river opposite the Gaard, and by the so-called Storstenuren, 1½ miles south of Vig. Bears fruit late in August. Grows on a substratum of schist. A more detailed description of this extremely

rare fern may perhaps be interesting. "Rhizoma about the thickness of the finger, blackish, scaly; fronds 1 to 2 feet high, sometimes half a foot wide, triangular, light green; frond stalk dark-coloured below, and closely covered with lanceolate scales; destitute of fronds till half way up, and more or less bent between them; fronds alternate, lanceolate; pinnæ deeply serrate, obtuse; sori crowded in the middle, generally two-rowed, but finally confluent. It bears fruit late in August."

A. FILIX FEMINA, Bernh.; Fl. D. tab. 2,436.—Common on rather damp places in copses and forests to East Finmark. Grows on the fjelds up to and a little over the limit of fir. A luxuriant form, frequently attaining a height of 3 feet, is found in small valleys near brooks and rivers. Bears fruit from June to September.

A. ADIANTUM NIGRUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 250.—Occasional in clefts of the rocks. Has hitherto only been found on the western coast from Stavanger to Romsdal. Grows on Findöe and Rennesoe, in Stavanger fjord, and also near Stavanger. It appears to thrive best on low grounds near the sea, and generally on a substratum of granite. It bears fruit in the autumn.

A. TRICHOMANES, L.; Fl. D. tab. 119.—Common in shady places in clefts of the rock, as far north as Salten in Nordland, probably higher. On the mountains it vanishes below the limit of fir, and scarcely attains a higher altitude in the southern parts of the country than 1,200 to 1,600 feet above the sea. Bears fruit from July to September.

A. VIRIDE, Huds.; Fl. D. tab. 1,289—Bears a striking resemblance to the last. Occasional in clefts of the rocks, and in moist shady places from the south of Aggershuus Stift, *e.g.*, near Porsgrund, Brevig, and Christiania down to the sea. More frequent on fjeld tracts up to East Finmark. It mounts up above the birch-limit to about 3,500 feet above the sea. Bears fruit at different times, according to altitude.

A. SEPTENTRIONALE, Sw.; Fl. D. tab. 60.—Very common on rocks, stone fences, walls, &c., up to East Finmark. Grows on the fjelds to same altitude as the last. Bears fruit according to altitude.

A. BREYNII, Retz.—Not common. Grows on low ground, in clefts of the rock. In Aggershuus Stift, Professor Blytt found it near Laurvig, on Sandöe, Nordre Aaröe, Östre Bolleren, Drøbak, or Næsodden, near Helvig, near Bækkelag close to Christiania. In Bergen Stift it has been found in Lerdal; also in Romsdal, and on Korsvigberg, near Throndhjem. Generally found on substrata of granite, lime, or slate. Bears fruit in July and August.

A. RUTA MURARIA, Fl. D. tab. 190.—Not uncommon in clefts of the rock, and on walls, especially in the eastern and southern districts. Less common on the west coast, but found near Stavanger, on the islands in Stavanger Fjord, near Bergen, &c. Professor Blytt also found it growing on the cloister ruins on Tutleröe, near Snaaren's parsonage house, on Alstenöe. Wahlenberg also has noticed it near Qvalvig in Lyngen, and Storvigsnæs in Alten. In the south of the country—*e.g.*, in Valders—it attains an altitude of 1,400 to 1,600 feet above the sea. Generally grows on limestone. Bears fruit in July and August.

PTERIS AQUILINA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 2,303.—In rocky places at the edge of forests. Very common to about Ranen, in Nordland. In the southern districts it scarcely attains a higher altitude than 1,400 to 1,600 feet above the sea. Professor Blytt found a hairy form near Gjællebæk on limestone, and near Tvedestrand on granite. Bears fruit from June to September.

BLECHNUM SPICANT, Roth.; Fl. D. tab. 99.—Grows in shady places, especially on peaty ground. Common in the western, but rare in the eastern parts of the

country. On the mountains it grows up to the limit of fir. Generally on a substratum of granite. Bears fruit from June till September.

STRUTHIOPTERIS GERMANICA, Willd.; Fl. D. tab. 169.—Common on the banks of streams, and in damp, moist places in forest tracts up to East Finmark. Less frequent in the western parts of Christiansand and Bergens Stift. Grows on the mountains up to the fir-limit. Bears fruit from June till September.

ALLOSURUS CRISPUS, Bernh.; Fl. D. tab. 496.—Common on rocky places, and in fissures along the whole of the west coast, both on low lands and on fjelds up to East Finmark. In the eastern parts it is only found on the mountains in places, *e.g.*, in Thelemark, on the Hallingdal Fjelds, Valders, &c. Grows at an altitude of 4,000 feet above the sea. Professor Blytt remarks that it apparently thrives best on primitive rock formation. Bears fruit according to altitude.

HYMENOPHYLLUM WILSONI, Hook; Fl. D. tab. 954.—Occasional in the lower parts of Christiansand and Bergens Stift on moist rocky ground, in company with some of the *Jungermannia*, *Mnium*, *Hypnum*, and other mosses. It has been found near Sognefæste, in Bergens Stift; near Ous, in Gaustalien; near Andressaa in Suledal, Svanöe, Sandvigslev near Bergen; and on Nordhuglöe, between this last place and Storöe. Generally on granite or old limestone. Bears fruit in July and August.

BOTRYCHIUM LUNARIA, Sw.; Fl. D. tab. 18 (the fig. on the left).—Occasional on grassy banks and mounds from the extreme south up to East Finmark. On Hallingskarv, Fille Fjeld, and Dovre, it attains an altitude of about 3,400 feet. Has been noticed on a substratum of lime, slate, and granite. It varies with regard to size, the form of leaf, and its lower or higher place on the stalk. Bears fruit at different times, according to altitude. On the Dovre it grows near Kongsvold, in Drivdal, and other places.

B. MATRICARIOIDES BOREALE, Milde: *B. lanceolatum*, Fl. D. tab. 18 (fig. to the right); *B. tenellum*.—Professor Blytt found all three forms growing together near *Nystuen*, the highest station on the Fille Fjeld; near *Kongsvold* and *Foystuen* on the Dovre, up to 3,500 above the sea. Substratum lime, schist, or granite. Not common. Bears fruit in July and August.

B. RUTACEUM, Sw.; Fl. D. tab. 18 (fig. 2).—Much less common than *B. lunaria*. It has been found growing in Salt-dal, its known northernmost limit. It has also been found near Abildsö, about three miles from Christiania, and near Hövring Sæter, in Gudbrandsdal, 3,500 feet above the sea; and near Hunnerfoss, about ten miles north of Lillehammer; and also at Svinesund, on the Swedish side. Grows generally on limestone, schist, and granite. Bears fruit in July and August.

OPHIOGLOSSUM VULGATUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 147.—Grows on moist places. Very rare in the interior of the country. Said to have been found growing in Ringerige, near Töten and Kongsberg. Professor Blytt found it near Vittingfoss, between Laurvig and Kongsberg; also near Kjonrud works, near Drammen; on Snaröe and Osteröe, near Christiania; on Nordre Aaröe, near Aaröesund; on Lövöe, near Brevig, near Krageröe; Arendal, near Espenæs, Grimstad, on Mallöe, &c. Alksnöe, on Helgeland, is its known northernmost limit. It appears to thrive best on lime. Grows nearly always on the shore. Bears fruit from June to August.

MARSILEACEÆ.

PILULARIA GLOBULIFERA, L.; Fl. D. tab. 223.—Very rare; grows on places that have been flooded. Said to have been found near Bergen. Professor Blytt found it near Christiansand on a substratum of granite. Bears fruit from June to August.

ISOETES LACUSTRIS, L.; Fl. D. tab. 191.—Grows in ponds, lakes in Christiansands Stift, in Aggershuus Stift towards Österdal; in Valders, *e.g.*, by the Lille Mjosen and Utravand, on the Fille Fjeld, to an altitude of 3,000 feet.

LYCOPODIACEÆ.

LYCOPODIUM SELAGO, L.; Fl. D. tab. 104.—Very common in woods and on the fjelds between bushes, &c., up to East Finmark. It mounts up to the limit of Phanerogamous vegetation, almost to the limit of snow. Professor Blytt found it on Nystuhöe towards the end of August, when the snow was lying thick on the ground, in company with *Draba lapponica* and *Catabrosa algida*, between 4,000 and 5,000 feet above the sea.

L. INUNDATUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 336.—On damp places, especially on peaty ground, by the banks of lakes, &c. Common in Christiansand Stift, and occasional in the southern parts of Aggershuus Stift, *e.g.*, in the Nordmarken forests, near Christiania, and in Övre Romerige. Attains an altitude of 1,000 feet.

L. ANOTINUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 117.—Common in forests to East Finmark. A variety, β *alpestre*, found only on the high fjelds, up to the limit of the larger willows.

L. ALPINUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 79.—Common. In the south it is never found below the limit of fir, but attains an altitude of 4,000 feet. Bears fruit from August to September.

L. COMPLANATUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 78.—Occasional on dry heathy places, near the edge of woods, &c. On the fjelds it attains an altitude of 3,000 feet, but is rare above the fir-limit.

L. CLAVATUM, L.; Fl. D. tab. 104.—Common on the fjelds in the region of fir.

SELAGINELLA SPINULOSA, Braun., or L. SELAGINOIDES, L.; Fl. D. tab. 70.—Common over the whole fjeld. Mounts up above the birch-limit.

HINTS TO BOTANISTS ON THE DOVRE FJELD.

Having now given a complete list of the phanerogamous plants of the Dovre Fjeld and of the ferns in Norway, I shall proceed to sketch out a few trips on the above mountain range which the gatherer of botanical specimens had best undertake, and which will be the most likely to afford him the richest returns. I need scarcely remind my readers that fishing and shooting may be very successfully combined with botanising—not simultaneously perhaps, though even when out on the fjelds, or by the river side, rod in hand, many a specimen may be gathered which might otherwise have escaped notice.

Reindeer-hunting, as stated above, may be had in many parts, while at nearly every station on the fjeld very fair grouse-shooting may be had.

Up to the year 1822 the Dovre Fjeld remained a *terra incognita* to the botanist. In that year, however, it was visited by Hisinger and Prof. Wahlberg, who published a very complete and detailed list of the mosses and lichens, the flora and ferns, many of which had previously not been known to exist in this part of the country, and others only occasionally in the adjoining fjelds of Osterdal and Gudbrandsdal.

In 1824 and 1825 Prof. Blytt visited the Dovre, and made many and important additions to the list above referred to, both of mosses and phanerogamous plants. Amongst the latter may be mentioned the *Pinguicula villosa* (which had hitherto been considered to belong to the flora of Lapland), *Aira atropurpurea*, *Poa laxa* and *minor*, *Triticum violaceum*, *Luzula parviflora* (only before noticed by Smith near Grasvigsæter in Vaage), *Epilobium origanifolium*, *E. nutans*, *Stellaria alpestris* (before only found on the Fille Fjeld), *Draba lapponica* and *muricella*, *Orchis cruenta* and *Ophrys alpina*, *Carex parallela* (formerly only noticed in the northern districts), *Salix phylicifolia majalis*, *Salix norvegica-pyrenaica* (never found before), *Equisetum variegatum*, *Woodsia hyperborea*, &c.

In 1828 the Dovre was again visited by the German botanists Kurr and Hübner. These gentlemen added many names to the catalogue of the flora. Hübner collected a great variety of mosses, which are treated of in his "Muscologia Germanica," Leipsic, 1833.

In 1835 and 1836 Prof. Blytt again visited the fjeld. In this latter year he paid great attention to the mosses. According to an estimate made by this distinguished and lamented botanist, the following is an approximate statement of the mosses, flora, &c., that may be found on the Dovre:—Mosses, about 200; lichens, about 150; algæ, about 50; phanerogamous plants and ferns, about 439.

Additions have been made to this, and undoubtedly will continue to be made when the fjeld has been more thoroughly explored. Those who are desirous to make fresh discoveries would do well to direct their attention to the following districts, which have not been nearly so fully examined as other parts, viz., the districts

adjoining Foldal, Vinsterdal, Hviddal, and the neighbouring heights; the whole of that side of the fjeld towards Læssöe, and the heights around the numerous small valleys which branch off in the direction of Sundal.

As may have been seen from the above list of the flora of the Dovre Fjeld, Kongsvold, and, in fact, the whole of Drivdal, are the most likely districts to enrich the collection of the botanist. Nearly all the alpine flora of the north seems to have centred itself in these parts, while at the same time it abounds in mosses and lichens.

As to the best time of the summer for visiting the fjeld for botanical purposes, perhaps, from the beginning of June till the end of July is the very best. At this season the higher fjeld plants are found in flower from Kongsvold Gaard, and along the whole extent of road through Drivdal. But to find some of the very rare ones—*e.g. Campanula uniflora, Ranunculus nivalis, Poa flexuosa, Agrostis algida, Diapensia, Salix polaris*—a clamber up the heights of Knudshöe is essential.

Those plants which are *not* to be found in the neighbourhood of Kongsvold are, *Saxifraga hieracifolia, S. stellaris β comosa, Pinguicula villosa, Salix pyrenaica-norvegica, Arabis petræa, Draba muricella, Orchis cruenta,* and *Luzula arcuata.*

The following remarks—which are almost a literal translation from the account that the late Prof. Blytt gave of his visit to Kongsvold—will be found valuable to the botanist, and should therefore be borne in mind.

"A couple of days should at least be devoted to Tofte. On the first of these an excursion should be made on the hills surrounding the Gaard, and on the heights towards Harbakken. The following rare plants will be found here: *Ophrys alpina, Orchis cruenta, Kobresia caricina,* &c. On the following day a trip should be taken to Storhöe, to look for *Saxifraga hieracifolia.* A journey over Harbakken, along the old road to Fogstuen, will be found to repay the trouble. A great many of the common fjeld plants may be gathered on both sides of the road. Neither must Fogsaa be left unexplored. To find *Pinguicula villosa,* the swampy banks of the

small lakes, about three-quarters of a mile below the Gaard, must be visited; it grows in plenty hereabouts, but is comparatively rare along the road between Fogstuen and Jerkin. *Carex capitata, Epilobium origanifolium, E. nutans, Conostomum, Cinclidium,* with other marsh mosses, grow here.

"From Jerkin, where there are excellent quarters, and where good fishing and shooting may also be had, an excursion must be made on the neighbouring Gederyggen. Amongst others will here be found, of mosses, *Lecidea Wahlenbergii, Eremodon splachnoides, Didymon pilifer, Dicranum Sphagni, Catoscopium nigritum,* &c.; *Draba alpina, lapponica,* and *muricella* (the two last growing together close to the uppermost stone-beacon on the ridge), *Pinguicula villosa* (in the marshy ground at the foot of the fjeld), *Salix Arbuscula* (plentiful on the swamp by the road immediately below the Gaard), *S. polaris* (in small quantities on a single point of the fjeld, near the snow-patches), *Carex capitata* (in the bog below the Gaard), *C. fuliginosa* (on the slopes of Gederyggen, above the willow-limit), *C. parallela* and *C. rupestris,* in the same places and at the same altitude.

"It is scarcely worth the trouble to continue to explore west or south of Gederyggen. I have been over the whole terrain, and found the vegetation to be poor in the extreme. With the exception of a couple of cryptogami, *Lecidea morio, Grimmia Donniana,* and *Saxifraga stellaris β comosa,* I have not found a single rare plant. Neither will it repay one to explore in the direction of Fold-dal. The attention of the botanist should at once be directed to Blaahöe, about three miles and a half from Jerkin. It is best to start early in the morning from the station, and, in order to husband one's strength, to take a carriole to Volasö, and from thence to walk by Volasö-sæter to Blaahöe. In a birch copse along the mountain-path the *Aira atropurpurea* will be found; and further on, near the foot of the fjeld, the *Mnium turgidum* in abundance on the marshes. The steepness of the fjeld must not damp the explorer's ardour; it is not really so formidable on approaching it closely. By boldly breasting the ascent, and clambering up the furrows which

the snow-brooks and avalanches have ploughed into the mountain-side above the willow limit, he will find himself more than compensated for the hard work he has undergone." "In no places," writes the professor, "have I found more beautiful and more varied forms of the Draba and Saxifrage than here. Here, too, may be found *Papaver nudicaule, Carex fuliginosa, Luzula arcuata, Poa flexuosa, Poa minor, Poa abbreviata, Salix polaris, &c.*" "The same may also be found, but more spread out over the ground, together with *Saxifraga stellaris,* near Goutstiaa and Goutstifjeld, which bounds it on the north. On Volasöberg, which lies between Blaahöe and the lake, *Salix polaris* and *Luzula arcuata* may be found here and there, and *Diapensia* in abundance.

"On both sides of the road from Jerkin to Kongsvold, over Jerkinshöe, the vegetation is remarkably interesting. Perhaps in no other part of the fjeld are there such good opportunities for noticing the different forms and growths of the very variable willow tribe. The *Primula stricta* grows in comparative abundance close to the road side. On approaching Kongsvold the *Alsinella rubella β hirta,* and *Artemisia norvegica* begin to appear. On arriving at Kongsvold, where excellent quarters are to be had, excursions should be made on the east side of the river. The vegetation of the western side is comparatively poor, although many interesting lichens and mosses may be gathered. Nystudal, a high-lying mountain valley, is situated about five miles west of Kongsvold. Amongst the rarer specimens that may be found here are *Grimmia apiculata* (a *Poa* having much in common with *Poa distichophylla), Poa flexuosa, minor,* and *abbreviata,* and a variety of *Carex saxatilis.* But, as just said, explorations on the eastern side will be far more remunerative. And first, there is a little valley called Sprænbækdal. It is best to follow the course of the stream till after passing the willow-limit, and then to steer in a northerly direction up towards the Knudshöe heights.

"On arriving at the Fonds,* which cover the foot of the highest

* The Snee-fond, or Snee-bræ, is the snow of the higher regions, before it is condensed into the crystalline ice of the Iis-bræ, or glacier.

peak of Knudshöe, the direction of Vaarstien should be taken. In the neighbourhood of the Fonds the *Agrostis algida* and *Ranunculus nivalis* may be found, the latter in great abundance; and lower down, a little above the willow-limit, on dry, lichen-covered slopes, the *Campanula uniflora* is plentiful. Somewhat lower down again the *Papaver nudicaule* is found in small quantities. This plant, together with *Draba lapponica, Potentilla nivea, Tussilago frigida,* flower early in the spring, but at these altitudes will still be found flowering later on in summer. Also on Knudshöe will be found *Salix polaris,* many rare *Poa,* and *Carex fuliginosa.* The *Ranunculus nivalis* descends almost to Vaarstien. On the steep sides above Vaarstien *Lecidea Wahlenbergii* grows rather abundantly.

"The following plants, &c., are to be found along the road between Vaarstien and Kongsvold: *Alsinella rubella β hirta, Carex parallela, Triticum violaceum, Aspidium montanum, Botrychium lunaria,* various species of *Cladoniæ, Biatosa cuprea, Lecidea caudida,* &c. *Umbilicaria atropruinosa* (found also on the heights of Blaahöe, Knudshöe, in quantities), *Splachnum angustatum, Mnium turgidum, Meesia demissa,* &c., and several others too numerous to mention.

"Around Drivstuen, especially on the fjeld slopes on the east side, the vegetation is very luxuriant. Most of the subalpine plants may be found here in abundance—*Ranunculus platanifolius, Thalictrum simplex, Viola mirabilis, Epilobium origanifolium, Saxifraga cotyledon* (more common between Drivstuen and Rise), *Erigeron acer β, Gnaphalium sylvaticum β, Sonchus alpinus,* and many interesting forms of *Hieracium cymosum, murorum, boreale, aurantiacum,* and *prenanthoides,* and forms *of H. umbellatum, Apargia, Taraxaci, Polemonium cæruleum, Myosotis sylvatica* and *deflexa, Satyrium nigrum, Convallaria verticillata, Calamagrostis Halleriana, Equisetum hyemale,* &c. By clambering higher up on the same side, above the birch-limit, the same rich Alpine vegetation is met with as occurs at Kongsvold. The same cryptogamous plants are found here, and, in addition, *Lecidia decipiens,* high above the birch-limit, and *Parmelia oreina* on the rocky slopes and stones near Drivstuen. On the other side of the river, opposite to Drivstuen, the vegetation in

the lower parts of the fjeld is less luxuriant and varying. It is almost neck-breaking work to clamber up to the summit of the fjeld, and will scarcely repay one for the trouble, unless to find the *Diapensia* in flower be considered a sufficient reward. 'Nowhere have I seen it,' writes Professor Blytt, 'in such beautiful flower as here, on the edge of the fonds. The *Campanula uniflora*,' he adds, 'is said to be found here; but I have searched for it twice in vain, because I was informed that it frequented the same habitats as *Carex fuliginosa*. On Knudshöe, however, it will not be looked for in vain.' "

Sport on the Nameless Fjeld.

Talk of laughing-gas! It is nothing to the effect the bracing air of the Norwegian fjelds has upon the frame. Whether the amount of oxygen one inhales up there produces a too great wear-and-tear of the system, is a physiological question I don't feel competent to enter upon; but I incline to think the reverse to be the case, when the quantity of carbon assimilated in the shape of provisions is taken into account.

On the fjelds a man is always hungry. If ever I were reduced to such straits as to be obliged to devour my shooting-boots in default of better diet, I could do so up there with greater complacency and relish than elsewhere.

I am what is termed an "old hand" in Norway, and have been in the habit of spending my summers there for a number of years; and when I have had my fill of catching salmon, and of eating them (and when the mosquitoes have had their fill of me), I repair to the fjelds to pay my attentions to the grouse and reindeer. Norway is the safety-valve for all my ailments. Whether it is the air, or the sea-passage, or the "roughing," or the sharp exercise, certain is it, that when I get back to England, I feel better in body and in mind.

This last year, 1863, our party consisted of four. Tents, canteen, rods, dogs, and guns were all packed up, and we had secured berths on the old *Scandinavian*.

Let us hasten over that horrid North Sea, and pass over all the troubles to which flesh is heir on a rough passage, as quickly as possible. It was as bright a day as you could wish to see, when we found ourselves on board the *Skibladner*, at Eidsvold, the southern end of the beautiful Miösen Lake. Of course the first thing we did there was to light our pipes with some of the "Bedste Tabak subter Solem," otherwise called Petum, costing the respectable sum of not quite tenpence the Norwegian pound.

I take it for granted that the Miösen Lake has been so frequently described, that further remarks on it would be superfluous. So, instead of the scenery, I will devote a few lines to some of our fellow-passengers.

The boat was crowded. St. Hans' Fair in Christiania was just over, and the timber-merchants were returning to their homes from the metropolis. A jolly set of fellows those Bönder were, and, to judge from the quantity of champagne they consumed, I should say well off. Among our passengers was an English girl, who, in company with her elderly parent, was going to fish salmon on the western coast. She wore a felt hat, with a feather stuck in it on one side in the most jaunty manner, and a dark blue yachting jacket with brass buttons and pockets, and a dress of the same material reaching a little lower than half-way down a pair of the neatest legs I ever saw. These dear legs were cased in bright sealing-wax red stockings, shooting boots with brass eyelet-holes, and brass-bound heels. Add to her other charms that she could "snakke Norsk," and say "Tak," and "Vœr saa god," with the prettiest air imaginable.

As she and I were both bound on the same errand, namely, to kill salmon, we soon entered into conversation. She had never fly-fished before, though she averred she could throw a fly pretty well. I was curious to learn how she had acquired the art.

"I used to get Bob, the gardener's boy," she said, "to stand at a respectable distance, and then I would make casts at him till I could touch almost any button on his waistcoat. When I had practised throwing long enough, I would cry, 'Now, Bob, hook on!'

and so Bob fastened the end of his line round a button, and, imagining himself a salmon, rushed off as fast as he could. 'Now, Bob, up stream; now jump!' and then I lower the end of my rod."

"Quite right," I said; "I see you know all about it."

"And then, when we were both fairly out of breath, I would call out, 'Now, Bob, come and be gaffed!' And so ended my morning's practice!"

If there had not been so many spectators, I would have offered my services there and then to act the salmon. I'm sure she could have hooked me easy enough!

There was one old Norwegian on board, and a cynical dog he was. He could speak English pretty well, and seemed rejoiced at having the opportunity of speaking it with a native. The following is the "burthen of his tale" put in better English than he used:

"What a queer lot of fellows you English are," he said, after we had spoken together for a while, "coming all this way to catch fish and to hunt deer. Besides, you do a wonderful lot of harm to our peasantry."

"How so!" I said. "We pay pretty well for our amusement."

"Much better stay at home," growled my friend. "You are so inconsistent; at one time you overpay, at another you underpay. If some of you are munificent, others are mean and stingy to a degree. Our simple-hearted people can't understand such treatment. You do them as much harm by paying grandly as by paying meanly."

I could not but acknowledge that there was a truth in his remarks.

"To give you an instance," he added; "last year I met one of your countrymen, and he certainly maintained the character you bear of being a nation of grumblers. At every station at which he stopped, some complaint was entered in the road-book. Now 'he had been kept waiting ten minutes for horses,' or 'he had been charged an exorbitant price for a cup of coffee,' or 'the station-master was an extortionate rascal.' Of course, all these remarks were Hebrew to the individual denounced, but perhaps they were intended for the benefit of future English travellers. But I was

glad to see, on returning by the same route, that some others of your countrymen had felt disgusted at his remarks, for I found at one place, entered below one of his complaints, 'This old grumbler ought to have remained at home;' and at another, 'I have to complain that I found no toothpicks at this station;' and 'Mr. —— does not seem to have enjoyed his trip overmuch.'"

"I rather think I know the man you mean," I said.

But now the boat had arrived at Lillehammer; so, bidding adieu to our friends, we hastened up to the inn. Early next morning we started for our fishing quarters, where we remained three weeks, meeting with fair success, at the end of which we found ourselves only too glad to go up to what I shall call Nameless Fjeld, where I had had a small shooting-box knocked up. I purposely omit the name of the fjeld, as I have a great desire to keep this bit of ground to myself. Pardonable selfishness!

It is not my purpose to enter into a detailed account of our manner of living up there. Nor how we feasted like princes on trout, char, ryper, venison, cloud-berries and cream from a neighbouring "Sœter;" neither will I recount all our sporting adventures, and how Bogus *would* spend all his time in going after an imaginary bear, which of course he never saw, and which, I believe, nobody ever did see; I will merely recount the deeds of September 4th, a day ever memorable in the sporting annals of Nameless Fjeld.

It was our custom to divide our forces so that only two went out reindeer hunting, while the others remained near home, to pay their attentions to the ryper and ptarmigan, and to catch trout and char, with which the small tarns and "becks" abounded. This day it was Bogus's turn to go reindeer hunting with me. It was as lovely a morning as ever hunter saw, when we left our quarters at four in the morning. We bent our steps to a part of the fjeld where the other two had seen a large herd of deer the day before, but had been unable to get near them.

After a long and tedious walk, halting every few minutes to sweep the horizon with our glasses, we arrived at the spot where we expected to find them. Not a horn could we see. But there were

signs that there had been a large number there only very recently, for we could see where they had been cropping the Alpine ranunculus, their favourite "bonne-bouche." The dog began to sniff about, and, after satisfying himself that there was nothing close by, seemed as if he caught scent of them at a long distance. The boy who accompanied us held him lightly in leash, and we determined to follow him in any direction he might choose. We walked on, perhaps, for an hour, when all at once we detected the herd at about three English miles distant.

We could see them quite plainly through our glasses, and counted more than a hundred, some of them splendid large fellows. As bad luck would have it, there was a large extent of marshy ground to cross before we could get near them. Over this we wormed ourselves along, snake fashion, mostly creeping, but occasionally taking advantage of some huge boulder behind which we could stand up erect with impunity—no small relief after crawling for a couple of hours.

I had calculated we must be within two hundred yards, but when we came to look for them not one of them was to be seen.

"Fine sport this," growled Bogus, in a suppressed tone, and looking savage.

"Glad you think so," was growled back in return, while I was still sweeping the horizon with my glass. "By Jove! there they are! Close beneath us, all lying down. One, two, three. Down! Keep that dog quiet; that old buck smells mischief. Well, they are having their siesta, so I vote we have our 'elevens,' as the servants say at home. We will wait till they get up." The basket was unpacked. I had gone back a little way to get a drink from a clear stream that came bubbling down the fjeld side, and was stooping down to have a good pull at it, when crack went Bogus's rifle. "Confound the fellow!" I thought; "there's the result of keeping the hammer down; there's an end of our sport." But there he was, standing up and yelling like a mad Indian. Crack went the other barrel. In vain I looked round to see the deer on my flank. But as he was loading again, I hurried up to him. While I had been gone something had startled the animals, he said, and

they had suddenly got up. Of course it was absurd to wait for me, so he had taken aim at the nearest buck and fired. He felt sure he had hit, but the smoke had blown back into his eyes, and prevented him from seeing.

"But what made you shriek in that insane manner?" I asked.

"Oh, that was a dodge old 'Ole,' my hunter in Valders, taught me—at all events, it succeeded, for they all stopped as if terrified, and I know I hit with my second barrel."

"Well! let us see."

At about one hundred and seventy yards from where we had stood, we found two deer lying dead, side by side. The conical bullet had gone through the heart of the first, and pierced the neck of the second, which now lay gasping in the agonies of death.

"Hollo," I cried, "you're in luck to-day—there's another deer lying dead there on your right."

And so there was; his second bullet had also brought down a deer. Three deer in two shots.

"Well! I had better get off home with the lad and send a horse back to take home the quarry, while you remain to flay them," said Bogus the triumphant, after a pull at the flask.

So off he went with the boy, while I proceeded to my task after the most approved fashion. But it was beginning to get late, and a storm was brewing; so, after waiting and waiting, I determined to try and find my way home as well as I could. Piling up stones over the venison, to protect it from the foxes and gluttons, which would otherwise have devoured it, horns and all, I set off singing, "Tilfjelds! tilfjelds! hvor den vilde Ren,"—I got no further. Talk of old Scratch, and he is sure to appear. There was a fine old buck not more than fifty yards off. He was standing quite alone; for, late in the season, it is usual for the large bucks to separate from the main herd. I raised my rifle and let fly.

"Meget godt skudt," cried a voice, as the beast gave a *salto mortale* and fell dead. The man had arrived with the horse, and had witnessed the operation. So, returning to where the other three lay, we placed them on the pony's back, and again started home.

It seemed as if I was destined to have sport that day; for, on descending into a dell, three more deer slowly trotted across my path at a distance of sixty paces. Again did the original savage nature take possession of me, and my rifle covered the leading buck nicely. But—and I have never since regretted it—a feeling came over me that we had committed enough havoc for one day, so I stoically threw up my gun, to the infinite disgust of my companion, who cursed and swore as a Norwegian peasant only can.

It was one in the morning when we arrived at home. I had had nothing to eat all day, for Bogus had forgotten to leave me the provision bag, so, as may be imagined, I had a ravenous appetite.

"Why, old fellow," said he, "we thought you were lost, and as the trout were nicely done, it was a pity to spoil them by waiting for you in vain."

"Always thoughful!" I replied; "but make yourself useful for once, and get me something to eat, if you don't wish me to begin on you. Then for a pipe, and the grog. And then I'll tell you all about it." And I recounted to them my adventures, as I have done here, and I put a white mark against September 4 in my journal.

CHAPTER III.

THE LOFFODEN ISLES—THE MOST NORTHERLY TOWN IN THE WORLD—WINTER LIFE IN LAPPMARK.

ACTING on the plan which I have laid down in the introductory pages of this volume, or more properly speaking on the absence of plan, I feel myself at perfect liberty to transfer my readers with but little warning from one part of the country to another. Variety is said to be pleasing; I hope, therefore, I shall not incur their displeasure by shifting them about from north to south, from east to west, from the top of a snow-capped fjeld into the depths of some retired valley; or from following the wild reindeer, or from the banks of some salmon stream, to scenes and subjects of a totally different character. Let us then, in the present chapter, pay a visit to the Loffoden Isles, from the neighbourhood of which Norway derives the greater portion of her wealth, and have a little talk about the cod fisheries there, and the habits and customs of the fishermen.

After passing the little town of Bodö, lat. 67 degrees, the traveller bound for the far north will have his attention forcibly arrested by a gigantic and apparently unbroken line of rock extending as far as the eye can reach in one continuous mass towards the north. On a nearer approach, however, he will find that what seemed to him to resemble a colossal fortress with protruding bastions and lofty turrets, is, in fact a collection of rocky and barren islands, of all sizes, and of the most fantastic

shapes, intersected by bays and narrow channels in every possible direction. Scarcely anywhere will his eye be able to penetrate into the interior, on account of the lofty cliffs that surround them, and which raise their frowning heads aloft to a height of two or three thousand feet. Nowhere, perhaps, does nature assume such a savage appearance; nowhere does she present herself under a more appalling form. There is a savage earnestness about the whole landscape. In vain will the eye scan the perpendicular cliffs in search for some green smiling plot to relieve the monotony of the scene. Nothing grows upon them, or, at most, only a patch of rank grass here and there, high up in some rocky ledge, accessible to none but the mountain goat.

Such is the sea-ward aspect which the Loffodens present, that group of rock-bound isles in the Arctic Sea, where the sea birds and the fishing eagle have their proper homes; and yet there is a considerable interest attached to them, apart from their imposing, though sullen grandeur. Stern and majestic as they seem, barren and forbidding though they be, they afford a mine of wealth. It is there that the great cod-fishery is carried on which is the life and sustenance of thousands, and which forms the principal source of wealth to the kingdom of Norway. Indeed, as may be imagined from a consideration of the physical configuration of that country, but a very small portion of it is adapted for tillage. The numerous mountain-ranges, lakes, and extensive pine forests with which Norway abounds, occupy so large a proportion of its superficial area, that but an insignificant remainder is left in which agriculture is possible; in fact, out of an area of 121,800 square miles, but 1000 square miles represent the whole tillable area of land in the country. It is true the timber-trade may be reckoned as a very important branch of national industry, but this occupies only a subordinate place, when compared with the fisheries carried on along the north-western coast between lat. 65 deg. and lat. 70 deg.; and thus it is that though the population of Norway amounts to but one and a half million of souls, her mercantile marine ranks third in importance and in numbers among the states of Europe.

To an Englishman, or rather to an English boy, the idea that came uppermost to the mind, but a few years back, when the name of the Loffoden Islands was mentioned, was the famous Maelström, that wondrous pool, within whose mighty swirl ships and whales danced round and round like pease in a boiling cauldron. Alas that the pleasing romance of our old-fashioned geography books should turn out to be untrue! Every year, hundreds of our countrymen row over it, doubtless even bathe in it, for, except at certain periods, and under certain conditions of wind and tide, it is comparatively harmless.

For a distance of sixty or seventy miles from their southernmost point, the bottom of the sea, between the islands and the mainland, shelves from forty to sixty fathoms in depth; and it is just here where the famous bank runs, which to the Northman is his farm and merchandise; whence he draws all his supplies; and without which the unfruitful provinces of Finmarken and Nordland would be uninhabited by aught save sea-fowl, wolves, and bears. Immediately after Christmas, the neighbouring inhabitants begin to use their deep-sea lines to ascertain whether the fish have arrived, and the first cod that is brought ashore is hailed as a joyful earnest of future success.

No one knows from what quarter the fish come; they have never been noticed in any of the numerous channels which run in amongst the islands; and further, no shoals of cod-fish have ever been seen below Röst, the southernmost island of the group. Various reasons have been assigned for this. Some of the old fishermen, for instance, say that it is owing to the springs that trickle down from the surrounding heights, and form a layer of fresh water at the bottom of the sea, and which the cod-fish resort to with eagerness to deposit their roe. Be the cause, however, what it may, certain is it that every year, as regularly as Christmas comes round, the shoals begin to make their appearance there—not all at once, indeed, but in detachments, and continue doing so till the middle of March.

As far back as the history of the country can be traced, the

Loffodens have been noted for their fishery; and though in some years the take has been comparatively small to that of others, yet the cod-fish have never failed to visit their favourite haunt. Their irregular appearance has been attributed to a multiplicity of reasons, among the most unreasonable of which, perhaps, was the introduction of steam-boats along the coast; indeed, so firmly did the fishermen believe this to be the case, that they actually drew up a petition to government, in which it was "prayed that the obnoxious steamers should not be allowed to run near the bank during the fishing-season;" and indeed, even at the present day, the stopping-stations of the boats in these parts are altered, during the first three months of the year, to accommodate the superstitious whims of this conservative class. Strange that they should never have thought, that from fishing on the same ground for a continuous number of years, an immense mass of nets, fishing-implements, and dead fish must necessarily accumulate, which in course of time, generating a most detestable stink, may deter the cod-fish from resorting to their usual haunts in such numbers. But the Norwegian fishermen are not the only people who have made the invention of steam a scape-goat on which to lay their sins. Towards the end of March, the spawning season commences, when the sea is actually discoloured for miles and miles. The greatest quantity is taken at this time. Towards the beginning of April it perceptibly decreases, and by the middle of the month the season is over.

I have already stated that the native fishermen (let us term them so in distinction to those who come from other parts) begin about Christmas-time to think of the fishing; indeed, for some little time before there begins to be a stir in their huts; fishing-implements are overhauled, the provision-chest got ready, skin-coats mended, and boats put in order, till at length, all preparations being made, nothing is wanting but a favourable breeze. Some wish for a north wind, others for a south wind, so that if Providence were to accommodate all their wishes, the weather-cocks would have a trying time of it. At length it blows from a quarter whence the greater part can take advantage of it. In a trice, boats are launched, everything

needful put on board, and the last affectionate farewell interchanged with those who are left behind, and who crowd down to the beach to catch a last glance of their dear ones. Here and there among them may be seen a gray-haired old man, whose fishing-days are over now, but whose flashing eyes and eager glance seem to say that he would fain be with them, if he could; while by his side stands his little grandson, who looks at the receding boat, and longs for the time to come when he will be big enough to "go along with father" as boat-lad. The fishermen are generally well equipped for their journey. Their long, pliant, narrow boats are exactly suited to ride through those heavy seas; while the rigging, a simple square sail, is admirably adapted for the fierce gusts of wind that dash down avalanche-like from the lofty heights, lashing the sea into foam. Still, many a family has to mourn every year the loss of a father, husband, or lover. Sometimes tidings reach them of the bereavement they have undergone, but most frequently nothing is heard of the absent ones till the fishing season is over. Then, as the boats come in, one after the other, one is missing, and no tidings of it can be learned. In vain do the heartbroken relatives clamber up some hill or mountain side, and strain their eyes over the sea to catch a glimpse of the well-known sail: it is nowhere to be seen! Till at last the conviction flashes home across the desolate widow's mind, "that father will never come back." Still, even then, her half-grown boy, who had been too young to go out with the others that year, will seek to comfort her with the assurance, "that he'll be big enough to go out next winter, even though he will not earn full wages."

The fishermen who come from a distance use generally five-oared boats, whereas the Loffoden islanders employ smaller ones. The former are made of fir or pine, and are very thin and light. They have one mast, and a single square sail. The steersman acts as commander; indeed, he is the only one who has any authority over the others; and his word is law. It might not unnaturally be imagined that the oldest and most experienced would be chosen to fill this arduous post; but such is not the case. In the first place

a fisherman's life is a very wearing one, and old age soon comes on; indeed, after fifty years, a man is considered to be unfit for service; and, secondly, strange as it may seem, the older people have a greater dread of death than the younger ones, and are therefore more apt to lose their presence of mind when it is most needed.

The choice of captain rests with the crew, and they seldom choose wrong. No accidental or external superiority is of any avail among them; and the master has often to occupy the most unimportant place in the boat, while the serving-lad fills the responsible post of captain: while many a tall strong man has to obey the word of command given by a weakly stripling. Such a thing as rebellion against the captain's authority is unknown.

By the end of January, the whole fishing population is assembled. On a computation, it may safely be said that four thousand boats partake in the fishery every year; and as each boat contains on an average, not less than five men, the total number of persons employed may be estimated at twenty thousand. It may not unreasonably be asked, how are such a large gathering to find shelter and sustenance on these barren rocky islands? In the first place, they manage as best they can; and as their wants and requirements are but few, it does not take much to satisfy them. In the second place, there is not a creek or bay where a temporary storehouse is not erected, around which are grouped numbers of small huts, especially adapted for the reception of the fishermen. The following is a faithful picture of them. Imagine a small, low, log-built hut, one story in height, and with a peat-covered roof, surrounded by a passage, as in a bungalow, where the nets, &c., are stowed away; one door, and a window about the size of your hand, and you will have an exact representation of the exterior of a Lofföden fisherman's hut. The floor inside is the bare earth; along the walls run two rows of berths, or rather wooden boxes, supplied with straw, where the men sleep. In the centre stands the stove, immediately over which a hole, cut through the roof, affords a passage for the smoke to escape, and at the same time shews a square patch of sky to the inmates. In such a chamber, six or twelve men, according to

circumstances, will take up their abode for the two or three months; though how they can manage to stow themselves away with any degree of comfort in such a small space, perhaps only those who have made the economy of necessity their special study can fully understand; and if one takes into consideration the state of the atmosphere in these crowded abodes, and the exhalations that proceed from the damp and fishy clothes of the men, it may well be supposed that a Loffoden fishing-hut is not the most delectable lodging in the world. The fishermen, however, are well satisfied.

As soon as ever the first glimpse of dawn appears in the sky, the lad of the party gets up to prepare the coffee, that national beverage, without which, perhaps, not a single Norwegian, be he rich or poor, begins the day. When this is ready, the men get up too. It takes them but a little while to adjust their toilets, which, in fact, consists of nothing but a shake, and the putting on of the fishing-boots. They then swallow their coffee, and with a keg of water and a supply of biscuits, hasten down to the boats. It is a sight worth seeing, on a bright, clear winter's morning, to behold the little fleet put out to sea. Round every headland and from every creek, the boats may be seen following one after the other, till the whole expanse of water, as far as the eye can reach, is dotted with sails. On arriving at the fishing-ground, each boat strikes sail, and commences hauling up the nets. When this operation is completed, the greater number return ashore, while some remain to fish with the deep-sea lines; for it is not permitted to lay nets down during the daytime. It is about noon when they get back to the huts, where the lad will have got the dinner ready; for they live well do these Loffoden fishermen, or, at all events, far better than one might suppose. Each man brings his own peculiar provision-chest, containing salted or dried mutton, pork, a plentiful supply of butter, cheese, flat-cakes, and potatoes. Dinner over, they employ themselves in preparing the fish they have caught. The head is cut off, the entrails taken out, and the liver and roe carefully placed in separate vessels. The fish is now either sold in its present raw state, to the captain of one of the numerous trading-vessels, or

else is hung up to dry. One or two, however, are always preserved for a special purpose, which I will allude to directly. Towards evening the boats again put out to lay their nets down; and on returning home once more, the men repair to the nearest store, with a fresh-caught cod in hand, which they fling on the counter in exchange for a dram of "aquavit." For supper, some of the fish caught the same morning is the standing dish, served up with liver-sauce, and mixed with broken pieces of flat-cake.

Each morning, a signal is hoisted when the weather is such that the boats can venture out. At the beginning of the season, it frequently happens that the weather is so stormy that not a boat can put to sea. During this time of inaction, the men chiefly employ themselves either in preparing the fish which they had not time to attend to before, or in mending their nets; though by far the greater part sleep away their time, or spend it at the store, where, with numberless pipes of tobacco, and countless bowls of coffee, the news of the day is discussed.

Sometimes, however, the weather in the early part of the morning is promising; the signal is hoisted, and the boats put out; but towards mid-day one of those fearful storms comes on which every year costs so many lives. This is especially the case with a north-westerly wind, which comes swooping down with such violence from the mountain heights, that it is impossible to row or sail against it, and the only chance of safety (but which is only had recourse to as a last extremity) is to scud before it, across Vest Fjord, for fifty or sixty miles. Not a year passes away without the sea claiming its number of victims during the winter fishery. But in some seasons the havoc is terrible; and there is not a fisherman in the Loffodens who calls to mind without a shudder February 11, 1848. How many perished then has never been, and never will be ascertained; the very lowest estimate puts it at five hundred souls —or one out of every forty of the whole fishing population.

A fisherman who was out on that eventful day gave me a most vivid description of that fearful disaster. The energy with which he told his simple tale, and the horror that was apparent on

his face, cannot of course be depicted here; but I will give the account as nearly as I can in his own words.

"There had been some coarse weather," he said, "for several days; but on the 11th it cleared up, and the signal was hoisted, and when our boat got out, the whole sea was covered with sails. We were well manned, and on arriving at the spot where our nets lay, we lost no time in taking them up. We were in luck that day, for in a very short time we had about two hundred large cod aboard. These fish were, under Providence, our salvation. Presently a single gust of wind came tearing over the sea, followed closely by such a storm from the north-west that none of us ever remembered to have witnessed the like. In less than five minutes the sea was covered with yeasty foam. There was no time to lose, so we cut the nets and hoisted sail. But whither should we go? 'We'll try for Henningsvœr,' shouted the captain in a tone which seemed to imply that the risk was great; so with shortened sail, we bore about three points off the eye of the wind, dashing through the sea at a terrific rate. On looking around, we could see that several boats were already capsized, and floating keel upwards. It was fortunate for us that we had caught so many fish, for they served admirably for ballast; but still, we all of us thought that our boat would capsize every squall that struck her. Presently we passed two boats, on the keels of which six men were sitting astraddle. They shouted to us to come to their help, and waved their arms aloft in frantic despair. Alas! it was impossible; had we attempted to rescue them, we too must have been lost. Soon after, we passed another boat, the captain of which hailed us, and said he did not know the entrance into Henningsvœr. 'Follow us!' was shouted back, and that was the only answer we could give. But our boat was a better sailer, and we soon left him far astern. As we neared Henningsvœr, the sea was terrific. Sure am I that we'd have been lost, had not our captain, in a voice of thunder, shouted: 'Down with the sail!' and at the same moment he cut the lanyards, so that mast and all went overboard. After tremendous exertion, we managed to reach the harbour, and after a great deal of labour, landed in safety. The

first thing we did was to clamber up on a rock and look out over the sea. The man who had hailed us was now close to the entrance to the channel, and we watched his movements with anxious hearts, 'He is clear—He is clear!' I cried, as the boat narrowly escaped dashing against a rock. Alas! no sooner were the words out of my mouth, than boat and all disappeared from sight."

After a storm such as this, the men are terrified; though in a few days they put to sea again as usual. Still, whenever a corpse is washed ashore, or what is still commoner, when a leg with the boot still on, or an arm, is drawn up in the nets, being all that the fish have left, the memory of the fearful catastrophe touches their hearts to the quick.

Nets and lines are the implements used by the fishermen. Each net is about sixteen or twenty fathoms long, and about three feet wide. A dozen or more of these are tied together, so that the lower end reaches nearly to the bottom. Stones, or pieces of lead, are attached, to keep them in their places; while to the upper end, glass corks—that is, round glass bottles—are tied, to serve as floats. The lines are furnished with a number of hooks, tied on at stated intervals. Each line contains on an average as many as four hundred hooks, and several of them are tied together, and laid, like the nets, parallel with the shore. Some few fishermen use hand-lines during the daytime; this is called "pilking," and the operation is as follows: At the end of a stout line, several fathoms long (frequently of plaited horse-hair), is attached the "pilk," an instrument which resembles a large gorge hook. When the line has run out, and the pilk has touched the bottom, it is then drawn up a few feet, and the fisherman commences jerking it upwards, and letting it run down again. Directly a bite is felt, he commences hauling up hand over hand as fast as he can, but a large winter cod is no light weight to pull up from a depth of forty to sixty fathoms.

In the south of Norway, I have frequently pilked for whiting and small cod in the summer or autumn, and have been amused to watch the fishermen at work on the ice in the depth of winter,

wondering not a little how they could stand the cold. Indeed, they are at it from early morning till nightfall. As soon as it is light—that is, about eight o'clock in mid-winter—they may be seen setting off on their *kjelkes*—small sorts of sledges, on which they sit, and work themselves along over the smooth ice at a prodigious pace by means of two short poles, armed with spikes. Arriving at their fishing-ground, they put up a piece of sailcloth as a protection against the wind, and then breaking a hole through the ice, which is generally at that time about two or three feet in thickness, they sit down and fish the whole live-long day. Not only the poor fishermen, but several of the upper classes in Christiania, are so fond of the sport, that they will be out fishing on the ice the greater part of the day. Of course, they are well wrapped up in furs, and it is not nearly such cold work as one might imagine; indeed, in that dry atmosphere, ten degrees of cold are not felt nearly so much as is one in our damp climate.

But to return to the Loffodens once more.

In good weather, each boat may reckon on a take of four hundred fish, though it not unfrequently happens that it may amount to more than three times that number; so that, taking the number of boats employed each day to be four thousand, and the take of each to be seven hundred fish throughout the season, but little short of three millions of cod-fish are caught each day. The cod-fish are worth, on an average, two and a half dollars the hundred in their raw state. The liver and the roe, however, are the perquisites of the fisherman. The roe is worth about two to three dollars the barrel; and three barrels of liver will yield about two of oil, the value of which is about ten dollars the barrel; and as a barrel of roe and a barrel of liver may be reckoned on from four hundred to six hundred fish, it will be seen that in a good season there is no small sum to divide among the men.

The fish that are not sold at once are hung up to dry in rows on pegs, tied two and two by the tails, two fish occupying one peg.

By the beginning of April, the fishermen commence leaving for

their homes; and by the middle of the month, there is scarcely a single boat left behind. I pity the traveller from my heart who should happen to visit the Loffodens at this season. The stench from the entrails of the fish, which lie in parts in such thick masses that it actually requires wading-boots to pass through them, and which the heat of the sun has rendered a putrid mass of corruption, can be better imagined than described. It is a perfect Hinnom of abomination! No wonder that the air is actually darkened with flocks of sea-birds which crowd to the rich banquet. In the month of June, the last scene of the act is played out. On the 14th of that month, the fish are taken down from their pegs, and from all parts, boats and smacks may be seen coming to fetch their respective lots; for during all this interval of two months, the drying-fish have been left to take care of themselves, and it is a rare occurrence that any are found missing.

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Now that we are so far north, it will be as well if we at once see all that is to be seen within the Arctic Circle, instead of having to return thither from the more southern parts of the country. Let me, then, ask my readers to accompany me to Hammerfest, the most northerly town in the world. It is in the province of Finmarken, and is situated on an island, under latitude 70deg. 49min. Towards the south-west it is hemmed in by steep cliffs. It is truly a barren spot, though once it is said to have been well wooded. As a commercial port Hammerfest is of some importance. During the summer months the harbour is crowded with Russian, English, French, and other vessels. The principal trade consists in dried codfish, a large quantity of which is sent to the Mediterranean ports to be consumed by the Roman Catholics of Southern Europe.

Were it not for the climatic influence that the Gulf Stream exerts, Hammerfest, and indeed the whole northern parts of the Scandanavian peninsula, would be uninhabitable, and as ice-bound as Boothia Felix, Victoria Land, &c., and those desolate regions in the

other hemisphere which lie under the same parallel of latitude. But, as it is, the sea never freezes along the whole of the west coast of Norway; icebergs are rarely or never seen; and it is also owing to this that the mean temperature in winter at the North Cape and at Christiania, though thirteen degrees of latitude lie between them, is one and the same. Agriculture, of course, cannot be carried on to any extent in the northern parts of Norway, but even at Hammerfest barley will ripen, and potatoes will occasionally arrive at maturity. At Alten, however, which is six degrees to the south, vegetable growth goes on with a rapidity which is quite marvellous. "Barley will grow two ad a half inches and peas three inches in the twenty-four hours, and this for several consecutive days;" while turnips, radishes, and lettuces will grow everywhere where human beings are to be found to cultivate them.

During the summer, which may be reckoned to last from the middle of May till towards the latter part of August, the port of Hammerfest presents a lively appearance. The weather then is intensely hot, for, as the sun never sets from May 24th till July 19th, the earth and the air can never become cool.

We would recommend the traveller who may be bound for the far north, to see the midnight sun or to place his foot on the extreme verge of the European continent, not to forget to bring with him a liberal supply of Eau-de-Cologne. He will find it useful at Hammerfest, for the whole place reeks with a fishy odour. There is a tolerable hotel, perhaps rather dear in its charges; but to be able to drink English porter, champagne, and even to play billiards under the same degree of latitude as that which runs over Disco Island, one must not grumble.

A good deal of eider-down is brought to Hammerfest for exportation, though not so much as formerly, owing to the reckless way in which these birds have been slaughtered. The Norwegian Storthing has, however, recently passed a law to protect them. The eider-duck abounds along the whole coast of Norway. Generally speaking, they build their nests on the small islands which fringe the coast, though they will often repair to the mainland, building close

to the farmhouses and fishermen's huts, even under the very doorsteps.

The best eider-down is taken from the nests, which the female bird has plucked from her own breast. This is termed "live down," in contradistinction to the "dead down," which is stripped off the dead bird. A quarter of a century ago it was by no means a rarity for small vessels to bring from five to six thousand pounds of eider-down to this port from Spitzbergen. The usual price for eider-down in London is about a guinea the pound, but I have bought it direct from Hammerfest at about one quarter the price.

A great quantity of multerberries (*Rubus chamæmorus*) is exported from Hammerfest, principally for the Christiania market. These have a much finer aroma than is the case with those that are grown in the southern parts of the country. To give some idea of the importance in which this fruit is held, it will be sufficient to mention that the Norwegian Storthing passed a law in 1854 rendering anyone amenable to a fine who plucked the berri[illegible]he "multer lands" in Finmark and Nordland, unless to [illegible]he spot.

I can scarcely imagine anything but necessity inducing [illegible] to pitch his tent so far north as Hammerfest; and yet a frien[illegible]mine, who has lived there several years, declares it to be a deligh[illegible]l residence, and one which he would on no account leave. It [illegible]ould be added that he does a large business as a general merchant, that he has taken unto himself a Norwegian wife, and has several pledges of affection. From May 24 to July 19 the sun never sinks below the horizon, but for a corresponding time in the winter not a glimpse of him is to be seen. But it is a mistake to think that even then there is total darkness during the daytime. At mid-day it is usually sufficiently light to be able to read without candles, for the moon and the stars shine with a much greater brilliancy the further north one goes; while the reflection of the aurora borealis on the snow contributes in no little degree to illumine the scene. I have witnessed some very brilliant appearances of the northern lights in the south of Norway, but have never been so fortunate as to see

them in the far north. The phenomenon is said to be extremely beautiful in Finmarken. The following description may serve to give a faint idea: "Across the sky to the north stretched a white arch of light, with a span as broad as a rainbow. A large streak shaped like a comet lay within the arch, and this was continually changing both its figure and position. Sun, moon, or stars never gave so lovely, so hallowed a light." At times it appears like a curtain of fire falling perpendicularly to the earth and lifting again; at others, like a golden shower; or again, like a huge fan, displaying all the colours of the rainbow.

During my visit to the north I had occasion to pass a few days at Hammerfest, waiting for the steamer round the North Cape. What with playing billiards and catching codfish, we managed to pass the time. It is rather good fun this "pilking," as it is termed. The piece of lead which is attached to the end of the line bears such a faint resemblance, however, to a small fish, that it has always been a [redacted] of surprise to me that any fish could be so stupid as to take it. [redacted]odfish are very stupid creatures, and the Norwegian word fo[redacted] "Torsk," is, perhaps, the most contemptuous epithet you can [redacted] to anyone. The mode of fishing has been described on page [redacted] We caught several fine fellows; the largest, I should think, [redacted]hed fifteen pounds, and it was rare sport, increased, perhap[redacted] the fact of my friend B., in a moment of excitement in pulling [redacted] a big one, losing his balance and toppling overboard.

There were several Lapps in Hammerfest when we were there, bartering reindeer skins for the necessaries of life, especially for brandy and tobacco. They are queer little fellows, more agreeable at a distance I am inclined to think. I speak feelingly, for once I had to pass the night in a Lapp hut, having been overtaken by a storm in the interior of Finmarken. That they never wash I need scarcely say, but they wear next the skin a thick woollen jersey, which I feel convinced is only changed once, and that is when it is quite worn out, and has to be replaced by another. It will not, therefore, be a matter of surprise when I remark that I found them very lively companions during the night.

It is a strange phenomenon, but I never stayed twenty-four hours in any place in Norway without having at least one invitation to go after a bear. Once, but only once, was I fool enough to accept it, for, after having lain flat on my stomach all night in close proximity to the putrid carcase of a horse, and getting nearly devoured by mosquitoes, and, of course, seeing nothing, I made a vow never to go bear hunting any more. There are, however, several bears in Finmarken, and large numbers are annually slaughtered by the Lapps, mostly in the winter-time or early spring. The account a merchant in Hammerfest gave me of a bear hunt put me much in mind of rabbiting at home.

When the ground is covered with snow, the hunter repairs to the bear-den, whither Bruin has been previously tracked. He generally takes with him three or four companions. All of them go on "skie," the Norwegian snow-shoe, whereby they can skim over the surface of the snow at railroad speed. They are armed with rifles, axes, and bear spears, long poles about eight to ten feet in length, furnished at one end with a sharp iron head. On arriving at the entrance to the den, which much resembles a fox-earth, they range themselves round it. One of their number now tries to arouse Bruin from his profound slumber by "stirring him up with a long pole." This generally has the desired effect, for presently the bear comes sleepily to the hole and puts his head out to see what all the fuss is about. Down comes an axe upon his "devoted head," which is quickly drawn in again. Again the pole is inserted, and at last Bruin gets so savage that he determines to make a bolt. Gathering himself up, he makes a dart out, like a rabbit with a ferret behind him. The dogs are then slipped, and set off in full chase. Bruin is easily caught up, for his heavy weight sinks deep into the snow. Squatting on his haunches to secure his most vulnerable parts against the attacks of his nimble assailants, he deals out tremendous blows right and left with his powerful paws. Woe to the luckless dog if he comes in for one of them. Meanwhile the hunter comes up and calls his dogs off. He then takes his cap off and throws it in Bruin's face, and defies him to the contest. If the bear accepts it, he rears

himself on his hind legs and rushes at the hunter, who now, for the first time, uses his rifle, and generally Bruin succumbs to his bullet; for the Lapps are unerring marksmen.

But even though mortally wounded, the beast will not "throw up the sponge" in token of defeat, but dashes against his adversary, who keeps him at a respectful distance with his bear-spear, till the others come up and administer the "coup de grace." On one such occasion, it happened that the hunter's spear broke short off. The bear, though mortally wounded, was still dangerous. It managed to reach the hunter, and gave him such a hug in his paws as nearly to squeeze the life out of his diminutive body. "But I knew," said the plucky little Lapp, "that his strength would soon fail, and that my 'pels' (reindeer skin) would protect me against his claws; so, watching a good opportunity, I plunged my knife into his heart."

But it is not the men only that are good hunters. One day a Lapp woman went out to fish on a lake, accompanied by her son, who was fourteen years old. When they had caught a sufficient supply, they landed on a part of the shore which was thickly overgrown with fir and underwood. Presently the woman's quick eye fell on a large heap of boughs, reeds, moss, &c., and, on nearer inspection, she found a large hole underneath the mass of rubbish, and felt convinced it was the entrance to a bear's "Hi," or cave. She was a courageous and resolute little body, and, nothing daunted by the discovery, nor reflecting that she was alone, hastened back to the boat to fetch her axe and rifle (for a Lapp woman generally goes armed, and is usually an expert shot). Now, her sisters in other parts of the civilised world would most probably have been frightened out of their wits, and have beat a speedy retreat under such circumstances. Her only anxiety was lest the bear should get off.

On returning, she proceeded to cut down a small fir sapling, which she pointed at one end, and gave it to the boy to braddle about in the hole to ascertain whether it was occupied or not, while she stood with uplifted axe a little on one side. No sooner was the pole inserted than out came the head of a monstrous she bear, and down

came the axe on her skull with such force that it remained sticking fast in the wound, and accompanied Bruin as she retreated to the furthest end of the cave. Time being up for round number two, and her opponent not putting in an appearance, she determined to try the effect of a shot. No sooner had she fired down the hole than out bolted a cub about the size of a sheep dog, which her son cleverly managed to catch hold of by the hind leg. But it was too strong for the little fellow, and, after dragging him for some distance, managed to get away. Determined, however, not to lose him, mother and son went in pursuit, and speedily overtook the animal, which had taken to the water. A few well-administered taps with the end of the oar soon rendered him *hors de combat.*

Having secured him, the courageous little woman went back again to the "Hi," and gave it another stirring up. But all was still. Next she fired a second shot, but nothing moved. Concluding that the bear must be dead, or else have escaped during her absence, she determined to dig her out, a work of no small labour. Success, however, attended her exertions, for at length she found the bear lying quite dead, with the axe still sticking in her cleft skull, and, by her side, another cub as big as the first, with a bullet wound through his neck, also dead.

No mean achievement for a woman and her boy!

I think the midnight sun is to be seen in fuller perfection from the deck of a steamer than from land. One evening, after leaving Hammerfest, we were all assembled on deck to witness its setting and rising, if thus it can be termed. It was about eleven o'clock. The sky was of a brilliant gold-colour, and the sea lay all around us like a burnished mirror. In the zenith it assumed a delicate rose-coloured tint merging into an apple green. The effect of the sunlight on the bluff headlands was wondrously beautiful, for, as the sun sank lower and lower chameleon-like their tints kept changing, till at last they seemed to be bathed in a vermilion hue. It was now midnight by the chronometer. In a few minutes we noticed the sun gradually rising higher and higher; and now, strange to say, the colours we had noticed before its setting were of a totally different

hue. Altogether, it was the most lovely and varied scene I have ever witnessed. Day had succeeded night almost imperceptibly. It required no little attention to prevent confusion in our journals. I can well imagine that one can readily "lose a day" up there.

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It is scarcely probable that many of my readers may have to pass a winter in these far northern regions; but the following sketch may give them perhaps some idea of the life the Lapps lead up there during that season of the year.

Winter Life in Lappmark.

I accepted the offer of accompanying an official one winter, whose duty it was to take the census in Finmarken, Norway's most northerly province. It was not a very pleasant time for travelling in the far north; nor was it without feelings of regret that I arose from my warm bed, with its eider-down quilt, in Tromsoe, the morning of my departure, for I knew it would be some weeks before I should sleep so comfortably again.

In perfect health, in warm fur-cloaks, ditto caps and gloves, and boots of seal-skin, we left home, on the said biting February morning, on a journey that would take us three weeks, during which it would be an impossibility to sleep under what is properly termed a roof.

The weather, which of late had been very stormy, cleared up, which fact, as we had a hundred and fifty miles to travel before reaching the first Lapp settlement, was no undesirable thing. Of course, we travelled in sledges drawn by reindeer. It is not an unpleasant mode of transit, provided one has a good deer and knows how to drive it. Of course, a tyro must expect to be turned over about every hundred yards; but an experienced whip, by hand, voice, and eye, can make a well-disposed reindeer do what he likes. But sometimes they take it into their heads to be disagreeable; indeed, I remember once laughing as if I should kill myself at a friend of

mine who had a vicious deer. All at once, the animal turned right round, and looked at the driver, as much as to say: "You lay that rope across my back again, and I'll let you know where you are!" The driver, however, did soon after give him another touch, when round whips the deer, and charges his driver, and sends him spinning into the snow. Laughing and the deep snow rendered it almost impossible for me to get to his aid, though the infuriated beast was striking at him violently. "Get under the pulk (sledge)," I cried. It had been turned over. So he crawled under till the reindeer's passion was over. It was a scene worth witnessing, I can tell you.

Well the cold was intense, especially one memorable night, when our hair, and beards, and eyelashes froze into such a compact mass that we thought our beauty must have been for ever spoiled. So severe was it, that, though famishing with hunger, we dared not take off our fur gloves, to get the food out of the provision bag. I did do so on one occasion, to my great sorrow; for the cold had such an effect on my hand that it felt as if it was being pricked all over with pins and needles, and my fingers assumed a crooked form. As for our poor feet, they were literally without feeling; and to add to our miseries, both our noses got frozen. It had been agreed upon between us to keep guard over each other's noses, and directly we should see danger in the tip to give timely notice thereof to the owner.

"Your nose is certainly bitten," all at once ejaculated my companion, in a tone which made me jump. "See if you can feel it."

"Deuce a bit," I answered, as I jumped out of the pulk. and got a handful of snow, in which I bathed it and rubbed it gently till the pale tallowy look had disappeared, and animation had returned. But it soon came to my turn.

"Why, yours is frozen, I do declare," I sang out.

"The devil—so it is!" and out jumped my friend, tumbling a header in the snow, thus giving nose and all the upper works a complete snow bath.

Yes, that was a cold night; and you, reader, will think the same when I tell you that the thermometer sunk to thirty-six degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.

Stiff with cold, and starving with hunger, we reached the first Lapp encampment on the fifth day; we hailed it, need I say, with as much delight as if it had been a first-class hotel.

Those of my readers whose lot it has not been to visit a Lapp tent, may possibly like to have some idea about it and of its domestic economy. Imagine, then, some thirty poles, about one inch and a half thick, set up aslant, so that their tops form a circle some two feet in diameter. Then round these poles imagine a thick covering, forming the sides and roof of the tent. The door is of the same material. The first thing that meets the eye, on peeping into this uninviting residence, is a pile of wood burning in the centre of the tent. If you enter, the next thing that meets it is the smoke, which at once suggests the expediency of assuming a devotional attitude, for it floats in the form of a thick ceiling, some few feet above the ground, on which alone the atmosphere is comparatively pure. The furniture is very homely, and the domestic arrangements of the most simple nature, and therefore readily described. The floor, which consists of fir-boughs and birch-twigs, is covered with reindeer and other skins, which serve as quilts or bolsters at night; some provision bags form excellent pillows; and this, I think, is about all in respect to furniture. The ground, of course, serves for bed, chair, and table.

The people are divided into two sections round the fire; of which the one is composed of the ladies, the other of the gentlemen. On entering, the stranger is very hospitably received, but particularly requested to leave the door, and close it after him as quickly as possible. He is then invited to seat himself by the ladies. After the usual compliments have been passed, and particular inquiries as to everybody's health in the tent been made, the coffee-pot is put in requisition. As a rule, the Lapps are very curious—I might say, inquisitive. No wonder, therefore, that any one who has just left the civilised world is bombarded with all kinds of questions, which

he must try and answer in the best way he can, while the host is cutting, or rather pulling, off a juicy reindeer steak.

Never did dish taste so grandly as that reindeer steak; and if the fire hadn't roasted one's face, and if one's back hadn't smarted with cold, I should have thought myself in Elysium, after the cold dreary journey we had taken.

At last night came on (of course it had been night all day, for, as you will remember, the sun is too busy in other parts of the world at this season to shine in Lapland), or rather bed-time came on, bringing with it, of course, visions of a four-poster, white curtains, and an eider-down quilt, besides the snowy clean sheets. But where are they? Look well around you, and then make up your mind to make yourself as comfortable as you can, under existing circumstances, and don't mind the ladies. Pull your warm fur-cap down over your ears, and don't think of taking off your fur-cloak (mine never once came off from the time I left home till I returned to the Penates: dirty of me perhaps; but very warm, my good friend very warm!); pop your legs into a hay-bag, pull your gloves on, and cover yourself up with a skin, and then good-night, and God bless you. No doubt, you will freeze a little; probably, you won't sleep a wink; but never mind, you'll soon get used to it. The dogs —of which there were thirteen—kindly took a fancy to sleeping on my legs; and I'm sure I was very much obliged to them for keeping them so nice and warm, and I didn't mind the fleas!

From life inside, we will now pass to life out of doors. Generally, the tent is pitched on the margin of a lake, under the shelter of some large pine-trees. The site, in the present instance, was most romantic; nature magnificent, but devoid of life; not even a bird was to be heard. Everything seemed not at home, and a deadly silence reigned supreme. No wonder, then, that the appearance of a live being is hailed with delight. Taking the census in the tent was soon ended, and now off to the reindeer herd. The Lapp on ski (snow-shoes), accompanied by his pack of dogs, plunges into the forest. The spectators—namely, myself and companion—were stationed on a place agreed on. All is still, till suddenly the bark-

ing of the dogs in the forest, accompanied by a crashing, rushing sound, affords a relief to the ear, and presently to the eye, for in a few minutes a sight is presented which many would gladly witness. Imagine the whole scene, which just before appeared so destitute of animal life, suddenly to become enlivened; imagine the graceful reindeer rushing in hundreds from all parts of the forest towards the lake, where they are headed by the dogs. These sagacious animals know each turn of their master's voice, and drive the herd to the appointed spot with the precision of a collie-dog. But the front rank press on to the lake, whereon the master again calls to the dogs, and makes them a signal; they understand it, and drive the deer back. At last, they are assembled in the desired place, and offer a sight I would not exchange for any tableau in the world. The Lapp then proceeds to divide them into two bodies, after which they are allowed a few moments' peace, and we begin taking the census. Generally, when the owner has thus got all his deer together, he may need one for domestic use; accordingly, he enters within the circle, and begins to examine the distinguishing ear-marks, till at last he has fixed on the animal he requires. And now stillness in the camp prevails no longer, for none of the reindeer have any particular wish to be lassoed. You hear a shrill whistling sound as the long rope uncoils itself through the air; the deer's horns are entangled in the lasso, and the rest of his companions retire, to leave him to his fate. Now the fun begins in real earnest. The Lapp at one end of a long line of fifty feet, and the reindeer at the other, afford two striking contrasts. The not very graceful movements of the former, which accompanied his exertions to keep a tight hold of his prey; and, on the other hand, the reindeer dancing a most charming minuet, more aërial than any ballet-dancer can execute, afford us the pleasure of witnessing a *pas de deux* which is as comic as it is graceful.

I will not weary my reader's patience by asking him to follow me on my journey from tent to tent, and from settlement to settlement; the journey might be as fatiguing to him as it was cold and unpleasant, I cannot say uninteresting, to us. In describing one tent

and its occupants, I have described all. The reindeer herds are just the same; there is the same hospitable reception awaiting us, the same uncomfortable nights, the same frozen nose-tips! Rather, then, let me direct his attention to fjeld life in general, and to Lapp characteristics in particular.

The ease with which the reindeer makes its way through the masses of snow is wonderful. It seems scarcely credible that so small an animal can wade up to its belly in the snow, and yet be able to drag a pulk containing a good weight (I am fourteen stone without my boots) after it. Often my pulk would sink so deep that it was exactly as if one was passing through a snow-cutting, the sides of which towered far above one's head. Often, too, it made me grieved to see what hard work it was for the poor patient beast, and yet how obediently it would obey the rein, attached to its left horn; how meekly it would receive a whacking, giving utterance perhaps to a grunt, while its tongue would hang down out of its mouth, a sure sign of distress. To say nothing of their numberless enemies in the summer, in the shape of all kinds of insects, and not to speak of their winter foes, the wolves, it is often terribly hard work for them to find provender during this latter season; for the moss on which alone they feed is frequently at a depth of several feet below the surface of the snow, and this they have to scratch on one side, and bore a deep hole till they find it; and it frequently happens that when they have worked hard for a length of time, their mining operations prove fruitless, for there is no moss. But the young calves, how do they manage? They are not strong enough to scratch the snow aside, like the old ones; so they stand around, waiting for the pieces of moss to be scratched up, which the old deer in its burrowing scatters far and wide.

The Fjeld Lapps are fast diminishing in numbers, as are their reindeer herds; for instance, there was a man who, ten years ago, owned two thousand head of reindeer; he has now not more than three hundred and fifty head left; consequently, poverty has begun to makes its appearance among them, and with it the difficulty of existing only on the fjelds. Numbers of them, accordingly, have moved nearer to

the sea-coast, where the rich cod and herring fisheries furnish them with the means of subsistence.

The Fjeld Lapp has many more difficulties to struggle against than people are aware of, for it is only those who can talk their language, and who visit them in their abodes, that can form any adequate idea of their real circumstances. Though living generally on the borders of wild forest tracts, they have countless enemies to contend against. In summer, frequent are the quarrels among neighbouring settlements concerning the right of pasture; while in winter there are the wolves to engross their attention. The havoc these brutes commit is inconceivable. In one winter, they killed a hundred and fifty head out of one herd. That same year, the same man lost three hundred other deer: they strayed across the Russian frontier, and were at once appropriated by the Russian Finns. But independently of these natural hardships, as we may term them, they have another, and a no less pressing one, to submit to. By the law of the country, they are bound to convey travellers certain stages. A man has often to send, or rather take his deer to the station whither he has been ordered, a hundred and fifty miles distant from his home, to convey a traveller a distance of forty miles. Accordingly, he has to travel altogether three hundred and eighty miles! It takes him about a fortnight, under the most favourable circumstances; but often, when the weather is bad, four weeks. And now for his remuneration. According to the fixed tariff, he receives two dollars for the journey, out of which he has to pay all his own expenses, and to find fodder for his deer; and thus he finds himself out of pocket some three or four dollars.

The powers of endurance of these hardy little people are as marvellous as are those of their reindeer, as the following well-authenticated anecdote will, I think, show. One May, a couple of Lapp families had encamped on a certain place, in order to superintend the calving of their hinds; but as the wolves proved troublesome, and would not leave the deer at peace, they deemed it best to shift their quarters to a place about a hundred miles off. But as some of the hinds had only recently calved, two half-grown girls

were left behind, with a tent and provisions for a whole month, to see after them. When night drew on, the girls went to keep watch over their little herd, and, it seems, fell asleep. Little did they dream of what was about to happen.

Meanwhile, the father of the family, who had been absent for some weeks by the sea-side, and who therefore knew nothing about what had taken place, returned unexpectedly during the night; and finding the tent devoid of inmates, concluded that some calamity had happened, and had induced the family to shift their quarters, and that they had left tent and provisions behind, in case of his return. Little thinking that two of his olive branches were sleeping but a short distance off, he immediately set to work, and packed up everything, and started off in pursuit. The surprise of the poor girls on awaking can scarcely be imagined; but they suspected what had happened, so, instead of sitting down and crying about it, they started off, like sensible girls, on the trail, having first collected their little herd together. Thus they drove them, day and night, till, at last, on the morning of the eighth day, they reached the end of their journey. The long fast, and the exertion they had undergone—for they never stopped day or night, and had only one biscuit and some milk to subsist on all that time—made them very ill for a long time.

Now, that a Lapp can go without food for a protracted period, is as much a matter of fact as that he eats to repletion when he gets a chance. Eating with him is a business. I suppose he must have several stomachs, like the camel, or else that he is a ruminant animal, and chews the cud. A Lapp, by the way, eats but once in the twenty-four hours, but then he lays in enough for six days!

Generally speaking, the Lapps are a very religious, and frequently very fanatical, people. One Saturday, I remember, we arrived at an encampment, and after we had talked on all manner of topics, one of the party urgently begged us to stay the Sunday over, and hold prayers for them and the neighbouring families. Though but little used to that sort of thing, we of course complied. Indeed, so eager did the poor people seem to attend at the service, that one

man who was obliged to keep guard that night over the rein-flocks, begged us not to begin till he should be able to get back from his post next morning—some nine or ten miles distant. Sunday came, and with it the watcher; and my companion, who could speak the language fluently, filled the priestly office; and I can confidently aver that, in the midst of those desert wilds, I listened to the best sermon I ever heard in my life. It was earnest, to the point, and short! What more can be desired?

Both on our return, and on our journey out, I had on several occasions been struck with the extraordinary acuteness the Lapps possess in finding their road in the dark. One day especially I remember: we were on the bare fjeld, when a violent snowstorm overtook us; the wind whistled, and the flakes of snow pelted in our faces, so that it was impossible to see a handbreadth in advance. Of course, we left it to our guide to steer. They say that dogs possess the faculty of being able to smell out their way in the dark, and I certainly think our Lapp must have made use of his olfactory organs on the present occasion, for I cannot conceive which of his other senses he could have employed; he managed to hit off the only pass there was down into the valley with the utmost ease and certainty. Only on two occasions did he seem at a loss, and then but for a moment, and on we dashed again, faster than ever, to the great disgust of the deer, who seemed to approve of the pelting snow as little as the travellers behind them. While I was calculating on the contingency of our having to be out all night in the open, and wondering whether we should not be quite snowed up by the morning, a sudden bound awoke me from my reverie, the pulk seemed to fall down suddenly several feet, and the next moment we found ourselves in comparative quiet in the valley below. It was still here, and there was no snow pelting in our faces; but we could hear the wind howling above our heads, as if in wrathful ire that we had escaped it.

Now for the first time I was able to speak to our guide, and express my admiration at the sagacity he had displayed.

"If I could not find my way," he replied in a proud tone, "I

should be unworthy the name of a Fjeld Lapp." And he was right; for if these people do not possess many other good qualities, certainly in the matter of finding their road in the dark they are unsurpassed.

It was better travelling now; and late in the evening we reached a humble dwelling belonging to a family of the Skolte Finns. It was a wooden structure without a roof, and only covered above by a few thin boards, through which light, rain, and wind could easily penetrate. I think a brief description of these strange people may be interesting.

The Skolte Finns are a cross between the Lapps and the Russian Finns, a sort of bastard Lapp, if such a term can be applied to a human being; neither fish nor fowl, speaking neither Russian nor Finnish, in fact, no language at all. They are a very peculiar people; acknowledging outwardly the Greek-Catholic religion, but in reality, like many other people, observing none.

The family in question consisted of a man, his wife, two sons, and two daughters, all of whom were originals. Their dress was a comic medley of Russian and Lappish attire; only the headdress was peculiar to the tribe. The old wife was a regular harridan, and scolded, I dare say swore, like a Turk; and was highly indignant with us for presuming to drink out of her water-vessel, and for lighting our pipes. She considered it sinful!

But the filth and the accompanying stench rendered a little tobacco a necessity, so we continued to puff away, as if we did not understand what she meant. I will not speak of the insects that swarmed in myriads; suffice it to say, that this was doubtless the head-quarters of all the B-flats in the country.

I know there is a fish that is cooked with its *inwards*—the red mullet, I think—the woodcock of the sea; but that, I believe, is the only fish that will bear such treatment. These people, however, seemed to think differently, for they cooked their fish, a kind of cod, whole. "It makes the soup stronger," they said! Supper over, which consisted of the above fish boiled with its internals, the whole family began to bow and to cross themselves, that is, to manœuvre with the forefinger from the forehead down to the

stomach, and then transversely from shoulder to shoulder; giving utterance meanwhile to several strange sounds, which might have been prayers, but resembled hiccoughs! And indeed I am inclined to think it was more a matter of form than of devotion; for in the middle of it two of the children grabbed hold of a fish, and began to fight over it, whereon their mother stopped short in her religious exercise, and most emphatically punched their heads! After grace, or whatever it be termed, we were witnesses to a scene I have never seen before, and trust I may never see repeated. It was a washing-scene. I supposed they considered that washing belonged to the luxuries of life, and therefore adopted a simpler but very ingenious method of performing their ablutions. First, they filled their mouths with water, which they spat out again into the hollow of their hands, and then commenced scrubbing away at their begrimed faces; the result of which was, that, after repeated applications, a whity-brown patch gradually made its appearance in the middle of the face, looking like a dirty blotch set in a black frame.

We passed a most uncomfortable night on the floor, and left a great portion of ourselves behind us, for we were almost devoured (but let me be silent; the mere remembrance of it educes a scratching tendency); and were not a little glad when morning came, and it was time to leave the roof of this distinguished family.

Learning that there were some Quæn settlements on our road, we determined to pay them a visit. In one of their huts we found an old man of seventy years of age. He looked as dirty and as filthy as the rest of them; but still there was an air about him that proclaimed that he had seen better days. He walked up to us, and shook us by the hand, addressing us in pure Swedish. After having described to him our journey, its haps and mishaps, he again astonished us by speaking in the Latin tongue. Imagine Latin being talked in the wilds of Finmarken! My friend excused himself from participating in the conversation by avowing his entire ignorance of that tongue; but I, who had once learned it at school, thought it *infrà dig.* not to pay him back in the same coin. To

ransack my stock of Latin words was easily done, for, alas! I could not find above ten.

"Latinè loqueris, Domine?" he began.

"Etiam, Domine!" And I could get no further. Indeed, the only course open to me was either to follow the plan Holberg makes a worthy dean adopt, who, when he found himself at a loss in Latin conversation, took refuge in declining *Musa* aloud, to the bewilderment of his listeners; or else to beat a retreat. I adopted the latter course, and we conversed in Swedish and in German for the rest of the time. Our host, he told us, had formerly been a student in theology at the Russian university of Helsingfors; but his father having died, and misfortunes overtaking him, he had been compelled to relinquish the idea of entering orders; and at length, after undergoing several vicissitudes, had pitched his tent in these remote wilds, where he hoped to remain till he died. It made one feel sad to see a well-educated man thus cut off from contact with the civilised world, and buried among the fjelds and snow of the Finmark wilds. But we had no time to stay and commiserate with him; so bidding him adieu, we pushed on towards home.

After fourteen days' and nights' hard travelling, we reached the Penates once more, glad to be able at last to change our clothes; happy to be able to sit down to a clean and comfortable meal, and charmed above all to turn in between clean sheets, and dream till far on in the next day about reindeer minuets, Latin-speaking Quæns, and the ablutions of Skolte Finns.

CHAPTER IV.

PASVIG RIVER—THE TANA RIVER—THE ALTEN RIVER—RYPER SHOOTING IN HADSELÖ.

A SKETCH of these northern provinces would be incomplete without a few passing remarks on the magnificent salmon streams to be found in them. But let it be distinctly understood, at the outset, that it is not my purpose to enter into any detailed account of the sport that may be obtained in them, and for this very good reason, that most, if not all, of them are already leased by Englishmen. Let us begin, then, with the Pasvig river.

Perhaps there is no district in the whole Scandinavian Peninsula so little known as that which bounds Russia on the north-east. With the exception of a few English tourists who make their way up there during the short light summer for the purpose of fishing, these tracts may be considered to be an Ultima Thule. They are but seldom visited by any Norwegian tourist, and therefore most erroneous accounts have been circulated concerning them. A great friend of mine, however, Professor Friis, of the Christiania University, has thoroughly explored these districts; and, from several conversations I have had with him on the subject, I hope to be able, in a measure, to lift the veil that has so long hung over them. The reader, then, will perceive, that where the first person is used in this description, the professor, and not myself, is to be indicated. Let me, then, invite the reader to accompany me to the extreme boundary on the north-east towards Russia, where one may still hear the sound of the knout, and each day may behold the shadow of the Russian eagle hovering over land and sea.

It has been said, and not without justice, that Alten, on the western coast of Finmark, where the Duke of Roxburgh has his renowned salmon river, deserves the name of Finmarken's Italy, for there, and on no other spot on the globe, does corn ripen up to the seventieth parallel of latitude. There, too, may be found large tracts of fir forest and rich pasture land. But if this title be accorded to Alten, with just as good reason, relatively, may South Varanger be denominated the America of Finmarken. For here, too, are to be found large forests of fir and birch, while the aspen, the alder, the bird cherry, and sallow grow luxuriantly. Here, too, may be found deep fjords that never freeze, owing, of course, to the influence of the Gulf Stream; tracts of cleared land, and salt and fresh water fisheries of extreme richness; tolerably good means of communication on many of the large rivers; good wages for labour, but a deplorable lack of active and industrious hands wherewith to gather the inexhaustible bounties of Nature.

It was a wonderful piece of luck for Norway that she was permitted to retain the district of South Varanger when the boundary line of Russia was re-arranged in 1826. The fact was, Russia made a mistake, which she has regretted ever since. It was said at the time that Norway had drawn the shortest straw, and, if quantity is only considered, the remark is true. Of late years Russia has tried every means in her power to get a footing there by requesting permission to establish fishing places along the coast; but as Norway was fully aware of the value of the territory conceded to her, and also that these fishing establishments would in course of time become naval harbours, she very wisely determined to keep what she had got and be thankful.

South Varanger is intersected by three large and deep fjords, which are always free from ice. These are Jarfjord, Bögfjord, and Neidenfjord, all of which contain excellent harbourage for merchant vessels and ships of war. The principal rivers are Jacob's Elv, Pasvig Elv, and Neiden Elv, all of which are first-rate salmon streams. The Pasvig river is, however, the largest and the best. Till late years it, perhaps, had never been fished by any Englishman,

but quite recently it has been visited by two of the sport-loving sons of Albion, who have been out to explore it in their yacht, and who have not only hired the right of fishery, but have also erected a log hut there. It is through the tracts along the course of this river that I will now invite the reader to accompany me.

Every fortnight a steamer runs from the little town of Vadsö to the bottom of Bögfjord, where the Pasvig river debouches. Close by the mouth of this river lives a Mr. Clarke, who holds some office under Government. He is an ardent sportsman, and is better acquainted with these localities, perhaps, than any man living. Added to this, he can speak English, Finnish, Lappish, Russian, Swedish, German, and I believe French—a goodly list of languages! The traveller will, therefore, do well to lose no time in applying to him. And when, to top all these accomplishments, I merely mention that he is as affable and hospitable as it is possible to be, I think I have said sufficient to show the desirability of making this gentleman's acquaintance. Had he lived in the days of Harold the Fair-haired, his great strength, accomplishments, and manly bearing would unquestionably have handed him down to posterity as having been one of the most remarkable Vikings Scandinavia possessed.

The Pasvig river rises in the large inland lake of Enare, the area of which is not less than 400 miles. As no other rivers take their source from this lake, it may readily be supposed that the mass of water in the Pasvig Elv must be very great. I do not consider it to be less than in the Tana, the Alten, or the Namsen. Its total length from its source to its mouth is about seventy miles, and along the whole of this distance it forms the boundary between Norway and Russia. It abounds in fosses, the largest of which is about two miles from the sea, and which forms an impassable barrier to the further progress of salmon. The best fishing is immediately under the foss. By the erection of salmon ladders, or by mining operations, the obstacle might easily be removed, and thus the salmon might have free access even up the very source of the river in Enare Lake. Would it not be worth Messrs. C. and W.'s while

to accomplish this? The extent of the fishing there is not more than one mile, and not too remote from the sea for one to perceive the influence of the tide. The river, too, abounds with seals, that may often be seen under the very foss itself, where they resort to regale themselves with a dish of fresh salmon.

In this river, as is generally the case in the Finmarken rivers, the salmon are extremely fat and well-flavoured. They are often taken up to 40lb. in weight, and even more. The best times for fishing are from seven to eleven p.m., and from one to six a.m. From eleven to one at night all nature reposes, though the sun is still brilliantly shining. Fowl and fish, man and beast, are asleep; only the ever-busy mosquito is wide awake and on the alert. The river can only be fished from a boat; and a stout rod, strong tackle, and large flies are necessary.

But as the salmon fishing is, as I said, hired at all events till the middle of August, when the shooting seasons sets in, let us explore further up the river and see what sport is to be found there.

For such a trip a good supply of provisions, a few cooking utensils, fishing-rod, gun, a good dog, and a tent are the principal requisites; and as the whole journey is accomplished in a boat, it an easy matter to take with one whatever is necessary, even to your wife and family if you like.

South Varanger does not boast of any very lofty mountains; but after ascending the river to a distance of about seven English miles, by clambering up one of the nearest heights a most imposing view is presented to the eye. To the north, south, east, and west, an interminable sea of pine forest clothes the surface of the ground through which the Pasvig river winds it way in its course towards the sea. When it is borne in mind that this is under the seventieth parallel of latitude, which in the other hemisphere traverses the barren and ice-bound regions of Disco Island and Boothia Felix, it cannot fail to attract the attention and rivet the interest of the contemplative mind. As far as the eye can reach, the configuration of the ground is composed of low, billowy-formed ridges, pine-clad to their very tops.

Though I have visited Finmarken for several years for sporting purposes, and flatter myself I am tolerably well acquainted with it, yet I had no idea that in this Ultima Thule of the north there was such an extensive tract of forest. The further one penetrates up the river the more compact and thick does the forest become; every little promontory is occupied by trees, many of them of large size, where the sound of the woodman's axe has seldom or never been heard. Every here and there patches of the light, graceful birch are interspersed among the dark melancholy pines, affording a pleasing relief to the eye. But enough of the trees.

The Pasvig river differs from most other rivers in this respect, that it consists more of a continuous series of lakes, connected by a short length of river, than anything else. If I mistake not, from its source in Enare Lake to its mouth it forms about twelve lakes, of which one or two are from seven to ten miles in length. There is thus far more of the lake than the river character in this stream. In hardly any part does it run along its bed (as a river ought to do) to a greater length than a mile; then it widens out again into a lake. It is navigable along its whole extent in river boats peculiar to Finmarken and Swedish Lapmark. These boats are managed by two men, one in the bows and the other in the stern. In going up stream they keep the boat as close in shore as possible, in order to avoid the currents; and when the current becomes too rapid, or a foss prevents their further progress, the boat is dragged ashore and rollers are put under it, so that it is easily transported overland to the other side, when it is again launched. The passage up stream is of course considerably lightened on account of the numerous lakes. The sternmost man is the manager. It is his duty to steer, and hold the boat straight in the middle of the foaming water till his companion in front has got a fresh hold, and then, with their united strength, the boat is shoved ahead. Their dexterity is surprising. I have often wondered how they possibly could drive a boat up such rapid currents. Going down stream the passage is of course rapid, and often far more so than the

inexperienced tourist may altogether approve of. Once or twice, at some of the worst places, I got them to put me ashore, so that I had an excellent opportunity of seeing and admiring their skilfulness in shooting the rapids. Arrow-like the boat darts along, dashing the foam all around it. Every moment I expected to see them come into collision with some projecting rock or sunken breaker; but they knew their work too well, and by a skilful twist or turn the danger was avoided, and on they rushed in triumphant speed. It is seldom any accident occurs.

The most beautiful of the six fosses of the Pasvig river is "*Mannikö-koski*," or the "Firwood Foss." The lake immediately above it, too, has the name of "*Mannikö-järvi*," or the "Firwood Lake"—a title it richly deserves, as its banks are thickly covered with pine. The only living object we saw along the shores of the lake, with the exception of sundry birds, was a stray reindeer, which we startled on suddenly rounding a bend in the shore. At once it plunged into the forest, but almost immediately emerged from it again, and after regarding us with a mingled air of curiosity and surprise, quietly trotted off once more, and was lost to view among the dark pines. Mannikö Lake is contracted into a funnel-like shape at its northernmost extremity, and here the current is extremely swift, and the surface of the water as it swirls along quite smooth and unbroken till one comes to Mannikö-koski, or Foss, which, though boasting of no great height, is at least 800 feet in width. The fall of the water, as it rushes on impetuously, is broken by about a dozen small rocky islands on which a few tall fir trees are growing. At the foot of this low but broad foss the river forms an immensely large and nearly circular basin, whence it hurries along as if with renewed vigour, fretting and foaming in its course into the next lake. When one has reached this lake the large basin under the upper fall is no longer visible. On turning, therefore, one's face to look behind, after a rapid passage down, it seems almost as if the foss had been lengthened out and reached from the upper lake down to the second. And if, for instance (as was the case with us), one of the party remains behind to fish in the upper basin, his companions below can

see neither his boat nor his boatman, but the figure of the fisherman only standing upright in his boat, and to all appearance quietly walking about in the middle of the foaming current.

Thus this kind of landscape is presented for about seventy miles along the river. It would be a capital place for anyone to go and settle in. If ever necessity should compel me, I would certainly rather pitch my tent on the banks of the Pasvig river than in Canada or in New Brunswick. I am only surprised that large and flourishing colonies are not to be found there, for there are all the ingredients of wealth—magnificent forests of noble pine; easy transport for the timber down the river into a fjord which is never frozen over; and besides all this, in several spots the soil is of a peculiarly rich and fertile nature, well adapted to support a few head of cattle. In addition to this the fresh-water fishery would afford the colonist a sure and abundant supply. There are few things I would like better than to own this said Pasvig river and a good breadth of its surrounding forest land. First of all, I would give the salmon free access to the very source of the river, and would thus own a salmon stream second to none other in the world. But I must not indulge in dreams; rather let me continue with my description of the river and its belongings.

Trout, grayling, and gwynniad are abundant. Ryper are numerous, while the wild swan and goose hatch their broods along its banks. Besides ryper (which are plentiful on the open heather-covered swampy ground) the capercailzie is frequently to be met with. Altogether I do not think there is any place in the whole of Norway better calculated to endear itself to the fisherman and sportsman for a few months' sojourn than this. Thus, from the middle of June to the end of July, he will pay his almost undivided attention to the salmon and trout, and will after that be able to enjoy some excellent grouse shooting, and top up with reindeer hunting on the high grounds near Enare Lake.

A year or two ago I formed one of a party that was bound on a tour of exploration up the Pasvig. As none of my companions were very skilful with the rod and line, I took upon myself the office of

supplying our *ménage* with fresh fish. This was, as a rule, a far easier task to perform than to procure animal food before the middle of August (as ryper are protected by the game laws till the fifteenth of that month), and it was therefore only to ducks, snipe, and woodcock, that we were able to devote our attention. But directly the shooting season commences, ryper may be killed in abundance. Meanwhile, *nolens volens*, I was fisherman for the party. To give your readers some faint idea of the sport to be had there, I can only say that frequently in the short space of one hour I have been able to catch enough trout and grayling to satisfy the wants of nine hungry men for a whole day; and when I state further that six out of this number were Fins, whose stomachs can conveniently contain at least three times the amount of any ordinary hungry individual's, it will be acknowledged that there must be tolerably good trout fishing in the Pasvig river. To do the Fins justice, however, I will say for them that when once they have got a stomachful they can go a long time without breaking their fast again, far longer than most Englishmen at least. If ever an opportunity should occur, I should like to send a Fin's stomach for dissection. I believe they would be found to consist of a number of cells like a camel's.

As regards the best places in the river for fishing—and I suppose every river has its own peculiar idiosyncrasies—I found the short river stretches and the tail ends of the lake to be the best. Just at the very tail of the lake, before the water again assumes a river-like appearance, where the current is swift and the surface of the stream as bright and unbroken as a mirror, there, oh! there, is the very spot. A bungler indeed must one be not to catch a creelful in a very short space of time.

But perhaps, also, the fact that no one had ever fished there, that no artificial flight had ever curled over the swirling eddies, had something to do with it. Anyhow, fish were there in myriads waiting to be caught, and apparently vieing with each other to see which should be the first to seize hold of the tantalising delicacy that had, as it were, suddenly dropped down from the clouds into their very midst; for no sooner did my line reach the surface than

every hook was occupied by a trout or a grayling, and it required no little management and skill to coax them into the landing-net. Those who have indulged in trout-fishing from a boat must well know that the accomplishment of driving a pig is not nearly so trying as that of playing a trout from a boat in mid stream, where the current is swift. Just when you think you have succeeded in getting him nicely into the net, he probably bolts right under your boat, and wastes your time and patience in his earnest endeavours to get rid of the hook, which a moment before he was willing to give up everything else to obtain.

At length, finding that I lost a great many fish and a great deal of time, I discarded the landing-net altogether, and whenever I had a fish on, would lay down the rod and pull him in hand over hand without giving him time to make a fuss. I lost much fewer this way. On an average the fish weighed from 2lb. to 3lb. apiece.

I wonder what the fish thought of it when they saw a couple of insects floating before their very noses, far more beautiful and delicate to behold than any of those which they were wont to see in these northern latitudes. Never have I seen fish so greedy as in the Pasvig river. Wherever I threw in, not merely one or two, but apparently dozens of trout or grayling rose to the flies, so that the water was in a state of the greatest commotion. Directly the lucky, or more properly the unlucky, trout had got hold of this *rara avis* of a fly he darted off, pursued by all his companions. Of course it always must be a very disagreeable surprise to any respectable trout when, instead of gulping down a fat, tender fly, he finds a steel hook in his mouth; and this he evinces by his struggles and dashes as soon as he feels the sharp prick. But in the present instance the movements and struggles of the fish, so far from frightening away his companions, seemed only to allure them on. I believe they were aware that he had got hold of some tempting *morceau*, and were chasing him in order to try and make him drop it. For this reason I found it best to fish with only two flies, though at the same time I feel convinced that, had it been possible to use a dozen, and had the tackle been strong enough, each

individual fly would have at once been taken up. My drop line, too, was of very strong gut, far too coarse and far too heavy for any water where the fish might be affected with shyness, or where their appetites might require humouring. I generally fished from a boat rowed by an experienced Fin, who knew to a "T" how far he dared allow the boat to go down the swirling current without being carried away altogether. The manner of rowing was "poiki, poiki"—in other words, zig-zag, backwards and forwards from one bank to the other. Sometimes it happened that I had to catch a quantity of fish in a very short space of time, and then I adopted the plan before mentioned, and hauled them in hand over hand; but whenever I was not pressed for time I found it far greater amusement to play them in a proper and sportsmanlike style, and weary them out before landing, or rather "boating" them. But when I was hurried, Fin number two, who sat up in the bows, had to take the hooks out of the fishes' mouths, when out went the line again, and the same thing was repeated over and over again. In a single hour I have taken as many as forty trout and grayling, none of which have weighed less than 1lb., and several of them over 3lb.

When I first went out, my two Fins were as delighted and surprised as two children to see me pull in the fish one after the other. I verily believe they thought I was in league with some "uncanny" power, for Mr. Fin is very superstitious. For a long time it puzzled them sorely how it was that I made the same flies last time after time without once being renewed. On one occasion, I remember, the curiosity of the Fin who had charge of the oars rose to such a pitch as nearly to place us all in a very disagreeable predicament.

We were rowing "poiki, poiki," just at the very extreme limit beyond which it would be dangerous to go. I was hauling the fish in one after the other, when the boatman completely lost his head; not because the water just below us was seething and foaming like a cauldron; not, therefore, because our position was, to say the least, extremely critical and perilous; but merely because he was lost in amazement at my fishing. Fortunately for all three of us,

he recollected himself just in the very nick of time, or, one second later, down we all must have gone into the next pool, and have made a more intimate acquaintance with the trout and grayling families in their own homes than would have been desirable or convenient.

Have I not said enough to make the mouth of many an ardent disciple of the gentle art water? Oh! how he would revel in the clear sunlight nights of the far north, the beauty of which must be seen to be realised. Of course there are drawbacks. In the first place, the journey is far and tedious, and yet not very expensive, when the distance is taken into account. The speediest method of arriving there is to go by one of the steamers from Hull or London to Christiania, a passage of three days and a half; price 6*l.*, I think, for a return ticket; and if three or four go together a further reduction may be made. From Christiania you travel by railway to Eidsvold, a distance of forty odd miles, and thence by steamer up the Miösen to Lillehammer, a distance of eighty miles. You sleep at Lillehammer, and start off next morning *en route* for Throndhjem, which, if you are fortunate in meeting with good horses, you will reach in two days more. From Throndhjem to Hammerfest a steamer runs once a week, and reaches the "most northerly city in the world" in seven days; from which place another steamer goes to Vadsö, occupying three days more; and Vadsö is only a short distance from the mouth of the river.

The length, then, of the journey is one drawback. Another, and the only other that I know of, is the mosquitoes, which, in still, close weather, are extremely troublesome. Veils and gloves are quite necessary, and stout clothing too, for they possess very great powers of penetration.

While I was occupied in fishing I used to have the satisfaction of hearing frequent reports from the guns of my companions, who were paying their attentions to ducks, snipe, or ryper, and also of knowing that they would bring with them a plentiful supply of multerberries for our dessert. Thus, you see we did not live so badly up in Pasvig. Generally soup preserved in tins and

prepared vegetables; then a noble dish of trout, followed by some sort of game, and not unfrequently by a venison steak; concluding with coffee and multerberries, topped up with a *chasse-café* of brændeviin, and, last of all, the fragrant weed! And then, if one is weary, there is a tent to sleep in; or, if the light warm night tempts you to remain outside, get your interpreter to ask one of the Fins to tell a story—an accomplishment in which they excel—about their ancestors, who, though never powerful, were numerous in old and happier days (days, however, which have scarce left a single rune on the page of history), and who once could call the whole of Norway their own.

The Tana river, flowing out into a fjord of the same name, nearly 100 miles to the east of the North Cape, is, perhaps, the very finest salmon river in the world. Salmon are able to run up it to a distance of nearly 200 miles. A great portion, however, of this immense extent is not fishable, for the river mostly consists of broad shallow lakes. It is only in the neighbourhood of its fosses—Seida Foss, Galgoguoika, &c., &c.—that good fishing can be had. An Englishman who fished it a few years ago bagged in six weeks' time 6000lbs. of salmon, the largest of which weighed 40lbs.

The fishing is entirely from boats, and, till one gets used to it, is rather nervous work. But the Quæns are practised hands, and very seldom come to grief. "Physically they are a fine race, very ingenious, and, like most people thrown on their own resources, skilled in all kinds of work, but not so given to hard work, nor so trustworthy, honest, and independent as the Norwegians—more prone to fishing than to pastoral pursuits. They are first-rate boatmen, and the build of their river boats, which is very picturesque, is superior to anything of the kind in Norway. To shoot the rapids is a work requiring the nicest skill, not unattended with some risk, and the way the Quæns do it in is a sight worth going far to see. A mistake is fatal, as the boat would be instantly dashed to pieces against the rocks." In ascending the river the boat is pushed up with poles, "stagt" as I believe it is termed in Norwegian, for of course to row against the stream is impossible. It must require a

great deal of practice to do it, for should the boat's head deviate ever so little to one side it will be dashed down the rapids in a twinkling. But the natives can "stag" a boat up with astonishing speed. In some parts in the south of Norway, indeed, I have seen the peasants "stag" a boat up single handed, but in the northern rivers, where the volume of water is much greater, and the rapids swifter, I question if one man could manage by himself.

The Alten river, as is doubtless known to every Norwegian tourist, is rented by the Duke of Roxburgh. It was in this river that Prince Alfred fished, at the Duke's invitation, in 1864; and it will give the reader some idea of the resources of this noble stream if I mention that in twenty-one days' fishing the duke killed 3019lbs. (in two days 755lbs.)

The following sketch of the Alten is taken from a correspondent's letter in the *Times* of September 6, 1864:

"As the river approaches the sea it opens out into a green, smiling valley. The hills on either side are clad with pines, while below are forests of the graceful birch, interspersed with alder, with a wild wealth of undergrowth of flowers and ferns in almost tropical luxuriance, which one would hardly dream of in this lat. 70 deg." [the same parallel, be it remembered, beneath which the ice-bound shores of the other hemisphere are situated]. "Comfortable homesteads are seen at intervals, with patches of corn, oats, barley, and always a flourishing crop of potatoes, which seem to thrive in this climate. The corn was now [the end of July] in ear, and, considering it was not sown till June, the rapidity of vegetation may be imagined under that glorious summer sun that never sets. All nature rejoices in the genial warmth—'The hills are clothed with gladness, and the valleys laugh and sing' at the waking-up of the Arctic summer morn after the Arctic winter night.

"The natives scarce have time to sleep during the endless day, or at least only at odd hours; and Englishmen follow their example, generally resting from their labours during the day, as, when the weather is hot, the salmon are best wooed and won during the comparatively cooler hours of the night. Nothing can be more

enjoyable than one of these fine Arctic nights: the wild solitude, the stillness of the air, unbroken by any sound save the murmur of the water at your feet, the splash of the salmon, or, it may be, the lowing of the cows, with their tinkling bells from the distant *sæter*, all add to the charm of the scene, and enhance the enjoyment; and, to descend from the ideal to the real, when you have hooked and killed your salmon, go to land and roast him on the quick pine-wood fire, and with a piece of birch bark for your plate, you have a repast fit for a queen. Who can describe the exquisite flavour of that fish? Who can paint the colour of those creamy flakes, white as the driven snow?"

Let us bid farewell to the Alten now, for it makes the mouth water and a twitching feeling come over the wrists—an affection, I believe, only experienced by fishermen as the salmon season draws near—and pay a visit to some of the islands that fringe the coast.

Ryper Shooting in Hadselö.

I do not think any sportsman could well select a more charming place for a few weeks' sojourn during the shooting season than Hadselö or Ulvö, as it is called, in the group of the Loffodens, I am, however, I may at once state, alluding to some fourteen or fifteen years ago, before the sport-loving sons of Britain had set foot on its shores, and when its inexhaustible supply of feathered game was as yet unknown to them. But a word or two as to its geography will not be out of place.

The island is one of the westernmost of the group, and is exposed to the full fury of the broad Atlantic. In circumference it is about twenty-three or twenty-four English miles; and, for the most part, presents a uniform rounded appearance to the eye. The coasts are low, and are indented with numerous bays of no inconsiderable width, remarkable for their shallowness, while here and there a promontory juts out some little distance into the sea. Its valleys are filled with smiling birch-woods. Extensive marshes of the delicious multerberry (*Rubus chamæmorus*) are to be found along

its shores; while in the interior of the island the alpine peaks of the mountains and inaccessible heights rear their towering crests aloft to a great height.

Owing to its varied physical conditions the island is, or rather was, at the time I refer to, a favourite resort for all the tribes of the northern birds, and was therefore none the less a pleasant spot for a hunter to sojourn in. A very large proportion of its superficial area was occupied with woodland tracts, low birch-woods, &c.; and these, I may literally say, teemed with ryper, while the rugged mountain-sides were tenanted with countless flocks of ptarmigan. It was no uncommon sight either to see some couples of the majestic sea-eagle soaring far, far up in the higher regions of the atmosphere. On all the large marshes curlews (both *Numenius arcuata* and *Phæopus*, or whimbrel curlew), plovers, and the red-legged snipe, together with grey geese and eider-fowl, built their nests, besides whole families of the small kinds of gull, together with their constant attendants, the Arctic skua (*Lestris parasiticus*). These birds, owing to their peculiar formation, are the swiftest fliers of all the skua tribe. Not caring, or not daring, to attack the larger gulls, they bully the smaller ones immensely, striking them violent blows on the back to make them disgorge their prey.

On the swampy pools with which the island abounds occasional flocks of teal might be found, together with the solitary and common snipe, while the low rocks formed a favourite assembling place for eider ducks, and all the common kinds of gull, which by their conspicuous colours and lively habits contributed not a little to enliven the scene on this far northern islet. Neither were the songsters unrepresented. Each separate part of the island, indeed, seemed to have its peculiar favourites. Thus on the fjelds were to be found the ring thrush, the snow bunting, and the stonechat; in the woods, the mountain finch, the redwing thrush, and fieldfare; on the marshes, the piplarks and reed sparrows. More rare, though still an occasional visitor, was the blackcock, the shoveller duck, and some varieties of the larger and smaller falcon tribe.

As usual in these latitudes the whole of the interior of the island

was uninhabited. The houses lay close to the strand, and the fields belonging to them were bounded by the sea on one side and birch-wood on the other. There were three trading towns or villages on the island, and one road of about seven miles in length. Such was Hadselö! And, notwithstanding its diminutive size, and its remote position, behind the wild craggy fortresses of the Loffodens, in a social point of view, it did not fall behind any place in the whole country.

The following description of Hadselö, which was furnished me by one of the best sportsmen in Norway I ever knew, will, I think, give the reader a good idea of its resources:

"In every respect, it was just suited to my tastes, and it became endeared to me beyond almost any other part of my native land, both on account of the friends I learnt to know and love there, the free, unfettered life I led, the beautiful and varied nature of its landscape, and last, but not least, on account of the sport it afforded me, thus forming a connecting link between us, and making it my bosom friend and confidant.

"I entrusted to its keeping my inmost thoughts. I confided to it the outpourings of my soul. And these costly treasures it stored away, and preserved for me, amidst its lofty mountains, along its low-lying shores, and flower-decked plains; in its verdant dales, among its woodland heights, and on the banks of its lonely lakes. And it repaid me with an ever-increasing interest, derived from the inexhaustible mines of nature's hidden wealth. Each day it repaid me, as I learnt to know it better, as I became more intimate with every grass-clad ridge, every hidden glade, each rugged mountain pass, each winding of its wood-girt swamps, each bend of its rippling streams, and each sallow bed upon their banks. Yes, it repaid me, in the ryper's mocking call, in the gull's dismal cry, in the hollow cooing of the eider-duck, in the curlew's ringing tone, and in the plover's melancholy wail. It repaid me in early spring, when the birch-woods put on their light green bridal veil, when the marsh was covered with a snowy shroud of multer-flowers; again, too, in summer, when the swelling billows of the Arctic sea hushed it to

slumber, and it lay dreaming in the purple majesty of the midnight sun, whilst the varied notes of the countless birds, from sea and strand, from forest and fjeld, fell with a strangely-subdued sound on the wanderer's ear in the silent watches of the night; or, late in autumn, when the transparency of its atmosphere annihilated space, and the outline of the rocks looming over the golden foliage of the wood, reminded the hunter of many a day's sport among the heights, and well-nigh enticed him up to them once more; and once more in winter it repaid me, when, speeding with the swiftness of a sea-bird over the crisp surface of the snow, while the sun, no longer visible to the eye, has yet tinged the highest peaks with a roseate hue.

"Thus I lived; as happy as the birds of the air; happy in whatever each day brought with it, not careful for the morrow; in harmony with everything around me. Happy, aye! as a person can be, but for a brief while in a lifetime; without other duties to perform than those which each morning brought, and the recollections of which each night dispersed; without any other wish than to be able to live on under the same conditions; without greater regrets than those I experienced when my duties called me away for a short time; without any other longing than to return thither once more.

"But man, it is written, is greater than the lilies of the field, or the fowl of the air; and those never-sleeping powers of the soul that compel him to rise above the flower and the bird, constrained me at last to leave my island home—a home ever to be treasured up in the memory, like some pleasant dream, which one regrets to awaken from—ever to be beloved as a dear and faithful friend.

"The wood-grouse (*Lagopus subalpina*) was by far the most numerous of all the feathered game on the island. Wherever birch-woods flourished, and perhaps one-third of the whole island was tenanted by them, there were wood-grouse sure to be found; in fewer numbers when the wood was of large dimensions and thick, more abundant as it was more of a low scrubby nature, and most numerous when it consisted of nothing but low underwood, inter-

mingled here and there with willow and juniper bushes, with now and then a slender birch rearing its graceful head towards the sky. Now, the immediate neighbourhood of the house where I lived was just of this latter description, and was certainly one of the best grouse grounds on the whole of Hadselö. It possessed, too, the advantage of being close by—but a few minutes' walk across the Multer Marsh; and, besides all these favourable circumstances, it was the most picturesque landscape imaginable, abounding with grassy slopes, wooded banks, and flowery plains. It was here that I shot two-thirds of all the grouse I ever killed on the island.

"But although the grouse were very abundant here, it is by no means a direct consequence that the shooting there should have been so remarkably easy. Owing to the rocky nature of the ground, it was often a difficult, sometimes an impossible, matter to get within reasonable shot of them, and during the greater part of the year, viz., from October to May, they were generally so shy that it was a rarity to be able to shoot more than a few head a day, though one could see them and hear them literally swarming all around. Moreover, I had no dog, so that I had to walk my game up, an exercise which, however good it may be for muscular development, does not tend to improve a man's bag. My way of proceeding was to walk with my finger on the trigger, so as to be ready on the shortest notice for whatever might arise, and then, when I had sprung a covey, to mark the single birds down as well as I could, if I was fortunate enough to scatter them. I don't think anything tends to sharpen a man's senses so much as shooting without a dog—eyes, ears, and judgment are constantly being brought into play far more than when the sportsman is accompanied by his *fidus Achates*.

"Thus I used to manage during the early part of the season, namely, through August, September, and the beginning of October, generally bagging from six to twelve brace of grouse daily, and on one or two occasions fifteen brace. No bad sport either, I'm thinking. I feel confident that with a good dog I could often have bagged as many as fifty brace in the day. But I was perfectly contented with my lot, and what more can a man wish?

"I generally used to bring home a varied bag, and this, of course, contributed to make the sport more agreeable than had it consisted only of one kind. A snipe or two, a few teal, an occasional plover or a curlew, made my bag look very captivating when its contents were turned out for inspection. I remember one memorable day—it was a 30th of August—having one of the really pleasantest day's shooting I ever enjoyed. My bag on that occasion consisted of twelve brace of grouse, one brace of black-cock, one greyhen, and one solitary snipe; and this, I think, was one of the largest bags I ever made on Hadselö.

"During the latter part of September the grouse would begin to pack, and to retreat farther into the interior, where the birch-woods were thickest. At this time they became very shy and difficult of approach, till at last, when, towards the middle of October, the packs had increased to several hundred head in each, there was no getting within shot of them at all. I am certainly not overstating the case when I say that I have often seen as many as five hundred head in one pack. Generally they would rise at a distance of a hundred and forty yards from the gun, though occasionally a straggler here and there would allow the shooter to get within forty or fifty yards. So long as I could calculate on bagging from two to three brace a day, I used to go out regularly, being very well satisfied if I could manage to kill once out of five or six shots at sixty yards rise. Later on in autumn, and during the whole winter till the middle of March, it was next to impossible to get within shot. And whenever I did venture out on "ski," with my gun on my shoulder, I rarely succeeded in bagging more than a brace, though oftener my bag was at zero."

The "ski," I should state, consist of two long pieces of wood about ten or twelve feet long, and four or five inches wide in the middle. They taper in front and turn up towards the toe. Loops are made in the middle of each "ski" for the feet. A pole is carried to preserve the balance and to act as rudder. It is the universal way of getting about during the winter; in fact the snow is so deep that it is impossible to walk in it. The "ski" is totally different

in formation to the Canadian snow-shoe. It is from its build adapted for speed, and it is marvellous to watch a practised "snow-runner" on them; no swallow on the wing seems to move quicker.

"Occasionally the grouse would take it into their heads, especially after certain changes in the weather, to allow me to get nearer to them, and then I have made as good bags as in the early part of the season.

"One year during the first half of November not a grouse was to be seen on all that part of the island where I used to shoot. They had congregated in a retired and thickly-wooded valley in that part of the island which fronted the Arctic Ocean, where I found them packed together in one large flock, consisting of several thousand head. It certainly was a wonderful sight; for they formed as it were a compact cloud of white, several hundred feet in length, while the noise they made when on the wing can only be compared to the rushing sound of a violent gust of wind. To get within shot was, of course, out of the question; but towards evening, when they began to disperse over the valley, they would then lie so close that I was obliged actually to kick them up, so that I had nothing to do but to shoot away as fast as ever I could, and as long as daylight permitted. This plan I followed for three days in succession, making some excellent bags on each, when a fresh fall of snow took place, and drove them out of the valley on to their old haunts again.

"During February, and the early part of March, the ryper were shyer than at any other season of the year. After this they began to change their habits, little by little, the larger packs splitting up into smaller ones of fifty, or a hundred in each, and resorting to the low lands along the coast. During the whole of March they might be seen running and walking over the crisp surface of the snow in long columns. It was an impossibility at this period to get within a hundred yards of them, so wary and cautious were they.

"But it was a truly beautiful sight to watch their quick and graceful movements on the snow, their white plumage assuming now a roseate or golden red hue, which the dazzling whiteness of the

snow brought out in strong relief. Morning and evening they would cluster in flocks on the birch-trees, amongst the dark red-brown tops of which their snowy colour stood boldly out. They began, too, to lose their former shyness, and also to assume their spring dress.

"I used to shoot them again now, though till the middle of May I seldom managed to bag more than three or four brace a day. But though in one respect the sport was less, still the hunter was more than compensated in another way. Oh! it was interesting to go out early on a fine April morning! All the low ridges, banks and slopes were then literally crowded with ryper, either sitting, or running, or flying for a short distance, in and out among one another. They literally surrounded one on all sides; while their strange and varied cries formed such a medley concert, as can be better imagined than described. Here, for instance, sits an old cock on a rock or a stub, calling out at short intervals in a sharp ringing note—'Bak—bak—bak—kak—kak—kaa—kaau.' A hen flies by him some few feet up with a shrill 'Errakkakakkakah,' followed by a polite invitation to the gentleman, 'Come here, come here;' and ending with a strongly marked 'kavau' repeated twice. A third marches by with head and neck erect, and tail proudly spread out, swinging gracefully to and fro like some well-dressed lady, as she trips daintily along over the carpet of snow, singing the while, 'Gao-gao;' while again another in its white dress and dark chestnut-brown head, and blood-red comb, looks like some haughty courtier as he struts defiantly among his inferiors.

"Later on in the day they perch in the trees, where, in their beautiful spring attire, they present even a more lovely appearance than when they rivalled the snow in whiteness. I used to take great delight at these times in creeping along under cover and watching them as they were perched over my head, and gloat over the interesting spectacle they presented.

"But the more beautiful they looked, the keener was my desire to shoot them. This is, I know, an apparent contradiction; but, for all that, it is a principle deeply grounded in human nature, whose

opposites, the animal and the intellectual, are still united together in such perfect harmony that they work in unison, and are absolutely necessary to each other's existence. From the middle of May the ryper go about in pairs, when they are so tame and gentle that it is with difficulty they will take wing. In default of any game-law I made one for myself, viz., never to shoot a single head (except it might be a pugnacious old cock bird, who had made himself so disagreeable to the ladies, that not one of them would accept him as their lord and master) between May 15 and August 1.

"After September was over, when the ryper began to be so shy that it was not worth the trouble to go out after them, I used to pay my attentions to the ptarmigan on the heights which adjoined my old hunting quarters; thus my bag would generally consist of a few of each sort every day. The lovely bluish-grey autumnal dress of the ptarmigan, which each day was beginning to give way to their white wintry costume, made them conspicuous objects, as they sat or ran about among the stones. It was a dangerous time for them then, for not only, as I said, were they readily seen at a long distance off, but were moreover so tame that it would have been an easy matter to have shot a whole covey, one by one, in a very short space of time. They had a great disinclination to take wing, even though several of their number might be lying dead all around them. Still, I never succeeded in bagging more than nine or ten brace a day, for they were not so plentiful just then; and I often returned home without one in my bag, for they grew remarkably cunning, and would hide themselves up in all sorts of out-of-the-way holes and crevices. By the end of October we used to get our first fall of snow, and then they became just as wild as they had before been tame, so that it was impossible to get even a long shot at them.

"One of the best and surest finds for ptarmigan was a fjeld named Huusbykollen, the summit of which consisted of an extensive flat plateau, covered with large loose masses of primitive rock. I used frequently to make the ascent, even during the time in which I had made it a rule not to take my gun with me, for the express purpose of looking out for the male birds that had not paired.

"Such was the ryper shooting in Hadselö. I could thus go out nearly every day in the year after them, for there were always plenty of these unmated cock-birds to shoot; and then they presented such a varied and ever-changing appearance at the different seasons of the year, that there was always something to admire and something to learn. Is it then to be wondered at that my recollections of Hadselö, and the brilliant sport I enjoyed there, should form bright spots in my memory, which I treasured up with a fondness which none perhaps but an ardent sportsman like myself can understand?

"It was a favourite walk of mine to clamber up to the top of this fjeld, not only for the sport to be enjoyed there, but for the magnificent and extensive view to be seen from it. I scarcely think its equal is to be found throughout the length and breadth of the country. I will endeavour to give my readers a brief, though I fear, an imperfect description of it. At a distance of seven or ten miles three of the largest of the Loffoden Isles reared up their wild mountain masses three thousand feet and more above the level of the sea, forming a connected semicircle. On the left was Langoen, with its craggy peaks, and alpine heights, that seemed riven asunder down to their very base, and gave one the impression that each had sprung up separately from the depths. On the right Ostvaagoen, with its rocky sides rearing themselves perpendicularly up from the sea, and its pointed horn that towered far, far above the glittering snow-drifts, and emerald-green glaciers, which filled up every hollow and crevice. Then in the middle lay Hindö, the largest island of the Norwegian coast, on which Mosdal Fjeld, the loftiest mountain of the north, reared its head up four thousand feet into the sky, in the form of a sharp, snow-covered saddle, at one end of which two awl-shaped peaks jutted out, like a monstrous two-pronged fork, each one thousand feet in length. To be upon Huusbykollen at midnight, and watch the setting but never vanishing sun, to mark the changing hues and tints that fell on sea, forest, glacier, and fjeld, afforded a sight which one must witness to realise. No description can suffice to convey an idea of it. It is a spot and

a time when one would fain be alone; and I always returned refreshed from these trips up the mountain, refreshed in body and in soul; for there I had held undisturbed communion with the great Creator; there had I gazed in silence and in awe on the mighty works that He had made.

"But I must not moralise. Such thoughts are best kept secret and sacred within one's own bosom. I will, therefore, before taking my final leave of Hadselö, tell you about the sport I had on the last day I ever set foot upon it.

"Four years after I had finally left Hadselö, I had occasion to pay it a visit of a few days during the latter part of the month of August, that is, in the very best part of the ryper season.

"I had Pan with me now, who had just made his *début* in a very satisfactory way, and I looked forward to enjoying some excellent sport, though, at the same time, I knew that since I had left the island a party of Englishmen had been in the habit of shooting there each year, and that they had, according to the report of the islanders, committed tremendous havoc among the feathered game. However, I consoled myself with the reflection that there was nobody who knew the island so well as I did, or who was so well acquainted with its snugly hidden dales and wooded glades as myself, and therefore I ventured to hope that there would still be a few birds left for me. But whether the Englishmen really were the cause of it, or whether it was that the quantity of game changes periodically for several years in succession, and that this was just the time of the 'seven years of famine,' there certainly were but few ryper to be found in Hadselö, so that I did not get an opportunity of bagging a greater head of game than when I used to shoot there four years before without a dog. However, it would be a sin and a shame were I to find fault with my sport, as during the week I stayed there I managed to bag more than a hundred and fifty head of ryper, besides several curlews, snipe, and other fowl.

"Mine host, an old friend of former days, tempted by the good sport I met with, determined to accompany me one day, the very last day of my visit. In former days he had frequently gone out

with me, but had never managed yet, he said, to shoot a rype on the wing. He would make one more attempt, hoping that on this occasion his aspirations might ultimately be crowned with success.

"It was early in the morning when we started, well equipped with provisions and ammunition, and mutually determined not to return home before it was too dark to shoot, provided the weather, which by the way looked anything but propitious, did not turn out very dirty. I was determined, if possible to make a good day of it, not only on my own account, as it was my last day, but especially for my companion's sake, whom I was anxious to see accomplish the object of his desires. With Pan to help me, I entertained but little doubt that we could find birds.

"The commencement, however, was anything but promising; not to mention that before we had gone a mile, it began to rain. We wandered, in accordance with the plan I had laid out, over the entire northern slope of Huusbykollen without seeing so much as a feather, though this was one of the places where I had fully anticipated finding several coveys. After we had reached the plateau at the top, where we had intended to take a turn at the ptarmigan, so thick a fog came on that it was all we could do to find our way to the other, or southerly end of the plateau, which was but a short distance from the best ryper tract in the island. But neither here did we find any birds, with the exception of a few old cock-birds that rose out of shot with their accustomed mocking cry, as if in contempt of their pursuers. Not till we had descended the other side of the mountain did we find a covey of birds, out of which I managed to bag a brace or two, but my friend was unable to get a shot. We stopped to lunch now, and as it was getting late on in the day, I began to fear that we should have to return home with a light bag, and with the object I had in view, namely, to see my friend shoot a rype on the wing, unaccomplished.

"Yet patience and perseverance overcome most things, and I still hoped. Neither were my expectations this time doomed to disappointment, for directly after luncheon we found so many birds

that, for the next couple of hours, Pan came to a point almost as quickly as we were able to reload. Now was a good opportunity for my friend to exhibit his prowess, and I certainly gave him every opportunity; for every time Pan stood and the birds got up within reasonable distance, I let him take the first shot all to himself, so that he might not feel nervous. I wiped his eye very frequently, and reserved, at his own wish, all the long shots for myself. But, as Hawkeye would have expressed himself, my friend did not appear to have the gift of shooting, for though I took inconceivable pains to get him all the easy shots, yet he missed his bird every time he fired. All my admonitions and entreaties to 'take time,' 'not to be nervous,' &c., were fruitless; each shot he fired went God knows where, but certainly a considerable distance from the object at which he aimed. Meanwhile I was making good use of my time, and my bag was filling fast. By-and-bye the birds began to get thinner, till, at length, after my friend had fired twenty or more harmless shots, we deemed it expedient to make the best of our way home.

"It had already begun to get dusk when Pan suddenly stood at a single rype which we had put up a short while before. It was nice open ground, so I encouraged my friend to try his luck yet this once. But he answered that he had not loaded again after his last shot. 'Take my gun, then,' I said, 'while I hold yours. Perhaps this last shot may be a hit.'

"We changed guns, and walked up to the dog, I on the left of my friend. I saw him cock the right barrel, and when he announced himself ready I gave the word of command—'avance.' Whereupon Pan moved steadily in, and the bird rose, flying away in a straight line from us. My friend put the gun up to his shoulder and fired. Another miss! The excitement a sportsman feels under such circumstances; the seeing the last bird of the day flying off unscathed, I suppose, put a sudden thought into my head. I let the empty gun I had in my hand fall on the ground, and snatching my own gun out of his hands, cocked the left barrel, and let drive after the rype, which fell dead scarcely a hundred feet from where I

stood; so it must have been rather quick work. This bird made up our thirteen brace. My friend's astonished face pleased me almost as much as the shot I had made, which, after all, was not a difficult one. However, it was one of the many thousand shots I have fired in my lifetime that has made an especial impression on my memory, because among other circumstances it was the last shot I ever fired on Hadselö!"

CHAPTER V.

Life in Nordland—Sketch of a Norwegian Pastor's Family—A Ramble into Nordland.

Let us now return to the mainland, and take a peep into Nordland. I will introduce my readers into the family of a Norwegian pastor, and, in the following sketch, for which, in a great measure, I am indebted to a Norwegian gentleman, who is well acquainted with the district, will endeavour to give them some idea of the life that is generally led up there.

"It was a pretty log-built house, the interstices both on the inside and out being stuffed with moss, as is general, and thus effectually excluding the cold in winter, and the intense heat of perpetual day in the summer; but affording unlimited refuge to all sorts of disagreeable creatures. Still, it was a comfortable residence enough; and if only the worthy pastor and his amiable family had not had such a decided aversion to fresh air, and if they had not kept up the temperature of the 'keeping room' to an 'orchidaceous' heat, I should have liked it much better than I did. Often and often have I been obliged to rush out into the night air and bathe my face in the snow, or I do believe the skin on my forehead would have burst, or my eyes have started out from their sockets."

When the reader is told that the province of Nordland boasts of no roads (except some of a few miles long, maybe, from the seacoast into the interior), and that only those parts in the immediate neighbourhood of the fjords or the open sea are inhabited by

permanent residents, he will be prepared to learn that civilisation in this part of the Arctic Circle has not attained to any high degree of development, and that life up there must be of a somewhat rude and primitive nature. But let me hasten to tone down this assertion by adding that, if simplicity of manners, if the proffer of genuine hospitality can cover a multitude of other deficiencies, a man must be pitied indeed who could not make himself very comfortable for a few months at least in the north of Norway.

One thing that especially struck me was the contempt for danger, and the daring recklessness which the Nordland peasant evinces. Peasant I feel to be a misnomer, for more than half their time is spent on the sea, and yet they are not entirely fishermen, but a sort of amphibious race between the two. But the sea is their proper home, and they never look so happy, nor so animated, as when scudding before a gale of wind. Ashore I am afraid they are lazy; consequently agricultural pursuits are at a very low ebb amongst them. They are a peaceable race. Fights and quarrels are rare, and drunkenness, that besetting sin of northern countries, is not nearly so prevalent as in the south of Norway.

I never saw such fellows to dance—I include the gentle sex. Their powers of endurance exceed all belief. They think nothing of dancing the whole afternoon, and a great part of the night, with an energy that seems never once to flag. No christening ever took place without a dance. At a marriage it follows as a matter of course, and I would not venture to assert positively that it does not accompany a funeral. Whenever a fishing-boat is detained by stress of weather the nearest fiddler is in immediate request.

"I went one night to a dance with my young friend Fritz, the pastor's son, as a passive participator. I was certainly amused. The great event of the evening was a wager between a lad and his betrothed and the musician, to see which would tire first—they of dancing or he of fiddling. He was a lanky fisherman, and the way in which he whirled about his partner, a blooming, flaxen-haired, strong-built lass, surpasses description. I have seen a Highland fling danced, and have read graphic descriptions of the dancing

dervishes; but I would back a genuine Nordlander to tire out any dervish or Highlander going."

Education, of course, is at rather a low ebb, though not nearly so low as in the generality of agricultural villages in England. For it is an exceptional thing to find man or woman who cannot read, and at least make an attempt at writing their names. Owing to the little esteem in which agriculture is held, and to the absence of large forest tracts, one never meets with a really wealthy peasant in Nordland. All here are pretty much on the same level; and if ever it does happen that a man, either by greater diligence, or by some freak of fortune, becomes possessed of some few hundred dollars (no mean fortune there), it makes not the slightest difference in his habits, or in his manner of living.

The merchants (*handelsmænd*) are shrewd business men, and, from their periodical visits to Bergen, acquire a good deal of worldly tact, and of general information, to which the genuine Nordlander is a stranger. Some of them manage to scrape together a good sum of money. But with all this they are neither stuck up, nor do they ever forget to be hospitable. Nowhere, perhaps, will the stranger experience such unbounded hospitality as in Nordland. They seem to consider that the obligation lies on their side, and that a gentlemanly and educated guest confers a great favour on the house by putting up at it. Nearly all of them can speak German readily. It is not, however, difficult to detect the same peculiarities of character in them as in the common Nordland peasant. There is the same shy manner, the same retiring disposition. And this I do not hesitate to lay to the charge of external nature. In Nordland the landscape is of a very depressing and sombre character. There is nothing lively about it; rugged mountains and a rocky coast; and an absence of vegetable growth, are ingredients, I take it, which will stamp any country with dulness. Still, here and there you will come across charming spots, oases in the midst of this rocky wilderness, where you could linger long: spots where the dreamy fjords are spread out like a sea of gold beneath the rays of a midnight sun, and where a homestead or fisher's hut, nestling in some cranny

or nook of the fjeld, safely guarded from the fierce Atlantic storm, lends a charm and a feeling of peaceful contentment to the scene which one fails to experience amidst grander and more picturesque landscapes.

But this is the bright, the summer side of the picture. Quite true! But how about the long dreary winter, the eternal snow, and the sunless days? Let me hasten to add that a Nordland winter is by no means unendurable.

I do not suppose it is much, if any, colder than in the north of Scotland. The sea never freezes, and in the neighbourhood of the coast, thanks to the Gulf Stream, the temperature is bearable. Indeed, the average winter temperature is estimated at about minus five degrees Centigrade, or twenty-three degrees Fahrenheit. And though one does not see anything of the sun for six weeks, and though the storms that come raging from the sea are fearful indeed, yet, on the whole, I think I would almost as soon winter in Nordland as in England.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that even at mid-winter darkness reigns supreme. In cloudy weather, of course, or when a sea-fog comes on, it is a darkness that rivals that of Egypt in intensity; still on most days, as a rule, it is quite light enough to read or work for three or four hours at noon.

"Perhaps the novelty of the thing prevented my feeling dull," continued my narrator, anticipating my remark, "for we were not overburdened with society, the doctor and two or three of the neighbouring Handelsmænd forming our whole circle. Each of them, however, had a large family, so that there was never any difficulty in getting up a dance after dinner, and two or three rubber parties. What with this, and with singing and music, the evenings passed away pleasantly enough.

"There was one thing I never did get used to, and, indeed, it would have taken a long time to acclimatise me thereto. I refer to the irregularity of the post during the winter. In summer it was punctual, but in winter time it all depended on the weather. By the way, I do not believe it blows anywhere as on the north-west

coast of Norway. I solemnly aver, though I do not expect to be believed, that on one occasion I saw Fritz, the pastor's twelve-year-old son, lifted several feet off the ground, to the intense alarm of his parents, who, as they happened to be looking out of the window at the instant, saw their young hopeful going aloft.

"The letters, on the last post-day I spent in Nordland, were looked for with more than ordinary interest by every one. The pastor was looking for intelligence from his son-in-law, who lived somewhere in the south of Norway, that he was a grandpapa—an excitement in which his Frue, and two blooming daughters, Johanne and Ingeleiv, fully participated. He had another reason, too, for anxiety, for he had recently sent in an application to government for a cure which was vacant in the immediate neighbourhood of his married daughter. Poor old man! He had spent twenty years in the extreme north, preaching and praying amongst those "unwashen, unkempt," dirty little specimens of humanity the Lapps, and he longed now to end his days more within the ken of civilised beings.

"Fritz was standing at his usual post in the window with his sisters, with his eyes intently fixed on the extreme tip of a neck of land that jutted out into the fjord, and round which the postman's boat always came.

"We were almost beginning to give up the post again for the twelfth time, when all at once Fritz cried out, 'Here comes Niels! here comes Niels! He has drunk half a pot;' and dashed out of the room, down to the quay. Every one of course rushed to the window. True enough there was the well-known boat, with its little flag at the masthead, dashing through the water at a prodigious rate. And equally certain was it to every initiated spectator that Niels had 'drunk half a pot.'

"Niels was one of those hardy, reckless sailors, who, perhaps, are peculiar to the Norwegian coast. The weather must indeed be bad to have prevented Niels going out to sea. He was pilot in addition to his other business as postman in these parts. His wife was almost as good a sailor as her husband. The rougher the weather, the more likely were Niels and wife to be out on the look-out for

any Russian vessel that stood in need of a pilot. If the sea was so high that he could not come alongside, they would throw a rope to him, which he would make fast round his waist, and then jump overboard, and be hauled up on deck, while his better half would make the best of her way home. But if there was one thing Niels disliked, it was to take a reef in when not quite sober. On one occasion, his boat had been capsized in one of the narrow fjords, where the gusts swoop down from the heights above like an eagle on to the waters, and he had been picked up in a half-drowned, three-quarters drunken state, riding on his boat's keel. From that time, whenever it blew very hard, Niels was more careful; but only when he was quite sober would he take two reefs in. But if he had had a little drop of 'aquavit,' nothing would ever induce him to take in more than one. So that on the present occasion it was, as I said, quite clear that Niels 'had drunk half a pot,' as we could see that while all the other boats had taken in two reefs he had only taken in one.

"It was not long before Fritz was scampering back with the bag, and in five minutes its contents lay scattered on the table. One letter for me, from my bankers, so that would keep; and I sat down to watch my companions. The old pastor, his wife and daughters, had withdrawn to the further corner of the room. It was an exciting moment for them, as he hurriedly broke open the seal, and scanned the first few lines. Was it good news, or bad? I believe I was as excited about it as they were. Yes! thank God! Mechanically he answered the question by reading aloud that 'his Gracious Majesty had been pleased to appoint Pastor —— to the cure of T——, in the south of Norway.'

"Such an evening as we passed! How we sung, and laughed, and smoked, and drank punch! Indeed, I never shall forget that day in the Arctic Circle."

The life of a Norwegian country pastor is so very different to that led by his reverend brethren in this country that I think a brief description of it may not be uninteresting.

It has been the good fortune of the writer of the following sketch

to see a good deal of the Norwegian clergy in their country homes; and as their parishes, their mode of life, their habits and tastes differ so essentially from those of our country clergy, it has occurred to him that a brief account of the same might not be without interest.

Extending over so many degrees of latitude, with such a large seaboard, and abounding with such enormous tracts of forest-land, and mountains and valleys, it will readily be seen that the life of a pastor in many of these differs materially from that in others. Thus, a description of a pastor's life in a mountainous district would by no means hold good for a parish on the western coast, where he has constantly to contend against the fierce storms of the Atlantic, while visiting some of his island flock; whereas, in the former he has, at least in winter time, almost daily to face the snow and the ice, undertake long journeys in the piercing cold, sometimes in a sledge, but most generally on snow-*ski* (skates). By means of the pole which he holds in his hands wherewith to guide his course, a clever runner can travel easily eight or nine miles an hour on level ground; while the velocity with which he can descend an almost perpendicular mountain-side, and the skill with which he avoids the rocks and trees in his way, against which, if he were to stumble, death would probably be the result, are wonderful to behold. It seems strange to speak of a congregation skating in this manner to church; but such is often, nay, generally the case in winter-time, when the snow lies at an incredible depth; and, stranger still, what is also of frequent occurrence, to think of the pastor, too, skating to the house of God.

Mr. Crowe, our worthy consul-general in Norway, whose long residence in the country renders him a most reliable authority, told me that he witnessed a sight one Sunday, a few years ago, which made an ineffaceable impression on his mind.

"It was a clear bright Sunday; the thermometer degrees below zero, I fear to say how many; but so still and calm, that the excessive cold was not only endurable, but positively enjoyable. I was staying with a pastor in a mountain-parish, and the church was but a little distance from the parsonage house.

"'You will see a strange sight, I think, to-day,' said my host, as we were preparing to set out to church, which was close by. There was another district church, about thirty miles off, on the other side the mountain, I should state, where duty was only held in the summer months, and that only monthly. And indeed it was a strange sight. Far off in the distance, I could discern a number of objects moving swiftly down a mountain slope—they were about thirty or forty, as far as I could make out, in all. What they were, I could not at first conceive, but presently they again came into view, and I could see that they were men, women, and children, of all ages and sizes. It was christening Sunday, and several of the women were carrying their infants on their backs in an ingeniously contrived kind of basket, without apparently suffering any inconvenience."

In the far north, Mr. Crowe informed me, the Lapps, who are very skilful "runners," and extremely punctilious in the discharge of their religious duties, bury their children in the snow outside the church, while they, the parents, attend the service. Do not start, reader! The reason is, that their cries might disturb the congregation; and it is far warmer for them underneath the snow, wrapped up in a *pelts*, or skin, than in the church. A trusty dog is stationed near them, to keep off the wolves, should any be prowling about in the neighbourhood.

Let me now introduce the reader to a parish in Valders, in the southern part of the country. I conceal the name; but those who are intimately acquainted with that part of Norway may perchance recognise it from my description. Should they do so, I feel confident that the worthy pastor, who has recently been appointed to an important parish on the Miösen lake, will not feel annoyed with me for bringing his former habitat so prominently forward. It is a large parish to manage, measuring as it does twenty-five miles from one extremity to the other. It consists of a narrow valley, along the bottom of which runs the beautiful Begna River, while its sides are bounded by lofty mountains on either side. Towards its northern part, the valley widens out, and the mountain sides are not of such

imposing height or steepness as in the southern part. Hereabouts live the greater number of the parishioners; and here, too, far up in the forest tracts which cover the mountain tops, the bear would find a safe and secure retreat were any hunter less daring and less skilful than a Valders *jäger* to seek him in his lair.

The parsonage-house consists, as is usually the case in Norway, of four or five detached wooden houses, each of which has its respective use. There are five churches in this parish, three of which are situated in the main valley, while the two others lie at a considerable distance off in remote mountain defiles. The two most northerly churches are not more than four miles apart; but between are lofty and rugged heights, the like of which are scarcely to be found in any other part of the land. To the other two main churches, it is respectively fifteen and twenty miles from the parsonage. Though the pastor used to keep what is termed a *capellan*, or curate, it is impossible that divine service can be performed in all the above churches; indeed, —— Church, famous for a bear-story connected with it, only sees its pastor four or five times a year. House-to-house visitation in such a widely extended parish is, of course, an impossibility, rendered, in this case, still more impossible from the large number of souls—about seven thousand—it contains. But though this be the case, what with so many churches on his hands, and such a large parish to see after, the poor pastor and his capellan were very hard worked.

There are, I believe, fourteen fixed schools in the parish; while in the forest and mountain districts, in lonely farmhouses, in out-of-the-way parts, the education of the children is attended to by travelling teachers. The supervision of these forms one of the most arduous duties a pastor has to fulfil, especially as in Norway education is compulsory, and parents are severely punished if their children do not frequent the schools when they have arrived at the age of nine, unless, of course, bad health, insanity, or other natural causes render it an impossibility. In the fixed school, besides reading, writing, and religious instruction, the history and geography of Norway, and arithmetic, are taught. Each spring, the pastor has

to inspect every school in his parish, and to satisfy himself, after a strict examination of the scholars, that the teachers have duly fulfilled their duties.

During the winter months, his time is occupied by preparing candidates for confirmation; for confirmation is, or rather till recently was, compulsory in every member of the Norwegian Church. The candidates are obliged to attend twice a week, for three or four hours at a time, to receive instruction, either at the parsonage-house or at some other convenient place. The education of the poorer classes is free; while that of the better classes costs but a trifling sum, as the schoolmasters' salaries, &c., are defrayed by an "education tax."

When the pastor went to preach in the two distant churches of his parish, he always left home on the Saturday afternoon, seldom returning till the following Tuesday or Wednesday, so as to give himself time for visiting any sick parishioners. In addition to his spiritual duties, a Norwegian pastor must also be something of a doctor, for medical men in country districts are few and far between. He seldom goes anywhere without his medicine-chest; while the wife's time was not a little occupied in administering to the wants of the sick nearer home.

Whatever time the pastor may have over after having discharged the above-described duties, he usually devotes to the management of his farm, which he generally prefers to retain in his own hands instead of letting it.

And now as regards the diversions and amusements of a country pastor's life. Naturally, in a fjeld or mountain parish, far away from any town, and shut out from intercourse with educated people, these must needs be few and simple in their nature. Still, in the summer months, there are visits to make and receive; acquaintances from Christiania dropping in, in order to enjoy some of the fine shooting and fishing with which Valders abounds. Winter is the trying time. Not only do the wildness of the scene and the monotony of the snow-covered earth have a depressing effect upon the frame, but social intercourse becomes rarer, visits more seldom,

and every one thinks of keeping the cold out, rather than of pleasure making; and yet the winter evenings are by no means devoid of pleasure. In a country parsonage-house, the time is occupied partly in reading aloud, in studying music, &c., and last, but not least, in enjoying supper, that happy meal; after which, may be, a rubber of whist and a pipe, and then to bed beneath a quilt of eider down.

Need I say that post-day is always considered a red-letter day in a country parsonage-house?

Owing to the entire absence of roads, Nordland, at least the interior parts of that province, are but little known either to Norwegians who live in other districts of the country, or to English travellers. The following "Ramble into Nordland," which appeared in the columns of the *Field*, and which I am permitted to quote by the kind consent of the editor of that widely-circulated and popular paper, will, therefore, I think, be interesting to my readers, and of special value to any tourist who proposes to extend his journey to that province. Should the accompanying sketch fall under the eye of its author, "H. A. S.," he will not, I hope, be displeased that his interesting and graphically described trip should be snatched from its comparative oblivion in the old columns of the *Field*, and be presented under a new form to the public.

A Ramble into Nordland.

At a certain season of the year, we usually miss sundry of our acquaintances from town. Just as symptoms of a shady side to Pall-Mall become apparent—just as white hats come in, and we begin to wonder whether or no one could relish a snug little feed at the Star and Garter, or at the Crown and Sceptre, fellows seem to drop out of society, as it were, most mysteriously. The well-known piccadillies no longer grace the windows or portico of the Rag, and the halls of Poole cease to echo their familiar tones. For a week or two previously you might meet De Browne rushing in and out of Fortnum and Mason's as though he had taken long odds against

his doing it a certain number of times in a certain number of half hours; while, if you drop into Fitz-Smythe's rooms, you are labelled with his ancient and noble patronymic, deal boxes of a most preposterous length compared to their disproportionately narrow dimensions, which are commingled somehow with a vile smell of new macintoshes; and the lively O'Flaherty's den will be choked probably with a huge canvas concern that looks all over like emigration and Robinson Crusoe combined. A week or so after, and, "Where's De Browne?" "Gone to Norway, salmon-fishing."—"What has become of Fitz-Smythe?" "Oh! he's off to the Namsen."—"Who knows where O'Flaherty is?" "The sheriff of Middlesex isn't regarded in the Loffodens, and the Caucasian race never can face the Arctic Circle, so O'Flaherty's safe for two months to come."—"And who's seen ——?" "Oh! she's off to the Tana, too, with Charley Naughtiboy. He's rigged her out in knickerbockers and a garibaldi, and she makes a capital man—wouldn't know the difference! haw, haw! No end of fun. I'm going with a yacht-load of fellahs next week. Make one?" Such and such conversation betokens the now annual rush of Englishmen, &c., to Norway, in search of what O'Flaherty calls "diversion."

I do not know how my readers feel, but at the approach of spring I always experience a sort of twitching in the wrists and elbows, denoting an anxiety to thrash the water with twenty feet of hickory or greenheart. It betokens the approach of the salmon fever, and I usually, if possible, let blood for it as the only cure—partly from the region of the pocket, and partly, if possible, from sundry of the *Salmonidæ* themselves: the former as sparingly as need be, the latter as profusely as may be.

I had often longed to go to Norway—that blessed land of salmon rivers and fabled monsters. Hadn't I heard of De Browne killing his 190lb. weight before breakfast, and of little Fitz-Smythe being towed half a mile up-stream, treading water all the way, by the Kraken or the Midgarde serpent, and lots of other marvellous stories? Norway was the place, the Goshen of salmon fishers; so to Norway I determined to go likewise, and, having laid in a good

stock of portable soups, hams, drinkables, &c., all of which I might have spared myself the trouble of conveying across the German Ocean, as I could have obtained them equally good at Bergen or Drontheim, and quite as cheaply; and having further induced my friend G., a stalwart Highlander, and one of the best rods I ever met, to join me, behold us, leaving Hull—G., myself, and an old black setter hight Mink—at ten p.m., on the 22nd of June last, with a fair wind. bound for the Norraway coast. I am not fond of rough weather at sea, my interior arrangements being sadly discomposed by it, and drawing heavy draughts for acceptance on Daddy Neptune. They say it does one good, and I haven't the least doubt of it, for I have always noticed that the things which are said to do one good are just the most unpleasant things in all creation. What says the proverb? "Virtue is a sharp thorn." No, that isn't it, because, as Dundreary says, "that's nonsense you know"—but it is something like that. On this occasion, however, our fates were propitious, and Boreas was more than kind, and, after a delightful passage, on the 24th at three in the afternoon, we sighted the Norway coast, and, turning our course northwards, we steamed along the coast for some hours, until about eleven at night we headed eastward, and entered Bergen Fjord, everybody turning out to see the scenery.

"See the scenery at eleven at night!" exclaims the reader who has never been further north than "'Ampstead 'eath." Just so. In these latitudes, favoured by the northern light, the night is comparatively light, and as we get further north there is scarcely any difference perceptible between night and day. I have often laughed heartily at the perplexity of Lord Dufferin's cock in "High Latitudes," who never knew when to crow; and finally got so disgusted at the endless day, that he jumped overboard and committed suicide rather than be made a fool of any longer. I can now appreciate the state of mind of that unhappy rooster, for really it is very perplexing not to know when to go to bed or when to get up. Very fast young men in England, who have a predilection for keeping it up, should come to Norway, and they will find that time-honoured chorus "We won't go home till morning," entirely superfluous;

if they waited for that, to us, most natural and familiar event, they never would go home at all. The scenery, nevertheless, was magnificent—rugged mountains down to the water's edge everywhere: here and there a little cottage or two nestling in the shelter of some cove, and close down to the water, with boats moored at the very doors. It was very novel and delightful, while the strange yellowish-green northern light gave a frozen and ghostly look to the whole, such as one might have supposed Faust to have experienced on his ride to the Brocken. Indeed, so witch-like and weird was the appearance, that a skeleton astride on a broom careering through the air, or a black huntsman, all ostrich feathers and boots, mounted on a fire-breathing steed, taking the mountain-tops in his stride, and followed by a troop of Snarley-yows with gore-bedripped fangs and jagged tails, and hair blowing all the wrong way of the wind, would have been quite in keeping, and not at all out of place or even unexpected. However, nothing at all uncommon in the spectral line did manifest itself; and I am sure there was no absence of *spiritual* mediums, which might well have produced a peculiarity or duality of vision akin to second-sight. And so, at length, we came to Bergen about two o'clock; and here we got a few hours sleep—which was needed for the exertion we had to go through when we arose, in fighting a hard battle with the gentlemen who preside over the customs. They were civil enough—very civil indeed; but still I had to unpack every package of provisions, some of which had duty to pay, and a horrible nuisance I found it. Fortunately I had no Orsini bombs, no poisoned daggers, no palpably conspiratorial revolvers; no English gunpowder manifestly for the purpose of loading said bombs and revolvers; no photographs of anyone or anything but the map of the rivers we were going to; no mysterious abracadabra written in cypher; not even Zadkiel for the current year—none of the materials, in fact, with which the police elsewhere get up popular conspiracies; and so we got through at length, without being the subjects of a diplomatic difficulty, or even a single telegram to any place or paper whatever. As luck had it, the Drontheim (pronounced and sometimes spelt Trondjhem)

steamer was at the same wharf; so, as fast as a box was examined, I got it passed on to her, and we secured berths at once.

When all our arrangements in this line were complete, we went up to the Hotel M. Sontums, which was full, so we had beds at a house hard by, boarding at the hotel. All the party from the steamer were there. After refreshing our wasted energies, we strolled about the town, which is very picturesque, and situated, as I should judge, upon a rocky island in the centre of the fjord, the shores of the fjord maintaining the same character which had struck us so much on our upward passage.

The houses along the water-side have long wooden galleries extending over the water, and are, in fact, themselves built upon piles over the water. The streets are for the most part narrow, but clean, the white wooden houses adding much to this appearance. The Grand-square seems to be the only space in the town, and it has a very singular and pleasing effect, with the group of shipping in the foreground and high mountains everywhere in the distance. Night seemed as if it never would come, and I sat at my window writing at half-past eleven, after which it seemed to get lighter. The appearance of the white, still streets in the pale green light is really very ghostly, and would afford a hint to Professor Pepper and his friend Dircks. I felt that all this was exceedingly strange, and turning into bed in broad daylight a most unusual, un-British sort of proceeding. Indeed, I half thought that if a British subject is to be subjected to this sort of inconvenience from the peculiar and uncivilised nature of Norwegian institutions in this respect, that one would be justified in writing to Lord Palmerston, or the *Times*, or somebody, or of applying, through one's ambassador, for compensation for loss of rest, &c. On turning it over, however, I supposed that it might be a great deal of trouble, and so I thought better of it.

On the 26th, we started early, with a party of eight, in two carriages, to fish some lakes and to explore the country adjacent. We had a lovely drive through a mountain district, somewhat Scotch in general appearance, but far grander than anything I have ever seen in Scotland. The whole mountain sides are carpeted with

ferns of the most luxuriant growth, and vividly green in colour. The general brilliancy of the green tints is very remarkable. We caught a good many small trout, and enjoyed the day thoroughly, getting back to town in the evening, and early to bed.

Our rooms were very clean and neat, flowers growing in the windows—a common custom here. One very pretty arrangement is that of putting pots of ivy between the windows and training it over the top of the muslin curtains, where it forms a natural and very tasteful border. In my room it was also carried along the cornice,—a very pleasing effect. Tall ornamental iron stoves in every room gave one a forcible hint of the state of things here in the winter time. But most wonderful are the staircases; ours was just eighteen inches wide. Fortunately crinoline does not "obtain" here, but what very stout individuals, such as one often comes across in England, are compelled to do to get upstairs, passes my comprehension.

The variety of costume in this part of the world is certainly very pretty, but the eccentric extent of breek put forth by the natives is most perplexing. Imagine a pair of bags—literally bags, in the truest acceptation of the word—that come up to the armpits, met by a vest surmounted with gorgeriferous silver buttons, and a collar that rises to the level of the tips of their ears, and looks as though it were a kind of socket meant to keep their heads from being blown off their shoulders, with a close-fitting woollen skull-cap over all, and you have the awful compound of clothing which distinguishes the respectable native. The women are picturesque, specially the girls, with their tall Normandy caps and tiaras of red calico, with flying ends bedecked with silver. Now, picturesqueness of this sort is very well worth observation at all reasonable times and places, but to be subject to incursions and excursions on the part of the picturesque when one is in one's tub *in puris naturalibus*, or in any other peculiar evolution of the toilet, keeps one in a state of perpetual terror. Imagine a gentleman with a taste for gymnastics going through his exercises as a friend of mine was one morning! Down on all fours was he, with arms and legs extended, with the most honourable portion of his frame elevated at an angle of 90deg., doing

a very difficult feat for the exercise of his muscles. Not so much as the earliest form of toggery indulged in by our first parents—in common with our old friend Achilles in Hyde Park—covered him; when suddenly the door opened, and in popped the inevitable Normandy cap and streamers. The astonishment of Norskina was fully equal to T.'s. Recovering himself from his rather ignominious posture, with a bound he reached his bunk, and, huddling himself up in his quilt, gazed at the intruder after the fashion of Mr. Pickwick when the single lady took him unawares at the inn. What with these frequent intrusions, and the open and blindless windows, one might just as well perform the necessities of the toilet in the street itself. Atrocious are the beds. A shelf in a dark cupboard, a sheet underneath, and an eider-down coverlid *couleur* (and *odeur* likewise) *de punaises*—a hammock would be luxury itself compared with them.

The interpreter we engaged—for such an appendage is indispensable unless you can patter Norse—was a sailor, a handy fellow enough, and one who had never been with a party before: a great advantage, as he was not *too clever*. He called us at 4.30 on Sunday morning, and when we reached the pier, at three minutes after five, we found, to our horror, the steamer under way. We had a narrow squeak of it, but she stopped and took us on board. She was a comfortable boat, with larger berths than the last. All day long we threaded our course along fiords surrounded by mountains of every shape and hue, rising abruptly from the water; past the Beamornis Horn, which hung above us, a tremendous precipice, 2500 feet in height; but the scenery was sadly obscured by the rain, which came down in torrents. Arrived at 10.30 at Aalesund—a characteristic little spot, consisting of timber-built houses and stones, around a small circular harbour filled with fishing *yachts*—as it still rained, I preferred turning-in to going on shore, and woke in the morning just as we were moving off. Beautiful weather and lovely fjords, nothing could be more charming. Mountains rising abruptly, some wooded, with mountain peaks clad with snow in the distance to back up the picture. In due time we reached Romsdal Horn,

where "reins" are said to abound. Molde is passed, Christiansund is behind us, and we approached Drontheim, and caught sight of the steamer which was to take us northwards. She looked most ominously small.

After arranging about our passage, &c., we found our way to the Hotel d'Angleterre, and, after recruiting our wasted energies, we strolled round the town, which is neat and clean, with large white houses, and wide, but ill-paved streets. The most striking object in the town is certainly the cathedral, which is quite an architectural puzzle in its way, being a compound of styles, damaged by fire and restorers who have patched instead of restored. The carving is very wonderful, and the exfoliated ornaments are delicate, sharp, and clear. There is a legend as to the origin of the cathedral, built, it is said, by St. Olaf. Metcalf tells the story, and from him I borrow it: "The cathedral of Trondjhem, which is still one of the most remarkable buildings in Christendom, was still more so in the days of old, when its sky-high tower was standing. The church St. Olaf managed to build, but the spire was beyond his art. In this dilemma he promised to give (no less an article than) the sun to whoever would finish the building; but so arduous was the task, that the only person who offered was a Troll, who dwelt at Hladhammer, not far from the city. In addition to the reward, the Troll stipulated that if the saint by any accident should discover his name, he should not allow it to pass his lips. The saint," says Metcalf, "was wise in his generation." If this means, was a cheat and a promise-breaker in his generation, I indorse the description. "He secretly determined, however, to find out his friend's name by hook or by crook") two very appropriate terms for the means he meant to employ, by the way), "so at midnight, when the Troll was at work, he quietly unmoored his boat," did this sneak of a saint, "and sailed alongside of Hladhammer. Listening attentively" (he ought not to have heard any good of himself, I am sure), "he heard a child crying on the hill, and the mother trying to pacify it. 'Be quiet, my babe,' she said, 'and it shall have heaven's gold (the sun) when Twester comes home.' Overjoyed at the discovery, Olaf made the

best of his way back to the city. Nor did he arrive a minute too soon, for the spire was just finished all but the golden ball, which the Troll was at that very moment fixing on the top of the vane. 'Twester,' called out the" (dishonest) "saint at the top of his voice," 'Twester, I say, you are putting it a thought too much to the west.' No sooner did the Troll hear his own name pronounced than he fell down dead to the bottom." There's a pretty fellow for a saint! Imagine the Archbishop of Canterbury employing Sir Joseph Paxton to exalt his horn by fixing public opinion on the top of his cathedral as a weather-cock for him by the promise of making him perpetual chairman of the Sun Office! Imagine Sir Joseph boldly seizing the variable vane, and fixing it according to condition! Imagine our archbishop, finding it impossible to redeem his share of the bargain owing to the chairman *in esse* declining the substitute *in posse*, and the bishop forthwith waiting until he saw Sir Joseph on the very topmost rung of a good fifteen-hundred or two-thousand round ladder, waiting till the vane was fixed, and then coming up as closely to him as a profound ignorance of the principles of Banting and his silk apron would allow, with a huge double-handed speaking trumpet and saint-power lungs, just as he saw him a tip-toe in the most excruciatingly exciting position of lofty tumbling, and roaring at him, "Sir Joseph! what the deuce are you sticking it on all askew for?" If, as would most likely happen, poor Sir Joseph got a fearful cropper, and was picked up a wafer; if the archbishop handed his trumpet to the dean, and went his way chuckling that, as Sir Joseph no longer existed, he had no call to make him chairman of the Life and Fire, what would the world say? I know if I was on the inquest, I'd see all Canterbury burnt before I'd hesitate to bring it in wilful murder, with a recommendation to immediate neck-stretching outright. I'd eat my boots, nails, tips, and all at the trial if I wouldn't. A shabby vagabond! Perhaps, however, the name of Twester has been slightly varied to give point and signification to the story, as, thus, *Twister*, and the saint is—ahem!—not so black as he is painted.

On July 1 we went to the falls of the Nid to try our hands with

the salmon—and what a magnificent specimen of a Norwegian salmon-river it was! The whole body of the river, which is about ten times that of the Thames, tumbled in one fall over a ledge of rock fifty feet high, and came foaming and roaring tumultuously past our feet. The noise was terrific. Of course fishing was hopeless in such a turmoil of waters, so we got into the boat and were rowed backwards and forwards across the tail of the immense pool, trailing our flies behind us—a very killing plan no doubt, and amusing, perhaps, for muffs, but unquestionably sleepy work for the adept. We managed, however, to rise and hook four fish, but all of them so slightly that we were convinced that pretty well every fish in the pool had had a taste of either fly, worm, or minnow. After about two hours of this exciting work we decided to give the pool a rest, and walked up to another fall or foss about a mile off. A magnificent fall it was, far finer than the other; fully one hundred yards in width, and the water twenty feet in depth. At the top of the fall a mass of rock divided the stream, and the immense volume of water rushed down, as I should judge, about one hundred and seventy feet. After scrambling about, to get various views of the fall, for some time, we finally went back to our fishing. The pool had been kept in full practice for us during our absence by a native, who very politely, however, gave way for us and vacated, and again we betook us to the weary work of trailing. We rose one more fish as shy as the rest, and, getting disgusted with their remarkably well-educated condition, we then struck rods, and rowed ashore. Here we repaired to the farm-house, ate an egg each, and drank a little milk out of compliment, for which the agriculturist did us the honour to accept half a dollar—and so ended our first attempt with the salmon. The pool is now fished incessantly by the natives and of couse sport is exceptional. Such was not the case formerly, when magnificent sport was had by the earlier wandering Englishman; but the natives are quick imitators, and are now fully awake not only to the sport, but to the value thereof.

July 2.—Breakfasted late, and took our luggage on board the Œger (name of horrible significance), made purchases, dined at six, and

so on board. Off Namsos we took in two more fishers, who had been pretty well taken-in already. One of them was positively lame from a mosquito bite. "Jolly look-out that for me," said G., who is rather thin-skinned. The new arrivals grumbled sorely at the bad sport. The snow was very late this season in the south, and was now flooding the rivers and spoiling them. In the north there had been no snow, so bad sport might be anticipated there. More consolation! And by way of further consolation yet, on all hands we heard reports of rivers being taken by some gigantic swell or other. It seems the fashion here to take several rivers each as big as the Dee, and to visit them in turn. At every station the ubiquitous, unmistakable Briton put in an appearance—not the Briton of Pall-Mall, however; not Leech's underanged and underangeable Man about Town, but a tousled, tangled Briton, all unkempt, and without a regard for appearances. A Briton without a toilet and devoid of a tub—an evicted Diogenes—in hot haste after a "good thing" he has heard of, which, like most "good things," is generally a long way off. What a collection of them we had on board! Have you seen that little Cockney that Leech delights to impale on his pencil? Here he is—as I live, sir, his very self! You'd know him amongst a thousand. His appearance is his passport, and on it is written—five feet two inches 'igh; a ferocious beard, like a raw-sienna door-mat; mustachioes that Hicks—I beg his pardon 'Icks—in "The Bandit of the 'Artz, or the Ensanguined Gimlet," might have envied; in the 'ight of fashion, and bound in electro chains of ponderous weight, which meandered gorgeously across his little bosom, and on which he had clearly hung all the family plate, from his grandmother's toothpick down to his father's thimble, including one bad half-sovereign, and two real guineas, "bought off a gentleman who was compelled to sell 'em at a twentieth part of their value, in consquence of a sportin' member of the Haristocracy 'avin made a bet with another sportin' member of the same on Hepsom race-course." Poor little Briton! Wretched little Briton, won't he be sea-sick by-and-bye! Serve him right—what the deuce do such creatures mean by coming abroad to caricature us? Then look

here: there is that everlasting unprotected female, too—the British contingent, as Leech calls her—a species of Ida Pfeiffer *redivivus*, Talk of your "crowded" Yankee females! I'll back this wandering splinter of old British oak against all the women with missions, all the female lecturers, and all the mothers of the modern Gracchi that ever chopped polysyllables with professors, to give weight for age, and beat 'em in a canter. Hard! I believe you; as hard as nails and as dry as a lime-burner's basket. Quite equal to taking care of *her*self and her beastly, dyspeptic, one-toothed mongrel of a cur—a mangy, moth-eaten, blighted being into the bargain. The pair are an institution, and the institution is bound for Hammerfest; though what in the world they will do there passes my comprehension. She chatters French and Italian like *anything* but a native. She has been all over the world, I think. As for the Pyramids, familiarity has clearly bred contempt of them in her mind. She considers the King of Dahomey's amazons great creatures, and in her secret mind, I am convinced, thinks she would look well in very short pantalettes and a sash, with a musket and bayonet over her shoulder. Hum! "may difference of opinion never alter," &c.

Our voyage has been as through a series of Scotch lochs, the Namsen Fjord being most familiar in its aspects. Small rounded islands clad with pines crop up every here and there, and one can hardly believe that the water is salt. On we go, till Namsos is purple in the distance, and with no wind to speak of, we wind through intricate channels amongst rocky and barren islands. The next morning we are off Troghatten, and the Seven Sisters, and I munch my rusk and sip my coffee on deck, for the smell below is not goodly; it is a very vile smell; it is a compound of bilge, stale fish, and departed Lapps. The snow looks nearer than hitherto. We made long stretches up the Vefsen and Ranen fjords, which, though somewhat of a delay, amply repaid us in respect to scenery. At one of the small stations were preparations for a fair; already some three hundred boats had collected there, and many of them were now doing duty as tents on the hill-side. Towards evening I tried conclusions with the wildfowl by means of my rifle: the result was

adverse to my skill. Very odd how different rifle-shooting is on land and on water.

Sunday, up early. A long stretch of open sea just over; a good thing that. The scenery now becomes very wild—rugged rocks and serrated crags, differing from anything I had ever seen before. The wildfowl being aware that it *was* Sunday, gathered round us in flocks—mobbed us, in fact, disgracefully; and a splendid eagle surveyed us from the pinnacle of a rock about one hundred yards or so off, with the utmost unconcern. Towards evening we stretched across to those vexed Bermoothes, the Loffodens, wind dead ahead, and a swell (I mean of the waves, of course) getting up. Dirty weather in the wind's eye, to all appearance.

Monday morning was dark, windy, and rainy. Some Lapps came on board in the night—dirty beggars, that one would not prefer to have betwixt the wind and one's nobility oftener than was absolutely needful. In point of perfume they are a "whole team and a dog in the boot." I had counted upon some scenery in the vicinity of the Maelström, but the coast of the Loffodens did not treat us well; rain, sleet, and clouds obscured all scenery save the merest glimpse of a mountain or a rock occasionally. Havenig was reached at ten at night, a jolly little spot where most of the houses pertain to one "Duns,"—a dreadfully suggestive name, I must admit, to the undergrads and fast lads who "*use*" this country. The quarters, however, are clean and comfortable, and while G. and George, our attendant, started up the mountains among the ptarmigan, I got out my camera, and astonished the natives a little.

At four next morning we started in an open boat up the fiord, not a breath of wind stirring. The scenery was lovely at the top of the fiord. G. had a shot at a seal, but to no purpose. Shortly after this we landed, and here was our first real trouble. It was twelve p.m., and we could get no carts to take us on; no beds, if we stopped; and no food, whether or no! "Staggerers," one, two, and three, as Mr. Swiveller hath it. I need not say that we felt the last misfortune most deeply, for what pleads so convincingly as an empty bread bag? Luckily, a Norsk lawyer, who was on his way down,

came to our rescue in the nick of time, and, Samaritan that he was, presented us with a loaf of bread, and, by dint of some magical arguments, induced the natives to *find* us a horse and cart somewhere; and while they were arranging our goods, I made play with a case of provisions.

The cart was soon packed with our tent and some light matters, and off we went on a little steeple chase over half-a-mile of rather difficult country utterly devoid of any approach to a road. Anon we reached a lake at the mouth of the Salangs river, and here we pitched our tent, pulling some boards from a neighbouring pile of deals to lay down on the inside. Here we arranged our rugs and tried to slumber, while the cart went back for the rest of our traps. It was past one before we lay down, and at four the boatman woke us, having already loaded our heavy things for a start. Tired to death, we nevertheless determined to reach Kroken before stopping again, and so we started. It was a lovely morning as we pulled up the lake. By towing up the rapids, and then up the river, through, oh such a country!—a species of marshy oven, invented clearly for the sole purpose of hatching mosquitoes and flies of divers diabolical sorts—in time we reached a little farm-house, utterly knocked up. Here we threw ourselves on the floor, and in two minutes were fast asleep. Two hours later we started again, despite bogs, heat, and insects, and formed a procession, the carts with the baggage leading the way. And thus we tramped six weary miles through woods and bogs, with never a road, and only mile-posts to show where it might, could, would, or should have been, if "the powers that be" were potentially inclined. We heard the river from time to time, but did not see it, although we crossed several small tributaries. As we reached our journey's end, however, we came down upon the main river; and the first thing our gladdened eyes saw was a splendid trout of some 5lb., every spot on his comely carcase showing, as he rose at fly after fly, in the bright, glittering, crystal water. Not far from him was another, almost 4lb., equally greedily occupied. This gave us a good heart for the rest of our journey; and not long after we emerged from the woods into a little open hollow, in the centre

of which stood the house or cluster of houses which formed the farm-buildings.

The natives came out to bid us welcome. The door was opened, and we entered the rooms we were to occupy. The sitting-room was about thirty feet square, and from this a steep ladder led to an upper room of the same size. The whole was built of rough pine logs. The first thing we did after unloading was to open the window; but we very soon shut it again, for, as though sensible that it was the entrance to "fresh fields and pastures new," the insect world flocked in an unbroken stream or cloud, until the room was crowded with them.

"What could we have to eat?"

"Fladbrod."

"No meat, no eggs, no bread?"

"No, nothing but fladbrod." And what might the said fladbrod be? If the name sounds indigestible, it is no more than it deserves. Fladbrod is a sort of diabolical damper, compounded, as G. confidentially assured me, of rye straw and birch bark, with a faint suspicion of paste somewhere. To this I hazarded a melancholy attempt at a bon-mot, and remarked that its *bite* was a deal worse than its *bark*. At length we did contrive to get a little coffee, and with our own provisions and the remnant of that blessed loaf the lawyer gave us, we managed to satisfy our cravings. Crockery is of course unknown here; so are knives and forks—we are in that primitive state in which "fingers were made before them." We were offered a bed between us, but declined, and utilised some cut grass as a substratum, on that reindeer-skins, and on this table-clo—I beg pardon, sheets: with this we rested content. Our ablutions were performed on the middle of the green, under the eyes of the whole community, who evidently looked on the process as something rather unusual and to be investigated. I was strongly reminded of Leech's picture of the three Frenchmen stopping before the washstand, ewer, &c., in pure curiosity as to their use. And the cool manner in which the entire company—old and young, male and female, walked into our apartment and sat down to stare at us, left us without privacy of

any kind whatever. They walk up close to you, if they desire to inspect what you are about, and glare into your ear or down your throat with a pertinacity and an utter regardlessness of whether it may be agreeable or no, that is really amusing *sometimes*.

After a good night's rest we went to a small lake close at hand to fish for the pot. It was a very romantic spot, surrounded by high mountains, and without a ripple on the water. We managed to pick up about a dozen of trout, and brought them home for dinner. In the evening we tried the river for an hour for trout; but it was full of snow-water, so we did no good. To bed late, for the cool of the evening is the only enjoyable part of the day. The well here is delicious, very full, partly of beautiful water and partly of last winter's ice: so we have plenty of iced water—that is one comfort.

July 10.—The first thing we did was to fill the room with the densest of smoke to kill the mosquitoes, which are something truly awful. I now understand why the natives keep an extra crust—a sort of upper leather of dirt—upon them. It forms a sort of impromptu defence against the flies. Poor G. and our valet George were in a dreadful state with them. G. resembled a bloated plum-pudding, and neither of them got a wink of sleep all night. "H.," said my friend, "I now understand what the plague of flies must have been, and I am quite convinced that a terrible convulsion of nature at some time must have hove Europe up to the surface and split off a great piece of Egypt just as the plague of flies was in full swing, and this Norway is that bit of Egypt, and has never got rid of the plague of flies since. Ah! would you?"—and G. seized a wading-boot that lay handy, and whirled it round his head with a whoop like an Indian brave, as a cloud of mosquitoes, disturbed by the smoke, sought to take refuge in the inmost recesses of his ear. "Ah, carramba! may the souls of all the mosquitoes be translated into one body, and may it be my delightful mission to give that body the *coup de grace*—something—something—something you," concluded G., as he ground one to powder under his heel. Seriously, however, the mosquitoes are a great drawback to some of the

northern rivers. I, however, did not suffer quite so much as my companions.

In the midst of our miseries one thing amused us greatly. Our landlady was in fits at the state of the atmosphere in our room, and declared that we should spoil *something;* but what the deuce we were to spoil was very hard to say.

We saw the owner of the foss, and arranged to go to his house. which was not only nearer the river, but, from its situation, less infested with mosquitoes than our present abode. Every mile you go inland these pests seem to get more and more vicious; and just now they even beat the natives themselves, for they are unable to go on with their wood-cutting for them. G.'s bites were so bad that he wisely stayed indoors while I went to the lake pot-hunting. I got three little fish directly, when I was stormed and literally driven away by the insects. The evening was cool and cloudy, and threatened rain. The next morning was cool and pleasant, and I started with a trout-rod down the river to get something for dinner. Owing to the snow water the fish would not look at the fly, so I put on an artificial minnow, and, after fighting my way through some tremendous ravines, alongside of about a mile of foss I came to a quiet part of the river, and here I caught seven or eight nice trout, but none over 2lb., though I lost at least a score more, owing to the wretched little hooks the London tackle-makers put on to their minnows. On my return I found that G. had turned out, but, shirking the ravine, turned up and went to the lake, where he had picked up thirteen nice fish. A box of bread and biscuit had also come in from Havenig, so things looked a little more cheerful.

The gentlemen by whom the box came stayed to dine, and from them we got some information which induced us to look favourably towards Laxbotn. The next day I puddled about and wrote letters, and a grave misfortune befel us. We had among our stores a ham —oh! such a ham! a beauty, that would have made your mouth water, sir—"'Twas all your fancy painted it, 'twas lovely, 'twas"—as "divine" as a pig's leg salted and smoked can be ever supposed to be. Well, I told our wretched cook to soak it for eight hours and

boil it for four. He thought one couldn't have enough of a good thing; and so soaked it for twelve and boiled it eight. The delightful consequence was, ham soup, pulp, and rags. Robinson Crusoe surveying the footmarks of Friday and Co.,—Alderman Tomkins hearing the dinner-hour strike, while he is yet a whole street from the Free-masons'—William Taylor's true love, when she saw the recreant Bill, early in the morning, "a-walking with a ladye gay"—could never have expressed greater surprise and perturbation than we did at this dreadful sight—this sudden death to all our hopes and anticipations. Like the last-mentioned young person, we almost "called for swords and pistols," but we thought better of it, and substituted a spoon for a carving knife, and mourned over the ruins as did Marius of yore o'er those of Carthage. Unlike that potentate, however, we consoled ourselves with some whisky-toddy, imbibed through the medium of marmalade-pots. Down the river next day we proceeded with our trout-rods, and we caught ten trout, four of them good ones, between 4lb. and 6½lb. each. We then mounted our salmon-rods, and went below the foss, to have a look at the salmon pools, which are certainly pretty, *and only want fish to be perfect.* We caught one small charr on the salmon-rod, and G. rose twice a large fish which he determined to be a trout—I *hoped* salmon. Home in pouring rain, wet through; lighted a fire to dry us, which was acceptable. We packed up next morning, and left George to see the traps off, and tried the trout—I got but three small ones; made our way to our new quarters, which are cleaner and more comfortable, and nearer the river. Turned in about twelve, all of us half-crazy from our bites; we tried various remedies with little effect. Brandy-and-salt seemed to give some slight relief—at least, we fancied so; it was but trifling, however, for the irritation was frightful.

After a comfortable night, void of fleas and mosquitoes, we started to try a lake some three miles off, up the mountains, taking a gun with us. The walk was one of the loveliest I ever remember. The scenery in parts resembled a well-kept park; in parts we waded through dense masses of the most luxuriant ferns and wild raspberries. As we ascended the mountain the view over the valley of

the Salangs was magnificent, dotted about, as it was, with lakes of all shapes and sizes. The temperature, too, became sensibly colder as we reached the lake; and well it might, for some of the winter's snow even yet lay unmelted on its shores; and to improve matters, a heavy snow-storm began to fall—rather a change, this, from that oven of a Kroken. Of course it was useless trying for any of the large trout which are said to be plentiful in the lake, so we tried instead to get a shot at some black-throated divers. In this we failed; but G. potted a merganser. After this we were fain to beat a retreat from the wintry scene, and, leaving the snow-storm behind, turned down hill. The walk home was pleasant enough. When we got home G. set to work to make himself comfortable, and I started out to try the river; and my faith was rewarded with the first fish of the season—a 13-pounder—a nice fresh fish, and very seasonable in every sense. High glee for the rest of the evening, and great preparations, for fixing salmon "takings," for the morrow.

On the next day we started, quite bloated with expectation, but, as an old attendant of mine used to say, "Blessed is them wot expecs nothin, cos, ye see, they's never disapinted," for we tried every cast with the greatest perseverance without success; and if there *was* another fish in the water, which we doubted, he wouldn't rise. We then took close stock of the pools, and carefully surveyed them, to "spot" the likely casts—a proceeding I recommend to all young salmon-fishers (and old ones also who do not do so) when upon unknown waters, as thereby much time and labour may be often saved. Next, for our convenience in talking of them, we proceeded to christen and name the pools, and this was the result: No. 1 we called The Rock Pool; 2, The Long Run; 3, H. A. S.'s Pool, in honour of my first fish; 4, The Blue Brae; 5, The Round Turn; 6, The Sally Bush; 7, Bobbies Girnals; and so home to dinner. And, ye deities of the gourmandic art! there was actually a capital Irish stew for dinner, compounded of a lamb killed that morning; and, as it was the first bit of fresh meat we had had, it was proportionably welcome. The next day was cold, wet, and raw. G. sat at home tying flies, at which he is an artist; and I tried the river

again. No go—not a fish in it, I believe. It was likewise very low. The following day we started with trout-rods to a small reedy, black-looking pool, on the further side of the river to make a rate-in-aid for the pot if possible. The tarn was full of trout, which at first came readily enough. I caught six, two of them 2½lb. and 1¾lb., losing several in the snags and rotten stumps under water. After a time, however, the fish got knowing, and politely declined the fly, so we gave it up. Towards evening I photographed the falls, and G. tried for a salmon, uselessly, of course. After dinner—that is about twelve at night—we did a little target-shooting, to the great amusement and delight of the natives. It was very lovely out of doors, the sun still shining on the snow-capped ridges of the mountains, the valleys meanwhile being lit up with a beautiful soft green light. Before we turned in we decided to have a look at Laxbotn on Monday. Sunday was a great gala-day for the natives; we had the pleasure of eating our dinner under the inspection of the entire male population, aided by many of their friends, who came from a distance to help them; and after dinner in walked all the ladies to inspect us and our belongings—rather a trying situation for two modest men! Nothing escaped the feminine curiosity. Slippers, brushes, feathers, tinsel, knives, guns, and even the more secret arcana of the toilet came in for its share of attention. One thing puzzled them much, viz., a pot of red lip-salve. They felt it, smelt it, and finally one tasted it. She evidently thought she had discovered a nice thing in grease, and so passed it round for approval. It was an awful bore; but, as many of them had evidently come from afar by invitation for this express purpose, we did not like to disappoint them, but bore it like a couple of amiable hippopotami at the Zoological Gardens, and thanked our stars when it was all over.

We started at seven in the morning in light marching order, rowed by our landlady and her son on a tour of inspection to Laxbotn. We shot a duck going down the river. Trailed a spinning-bait across both lakes without a touch, and left the boat, as there were some rapids to walk down. The fact of rapids suggested the possibility of a salmon-pool at the foot of them, so G., as an off-

chance, took his rod; and it was well that he did, for in a very pretty pool *close to the sea* he killed a 10lb. salmon, a 7lb. sea-trout, and a 3*lb. charr;* and I killed a 4lb. trout, after a very pretty bit of sport, in a rapid run of water. Not so bad for an off-chance. We again took to our boat and coasted along, and, after shooting a young eider-duck and some other fowl, we reached our destination. What a stream it was!—about the size of the Owenduff at low water, with a sort of cruive permanently erected across it near the mouth. Of course, fishing here was hopeless; so we walked up the river to survey the land. Found lots of delicious molte berries nearly ripe. Flushed a snipe and two cock ryper. Took boat and crossed the fiord to a merchant's, where our attendants bought some coffee and other necessaries, while we warmed up some stew; and after feeding, "homeward" was the cry. On our way back to our own river we espied a porpoise evidently cruising after salmon; and reaching the river we tried the pools at the foot of the foss again. I pricked two fish but could do no more, so homewards. On our walk up the upper part of the river we saw a salmon working his way up the shallows. This looked wholesome, but our host told us we need not expect many before the 1st of August. One good thing in our expedition was, that we had three more casts pointed out to us, so we named them afresh. Hot coffee, and turned in.

The next day we did not turn out very early, being tired with our expedition the day before. I killed one fish on the Rock Pool with a light blue silk body and blue hackle—a kind of "butcher." A nice active little fish he was, and gave good sport, though he only weighed 4lb.

The next day I killed a fish of 5lb. in the Blue Brae Pool, a very fat, well-conditioned fish; silver body and red-hackle fly this time. After this I tried down the river and hooked another fish; had a pluck from another at the tail of the island—both at "the butcher." G. went up the river and killed a white trout 4½lb., at the Rock, and had a pull from another. This looked as if more fish were coming up, so we sent our landlord's son down the river to negotiate with the owners of the net in the hope of buying it off. "If he

succeeds," we argued, "we should have good sport;" but, as the proprietors are eleven in number, the job is a tough one. The natives are in great commotion about a bear—said bear having carried off a sheep from the fold, the night before last. Wolves have been prowling about, too, and the sheep are nightly driven into a pen, and a watch set over them ; but Master Bear is a cunning blade, and knows how to steal a march on his enemies as well as most animals.

The next day was dreadfully hot and bright, regular Kroken weather. Tried photographing in the morning, and then wrote and tied flies. Went down the river about *half-past eleven at night.* G. hooked and lost a fish at the Rock, but I soon caved in ; came back and went to bed. Norway was certainly looking up a little, and if we can only get the nets off good sport may result.

Friday, July 24.—It was very hot and bright, with hardly a chance of a fish, still the true fisherman always hopes against every probability. Your true Pandora's box is the fisherman's creel, for hope is the great sustaining power of the salmon-fisher, who flogs away for twenty-four hours without a rise, picturing each moment, as he makes a good and neat cast, that beautiful boiling eddy that does not come, or haply that delightful head-and-tail rise which he loves still more, when three parts of the fish rolls up above the water, showing his goodly proportions in all their azure and silver sheen—*saltatus delphinus* I term it, from the action which dolphins are always depicted as indulging in upon signboards. And here I would venture on a little speculation anent signboards. Who, in the name of goodness, first adopted a dolphin as a sign? and why did he do it? "The Trout," or "The Salmon," or "The Herring." one could understand ; but the Dolphin! *unde derivatur?* Is natural history the father of it? and is it the real *fish* dolphin that heralds the entrance to so many a venerable public throughout the nooks and corners of Merry England ; or is it the fabled monster of heraldry suggested haply by the constellation? How comes this conjunction of Pisces and Aquarius? I incline myself to the mystic, and hold to heraldry ; for have we not Griffins and Dragons, and Red Lions and

Blue Boars, and Bears with Ragged Staves, and Magpies and Stumps? all indicative of heraldic insignia; the latter possibly being the device of some talkative member of Parliament in bygone days—the great progenitor of all the magpies in the H. of C. (I refrain from maligning that august assembly more definitely, as I have some idea of taking the chair there myself some day), who so perpetually go "on the stump" in our day that they have lost the faculty of going on anything else. Take away the stump, and what would become of them? What a state of mind these poor birds will be in when, some fine day, some butcher or brewer, haply full of beef and malt, and backed with all the authority of the democracy, shall order his followers to "take that *stump* hence," and deprive the poor birds of all their perches. No more four hours' speeches—hurrah! what a blessing for the reporters! But to get back to fishing, from which we have strayed somewhat. We did not like to be lazy, so I went to the Blue Brae, while G. and George went across the water (at least *a part of it*) in the boat. I watched them with interest while they accomplished this feat, for I noticed that the boat, which was leaky, began to get deeper and deeper in the water. Presently things came to a crisis, and G. jumped overboard; while George, who was a sailor, treated the whole affair with the most amusing *sang froid*, and settled down quietly to the bottom with the boat. I had a good laugh at them as they scuttled out like a brace of water-kelpies, and dried their drenched toggery in the sun. The fact is, they did not take the most direct route, by which *it was customary* for the boat to sink just as she arrived at the other side (her capabilities having been carefully calculated), and they went down, therefore, almost in mid-stream. I must say I think their conduct in diverging thus was very unfair to the boat. G. did not try long, but went home speedily to sketching and mosquitoes. I stuck at it, but did little, as the river was rising. One never knows, however, when a salmon may take it into his snout to rise. That is the uncertainty at salmon-fishing which lures us on; and sure enough, as I was working the Rock Pool over, up came a remarkably fine fish, and we were soon in the thick of the contention, giving and taking with the

greatest regularity and satisfaction. I was rapidly getting the best of it, and was looking about to gaff my prize, when the line came home without him. I had some sport out of him, so that was one consolation. Our negotiations with the netmen to take off their nets for the season are for the present at a standstill. They want 100 rixdollars, and we don't quite see it.

The next day the river was in fine order, but I had wretched luck. I hooked two fish at the Rock, and another at another throw, and lost them all. I suppose they did not mean it. It was very unsatisfactory, and one always blames oneself on such occasions, and thinks if one had but done so-and-so, or so-and-so, something or other might have occurred. but, as it was with King Cole's soothsayer, "what that something might be" is less apparent. I only know I lost them, and was acidulated thereby. G. tried the lower part of the river, and soon found it was *nullus eo*, as Mr. Septimus Chitty was wont to observe, and again devoted himself to pigments and those infernal deities the mosquitoes.

Here's a discovery! awful state of things, to be sure! All the sherry is gone; we have only part of a bottle of brandy; not an atom of bread; but a few biscuits, and a very few potatoes—a dreadful state of things, under which it behoves us to cast about like roaring lions in search of something to devour. Accordingly, Sunday being (as it always is when you are out fishing) the very best day for fishing in the week, we left the river, which was in fine order, in disgust. and took a tramp among the mountains to see if we could spot any ryper. The covert was not very suitable, although there appeared to be some much better adapted further off. In a litttle willow scrub, however, we put up three old cocks and one hen, with a brood half grown, and so home to dinner. Dinner! ha! ha! Duke Humphrey was very nearly being a guest of ours that day; and the beggarly array of empty boxes, once stored with creature comforts, portends for us a beggarly array of empty—something elses of an anatomical nature which also begins with "B." Gad, sir! there was indeed a very complete dearth of everything of a dinnerly capability at that symposium, that Barmecidian feast. We distended our

waistcoats with promises and anticipations, for we heard that bread was on its way. Our bowels yearned for the flesh-pots; yea, verily, they grumbled, and therewith we were forced to be content.

It was my turn down-stream on the next day, and I worked like a Trojan. Though why "like a Trojan" I don't quite understand. What was there remarkable in those Trojans? The Greeks licked them, and though it was by a downright swindle, a sort of religious pantomime upon false pretences, it was no doubt "dog rob dog." As for work or fighting, why Achilles sulked in his tent, while old Nestor spouted, and Ulysses spouted, and Ajax spouted, and Hector spouted, and Paris spouted, and Priam spouted, and that thundering blackguard, the pious Æneas—I wish to heaven he'd never spouted, more particularly to Dido, for he has gained me many a hiding, and the *renovare dolorem* is not pleasant. And they pretended, too, to fight a little, but it was all gammon; and as for work, why our Sappers and Miners would have trenched them all up in a month, while a troop of the old fighting Eleventy-eleventh would have—— But there, I didn't work like a Trojan at all, for I worked hard, which no Trojan ever did, and I didn't see a fin the whole day. G., however, had a slice of luck, for he picked up two salmon 12½lb. and 7lb. each, and two sea-trout 9½lb. and 7lb. each. Not so bad that, but it went to prove that the only pool worth a straw was the upper one. As we sat down to dinner the brandy arrived, and just after it the bread; and a hearty "three times three, and a little one in," welcomed their appearance.

The next day it was my turn at the upper casts. G., who did not believe in the lower ones a bit, and scorned flogging dry water, went off up the mountain to look for ryper. Too soon for them yet, but an old cock may be of service in the way of soup. I got one sea-trout of 5½lb., and one of 3lb., and hooked and lost another salmon. I had no dealings with any other fish. G. went over a large tract of mountain and saw but one pack of ryper, though they are said to be plentiful there by the end of August.

The next day G. tried the Rock and did nothing, while I altered one of my salmon rods which did not please me. In the afternoon

I took my trout-rod and tried up-stream. I got well amongst the trout, and had a capital afternoon—never a better. I killed twenty fish—one 4¾lb., two 2½lb. each, and the rest all good fish; and as the stream was very rapid and broad, they fought in a wonderful way, taking out thirty or forty yards of line frequently. The largest fish took me at the first rush over a fall, and by great luck—as I could not follow him—I managed to haul him back over a shelving rock. With one of the 2½-pounders I had another fish of equal size on at the same time. I could not at first make out what kind of monster I had hold of; I managed, however, only to land one, the other kicking off as I pulled him ashore. Capital as this trout-fishing was—and I freely confess that I never had better, nor indeed as good—somehow one does not regard trout as anything while one is out in pursuit of salmon. It is but a means of keeping the pot boiling; and no sport *is* sport that does not hinge upon the lordly salmon. It is only after we have left it that we begin to think, "By Jove! I wish I had paid a little more attention to those splendid trout."

And now occurred a momentous question. Should we go or stay? There was about fishing for half one rod, even with the river full of fish; but as there were some fourteen nets at work, the sport for two was small. The netsmen thought to make a market of us, for I am sorry to say that the liberal feeling which formerly existed in respect to salmon-fishing has been entirely driven out by English tourists, who, as is usual wherever they go, have here left their mark for the benefit of future comers; and no Scotch tacksman can well be more grasping than our friends here. Indeed I have heard that where any deficiency in this respect exists it is speedily cured by a Scotch tacksman, who travels the country and advises the proprietors that they do not ask half enough for their fisheries. Whether this fellow is an emissary from the Scotch proprietors who don't approve of Norway taking the best rods away from them I cannot say, but it looks like it. One of the men we had to deal with actually asked us forty rixdollars to remove his net, the value of the fish he took in it being about four rixdollars.

The shooting did not look promising either, so what were we to do? Should we "cry a go," or stay? and after much consideration, we agreed to move on on the morrow.

Accordingly we made a move in two carts for Olvebakken, at the end of the lower lake. Having our rods ready, we left George to look after our traps and take them across the land to a couple of boats we had engaged in the fjord, and tried the pool at the mouth of the river. Here we happened on some fresh fish, and had a very nice bit of sport. G. hooked four fish and killed one of 11lb.; hooked and lost two others, and hooked and broke his rod on a fourth, killing also a sea-trout of 4lb. and a *charr* of 1lb. I killed one salmon of 10½lb., a sea-trout of 3lb., and a *charr* of 1lb. It will be seen from this that all the charr we had so far killed were close to the sea; indeed as they had the sea louse on them there is no doubt that they had just run from the sea. After this agreeable interlude we met George with the larger boat, and headed off for the Sponsdall. It was slow work, as we had to row the whole way against a head wind; and when we reached the head of the fjord we heard such a bad account of the river, that we decided to continue on our way to Havenig, which we reached about two in the morning, tired enough, but delighted at the prospect of a clean bed. We knocked the people up, and turned in at once. From what we heard, we decided to go up the Gra Fjord and look at the Rens Elv, in which salmon are *said* to be plentiful and large. The wind was so high, however, and so directly in our teeth, that we were obliged to wait until the next day. On Saturday, the 1st of August, however, off we went, with a boat-load of—expectations. I have been east, I have been west, I have been north, and I have been south in search of salmon. They are famous hands at "yarning" in respect to sport in Ireland; in Wales they indulge likewise in the marvellous; but they are not a whit behindhand in the accomplishment here. We were told that the river was six miles off; it was eleven. As for a river, it is a mere brook, with only an apology for a pool, which is waited on diurnally by a boy with a worm, so that it was "a real good thing." We were told that there were three miles of *river*

and then the lake, and then three more miles of *river*. Good! it sounded parlous fish-like. But there was only half a mile of river, and then the lake, and nothing beyond. Of course the fish—when there are any, and if there are any—run through at once. Found some ryper near the river, and trudged back to Havenig almost frozen to death. "Shivery, shakery, oh, oh, oh! isn't it cold here?"

To our horror, they seem to have here the most loose and heretical notions about feeding. They actually thought we had no occasion to be hungry; and the signs of dinner were of the most meagre description. Feeling rather unwell, and having caught a cold, G. gave me some hot brandy-and-water, with sal-volatile therein, and I soon fell into perspiration and sleep.

Sunday, August 2.—All the better for G.'s doctoring. We had some difficulty in deciding what to do, but at length concluded for George to start back to the mouth of the Salangs early the ensuing day, make a bargain for the lower pools, and look out quarters for us; we waiting his return, and amusing ourselves with the ryper in the meantime. We had very good accounts of ryper from Dun's clerk, who said that he had killed as many as one hundred and fifty in one day. That was in September, however, and we did not contemplate so late a stay.

George started the next day, after bringing our letters, &c., from the steamer; and as the day was wet and cold, we stopped in, and read or tied flies. After dinner the rain cleared off, and we took our guns and strolled up the mountain. We saw a fair stock, and killed a brace for the pot; but as the season did not commence for another week or ten days, of course we spared them.

Soon after we got home, George returned. He had found lodgings, and bargained with the two net-owners to take their nets off for twelve dollars each for the month. No more moving till our homeward trip.

So off we started the next day with a good cargo of prog, reached the head of the fjord by four, had the usual row with the boatmen, who think that, because some Englishman last year was noodle enough to pay them double fare, every one else is bound to follow

suit. It really is a great pity that English tourists should spoil every place they go to in this way. Wherever Brown, Jones, and Robinson go, they seem to think they will be thought nothing of if they do not throw their money about in the most reckless way, caring nothing as to the trouble and hardships their foolish profusion gives to those who come after them. The fact is, your Cheapside or Regent-street draper—or draper's assistant rather—puts 20*l.*, 30*l.*, or 40*l.*, in his pocket for a "n'outing" somewhere. He calculates his expenses on the English scale. Getting out of his own tax-bound and fashion-ridden country, he finds that the charges are not quite upon a par with those in the land he has left behind him. Whereupon, instead of, like a sensible fellow, pocketing the difference, and congratulating himself upon his gain, nothing will do but he must astonish the natives in the hopes of being mistaken for a "milor;" so he gives boatmen and curricle drivers, &c., double fees, and if one of them can only be induced to call him "milor"—so that he can go home to 'Arry and Bill and say, "Ecod! the beggars took me for a n'earl, perhaps the Hearl of A., B., or C., you know; they called me milor!"—he is happy for life. To attain this proud distinction, he would not only give from his superfluity, but I believe he would even deny himself necessaries. It is a great affliction, however, upon his fellow countrymen; but that is a point which weighs not in the estimation of a feather with him.

One very good feature we have not yet succeeded in defacing, is the honesty of the natives. We left all our things on the shore, without any one to watch them, while G. and George went to fetch carts, and they were perfectly safe there. No one would touch them if you left them there for a week. Only get out of your boat or punt anywhere on the Thames side, and leave it without any one to watch it for five or ten minutes, and if there be anything at all available, it is very long odds that it is filched away before your return. I have lost all sorts of things thus, and can speak from experience—things which must have been taken, not for their value, but from a mere love of stealing, such as landing-net handles, and fishing-rod tops, &c., of very little use to anyone but the owner.

While G. and George walked to our future lodgings, I strolled up the river with my rod to get a fish for dinner. At the first pool I killed a sea-trout 3½lb., and a little salmon about the same weight. I also rose two more, hooking and losing one of them. I then passed into another pool above the rapids, where I rose two fish, and coming over them again with a fresh fly hooked one of them, which gave me about the best fight I ever had, fifty-five minutes by the watch. He was up and down the pool half a dozen times like a lamplighter, and wound up by going clean down the rapid forty miles an hour. Tired enough I was when I landed him, and he only weighed 12½lb. So I tackled up and went to see "how things progressed to hum," as the Yankees say. I found them shaking down nicely. Queer little quarters they were. Our sitting-room was about 8ft. by 12ft., the bedroom over it ditto; not painfully clean, but lovely as to situation, our windows overlooking the lake through which the river runs, and being just sufficiently above it to command a good view, not alone of that but of the grand cliff on the upper lake and the distant mountains. While I sat writing and trying to quell the wolf which raged within me—for it was half-past nine, I had had a very early and light breakfast, and only a dry biscuit for lunch—our host passed the window with a large basket of charr caught in the lake, on his back. They ran from ½lb. to 1½lb. in size, and were caught in the lake with nets. They were of two distinct sorts, one of them having the well-known red belly, and the other being perfectly white and silvery. This latter is the species we have caught upon our flies. It would answer more nearly, I think, than any other to the *Salmo nivalis* of Dr. Günther; though I doubt if this *Salmo nivalis* is the same fish as the charr from Iceland, as those Iceland charr have bellies of a deep orange. I hardly know, however, how much faith is to be placed in colour. For example, the effects of light and shade have a wonderful influence on the colours of trout; a minnow which one day shall be as crimson in many points as the most brilliant charr, and of a very dark dusky hue likewise, shall after being kept only a few hours in confinement, come out a beautiful silvery white and olive without a

speck of crimson. Again, look at the stickleback, sometimes all gold and crimson and azure sheen like a lord mayor's coachman; at others as dull, sober, and stolid looking as my lord mayor himself. The most singular fact about these fish was, as I have already said, that we caught them in the pool next from the sea, with the sea lice on them. Would they come back fresh and silvery from the sea and get the crimson belly by a residence in fresh water? or are these two distinct species of charr?

We got our dinner at last, thanks be, and I think I may say not before we needed it. The next day was clear and bright, and not the correct style of weather for fishing; however, we started about ten, and made a good day of it up to two o'clock, when we came in to feed ourselves. G. had one 7lb. salmon and one 5½lb. sea-trout; I had a 15½lb. salmon, and two sea-trout of 4½lb. and 3½lb., besides which we both hooked and lost several other fish after a little play with them. Flies with blue bodies and gaudy wings seem to be the favourites here. When we came in to dinner G. strove to initiate the natives into the art and mystery of pulling off boots with their backs to the party to be relieved. The result was that G. was tugged across the grass on his back ignominiously, a feat which the natives seemed to regard as a most glorious and successful one. Dinner! oh, sumptuous repast! The best salmon we have had yet, and a stew of ryper concealed under a mass of potatoes, in deference to their coming on a little before the time. "Deorum cibus est," and *pro tem.* this was a little Olympus, and, to wind up gorgeously, I drank brandy-toddy from a marmalade pot, stirring the same with the handle of a hammer, as though I were another Thor, our plate being deficient. After this I finished my day's sport by getting two more salmon of 10lb. and 3½lb., a sea-trout of 5½lb. and a charr of 1lb.; G. not being so lucky, picking up only a good brown trout of about 5lb. Not such a bad day altogether, though it might have been better, but that the river rose very rapidly while we were out.

The next day hot and bright, and the river high. I got one sea-trout 5½lb. and two charr 2lb. and ¾lb. in the morning, and one salmon of 14lb. in the afternoon. G. got one salmon of 11½lb., a

very handsome fish. Same kind of weather the next day, the river being far too high for sport. The fish that did rise only "cam to pree" and off again: I got but one charr.

When I came home to dinner I found a Norsk gentleman (a captain in the navy) with his wife, on their road south from the river Pasvig, where he had had poor sport for that river, but still very great—nine fish, weighing 208lb., in five hours; but the accounts he gave of the mosquitoes and black flies were positively awful. He advised us to go to Tana another season, where he said we might make tolerably sure of from six to ten fish a day, from 20lb. to 60lb. each. I give my information as he gave it, knowing nothing personally of the river or district in question. This is what he advised us to do. To write well beforehand to Mr. Fandrem, whose summer address is Komag-fjord, *viâ* Hammerfest, and his winter address Karasjok, *viâ* Alten. To ask him to get a small house built at Nisjokh on Tana, which is a good place for headquarters; send a "folk" on with provisions, &c., beforehand, and then we could ourselves go lightly equipped, either *viâ* Alten or Hammerfest. A Russian priest living on the spot could supply milk—but everything else must be taken—particularly goulard lotion for mosquitoes and camphor for fleas. He recommended, also, two other rivers as both better than the Pasvig—the Laxelv and another river, the Tabörsnæselv, in the same fjord, the Porsanger Fjord. In this fjord is a station for the steamer at Kistrand, but there are no houses or accommodation of any kind on either of these rivers. They are, moreover, the head quarters of the mosquitoes, as well as of the salmon.

The river was still too high on the succeeding day. G. was lazy, and, instead of fishing, took his axe and cleared away obstructive boughs and trees, with a view to ulterior fishings. I persevered, however, and picked up three sea-trout, 6lb., 3½lb., and 1lb., and in the evening one salmon 5½lb. and one sea-trout 4lb.

G. up very early the next morning to let out the dog Mink, who was whining, and evidently uneasy in her mind; said dog having upset the dish with the ham on it into G.'s mackintosh bag, and eaten three-fourths of it—the ham I mean, not the bag; as a matter of

course she was the least trifle thirsty after her repast. We had plenty of provisions however, so it was not a very serious matter. The next day proved dull and rainy. I started soon after breakfast, and got three salmon of 11lb., 8lb., and 6lb., one sea-trout of 3lb., and a charr of 1½lb. G. was abominably lazy, and did not turn out until two; he caught but a 3lb. sea-trout before dinner, and in the evening nothing would move; I got but one sea-trout of 3½lb. A cold fog rises from the water about seven o'clock, and after this fishing is useless.

The next day, as I had had the river almost to myself for the last two days, I left it to G., and took a turn up the mountain with my gun and the ham-devouring Mink. The first thing we found was a capercailie, which Mink ran up carefully at one hundred and fifty yards. I marked him down and Mink repeated the process. Mink was frantic, either at the size of the bird or the scarcity of game. Again I marked the bird into a bog. Mink seemed to hit him off, but was puzzled. While I was looking about I heard a rustling behind me, and, looking round, there for the third time was the capercailie, a good ninety yards off. He had perched in a dead tree, which I must have passed within five yards of, but neither Mink nor I thought of spotting our game in the tree tops. I then wandered on a tremendous round, went up the mountain into the snow, and an awful climb I had of it, but was rewarded by a magnificent view. Hunted down and so home, seeing but one hare five hundred yards off and one ryper. Evidently the shooting was worse than the fishing, and that was no great shakes. On my return I found that G. had taken it as easily as usual, and had fished the pools down once for a salmon of 12lb. and a sea-trout 3lb.

The next day was hot and bright, and the river was getting very low. In the morning I got one 5½lb. and two sea-trout 3lb. and 4lb. In the afternoon another salmon 6lb. and one sea-trout 2lb. G. unwell, and at home all day. The next day G. still unwell, and I had the river, such as it was, to myself, The river was still low, but the weather was favourable. I did but badly—two small sea-trout of 2lb. and 3lb. It was clear to me that all the good fish, if

there were any, had gone ahead, and those that were running now were trumpery little grilse not worth staying for, so we decided, after mature deliberation, to make a final move towards home. We determined to go to Bodö, and try whether there were due foundation for the glowing accounts of the ryper there. My faith, I confess, was not great, still it was so much nearer home; so after dinner, by way of preparation for packing, I fired away the rest of my bullets and broke two empty marmalade-pots at a hundred yards, and drilled sundry holes in my old wading-shoes, with a variety of similar mischief calculated to lighten our luggage; and then commenced putting away the fishing tackle for the last time. Just at bedtime we had an arrival of three Norsk gentlemen and two ladies; and, ha! ha! I cannot help laughing at the recollection, one of them had an enormous portentous crinoline skeleton packed under her arm. I have seen civilisation under difficulties, and I have seen the barefoot Donegal lasses carry their shoes to the town, and put them on just before they entered it; but I think this beat all I ever did see in the way of absurdity. It must, at the best, be terribly rough work for ladies travelling hereaway; and why a woman should encumber herself with such a useless appendage, certainly did pass my weak comprehension.

We duly dispensed the best hospitality our small abode was capable of, and retired to rest all ready for a start in the morning.

CHAPTER VI.

ROMSDAL SCENERY—TRES FJORD—RÖDVEN FJORD—EIKISDAL AND ERISFJORD—MARDÖLA FOSS—THE RAUMA—HOW I KILLED MY FIRST SALMON.

LET us now retrace our steps southwards and have a peep at Romsdal, or rather, in the first place, at some of the outlying and but little visited parts of that district.

The beauty of the Romsdal scenery, as far as regards what I may term Romsdal proper, and the picturesque neighbourhood of Molde, at the mouth of the fjord, is generally well known to every English traveller in Norway. I will not, therefore, dilate upon it now, but will rather draw my readers' attention to certain spots which are but a short distance off, and which are but little known, inasmuch as they lie out of the beaten track of travellers.

It was, I think, an American who made the remark that it was well worth the journey over the Atlantic only to visit Romsdal; and certainly no place in the whole of Norway at least, and I question much if I might not say in the whole world, presents so many lovely landscapes to the eye within so small an area as this favoured spot.

Let us have a look first into Tres Fjord, one of the southern branches of the Romsdal Fjord. I venture to say that no one has ever visited it without a feeling of astonishment, that such a landscape exists under the parallel of 63deg. of latitude; combining as it does the stern character of Norwegain scenery with the smiling attributes of Swiss nature. For here, too, may be seen

green, verdant banks with well-tilled farms, and comfortable homesteads, occupying the intermediate space between the fjord's banks and the foot of the birch-clad ridges, while in the background a row of peaked mountains rear their summits far aloft into the sky.

On the opposite side of the Romsdal Fjord lies Rödven Fjord. And here again a similar landscape to that already described may be seen—the same smiling, leaf-clad shores, the same towering snow fjelds in the background. It would be, perhaps, impossible to find a more surprising transition in scenery and in situation than on the short distance that is traversed between Alfarnæs and Torvik, on the route between Molde and Veblungsnæs, at the bottom of the Romsdal Fjord. The main road skirts along the north bank of Rödven Fjord, but I think the preference, so far as picturesqueness is concerned, ought to be given to that which runs along its southern shore, and passes by Eid's Church. From this point the fjord looks like an inland lake surrounded on all sides by leaf-clad heights. To the right Klungnæskoll may be seen, covered from summit to base with a dense mass of pine forest, while in the background the lofty peaks—the Venigstinder—tower high above the rest, and reach the respectable height of four thousand feet.

After following the road for about a mile and a-half further, a landscape of a different character will meet the traveller's eye. On reaching the top of the hill he will see a pretty little lake surrounded by well-tilled farms, peering out here and there between patches of the graceful birch. Its name is Jerset Vand; from hence the road turns towards Romsdal Fjord, and the imposing heights of Ind Fjord and the renowned Romsdals Horn may, perhaps, tempt him to turn his steps in that direction. Let me, however, convey him to some tracts remoter still than these from the beaten paths; and I do not think I could select any more replete with loveliness than Eikisdal and Erisfjord, spots known well by name, but comparatively but little visited from the simple fact that they lie rather out of the way, and that no road runs up to them. The valley, in

fact, terminates abruptly at Aurstaupe, and a long, dreary journey has to be taken, over barren and desolate tracts, before reaching them. Thus they lie isolated as it were from other parts, but the traveller will not, on that account, deem a visit to them as time thrown away.

At the further extremity of Langfjord (a branch of the Romsdal Fjord) a small arm trends to the south, over which the towering heights of Skjorta Fjeld seem to keep guard. To the left, and far off towards the horizon are two contiguous eminences, known by the significant name of "The Lady's Saddle."

Perhaps the chief characteristic of Eikisdal is its great width, and the varied forms and distribution of its fjelds. It boasts of a rapid stream, and as the bottom of the valley is nearly flat, there is more land under cultivation than is generally the case in the valleys of the western coast. Overhead Skjorta raises its head proudly above all the other mountains, but the eye is quickly drawn away from it to another fjeld, which, though of less imposing height, indeed, rivets the attention of the traveller to its precipitous slopes. Its name is Goksöyra, and the road to Eikisdal passes close beneath it. Eikisdal Lake commences from here, and extends for eight or nine miles in a southerly direction. It is at the further extremity of the lake that the valley of Eikisdal commences; but we must not hurry along too quickly, for there is not, perhaps, another lake in Norway which can surpass this one. It is not the dizzy heights of the fjelds above, nor the narrowness of the lake below that gives it this pre-eminence, for in these respects it can scarce compare with the inner arms of Sondmöre, or of Sogne. But nowhere do mountain peaks present a more varied form than here. You might search far and wide before you would find a more luxuriant vegetation; you might wander in all directions before you could meet with a foss that could boast of a situation like that of the Mardöla Foss, with the view across the lake towards those snow-clad heights on its farther shore.

But, in addition to this, it has another claim upon the traveller's attention, for nowhere will he see such wondrous vegetation reaching

from the very brink of the foss down into the lake itself. The luxuriance and the varied foliage of the trees that grow around it help to make the situation perfectly unique. For here the light coloured leaf of the hazel makes a pretty contrast with the darker hue of the elm, while both form a marvellous combination with the fresh green of the birch, that inseparable but graceful companion of every mountain slope. And then, beneath the shadows of the trees a rich *flora* of the aconite and other forest plants display their luxuriance and beauty to the eye, daintily grouped between the huge moss-covered rocks, which, by their form and position, testify that at some period or other they came hurtling down from the heights above, and seem to say to the intruder, in a voice of warning, "Here you shall not dwell!" From this grove a glimpse of the foss may be caught above the crests of the trees, precipitating itself over the face of a perpendicular rock from which a ledge juts out horizontally. Through this the foss has bored itself away, and is thus momentarily lost to view. It now takes a bend, and forms a lower fall, which when seen in conjunction with the upper one, forms a beautiful picture. But far more beautiful, far more brilliant—a better expression cannot be used—is the view of the upper foss from the grove of trees as described above. Stolid and phlegmatic must that traveller be who could not get up a little ecstasy when first it strikes his eye. But we must quit this enchanting spot. On arriving at the lake below, the traveller will, of course, turn his gaze upwards once more, to bid his farewell to Mardöla, but on doing so something will rivet his attention which he had not noticed before from the simple reason that it was before invisible to him. On the rocky ledge through which, as I said, the foss bored itself away, is a small glacier which, owing to its position towards the north, never melts, and thus the foss seems actually to pass through the glacier itself.

It is said to be impossible to get up to the glacier, but, by clambering up the fjeld above it, a good view of the foss may be had as it rushes through its icy tunnel. Besides Mardöla, there are two other fosses in the immediate neighbourhood, which, though

really of greater height, are less imposing in appearance and not nearly so interesting.

The beautiful scenery of the lake will have helped to spoil the traveller for Eikisdal Valley, which in some respects resembles the narrower parts of Romsdal, though only in a subordinate degree. But the prospect from a little lake near to Gaarden Sæter is very beautiful. Above this the valley assumes a rather barren and melancholy appearance, and whether it will repay the traveller to push up it as far as Aurstaupe, to see the fall of the river from the high fjeld, is questionable, though there can be no doubt that the foss at this point must be of much larger dimensions than Mardöla, inasmuch as it is formed by the main river. I might add that the salmon-fishery above the lake was, and is still, I believe, the property of an Oxford don, who told me that he considered the Eikisdal lake to be the finest in Europe for its size, and that it equalled throughout its whole extent the most romantic parts of Lake Lucerne. To give an idea of the excellence of the salmon-fishing here, I may mention that in thirty-nine day's fishing 2569lbs. of salmon were taken by one rod, thus giving the handsome average of nearly 66lbs. per diem.

Let us now return to Romsdal proper, and the river Rauma, while I tell how a certain friend of mine killed his first salmon.

How I Killed my First Salmon.

What salmon-fisher does not remember killing his first fish? You may have bagged many a thirty-pounder since; many a stag may have fallen to your rifle; you may even have done something with tiger and bison, or been the first to stick your spear into a pig in India, or have bowled over elephants in Ceylon; but I question much whether any of these feats has left so vivid an impression on your mind as catching my first salmon did on mine. The remembrance of that day is stored up there. I punctually keep its anniversary year by year; it is as ineffaceable as that first time, dear reader, when your

bold lips ventured to brush the bloom off your young love's cheek, as you offered her your hand and heart, while the young May moon shone brightly down upon you, and alone heard your plighted vows.

It had long been the goal of my ambition to catch a salmon. Thoughts of Ireland, the Highlands, had flitted across me; my fancy had even roamed over the wide Atlantic; but one and all had faded away, and left me still plodding away in Essex-court, vainly waiting for a brief. And I believe I should still have continued to bemoan my hard destiny, had not the merest chance in the world led me to Norway.

It was a close and sultry evening towards the end of May. I was sitting alone in my chambers, indulging my fancy as usual. I had just succeeded in hooking a fine salmon, and was playing him after the most approved fashion, when I was awaked from my reverie by a thundering thwack across the back, accompanied by the words—"What! old fellow, in the land of dreams again?"

"Confound you, Charlie!" I growled, "why the deuce can't you let a fellow enjoy himself in his own way? two minutes more, and I should have had him."

"Had what, Seven-sleepers?"

"Why! a cock-salmon to be sure. I dreamt I was by a glorious river, and had just hooked a fish, and—

"When I, Oneiros, Jove-sent, came in to fulfil thy dream, oh, mortal! and prevailed on thee to accompany me to the land of bears and salmon."

"Now, don't make an ass of yourself, Charlie; you're enough to ——"

"Don't you," was the curt rejoinder. "But, joking apart, I'm off to Norway; H. has just written me a letter to say he can't go out to his river this year, because he must stay at home to organise his rifle corps, or some such humbug, and has offered me his river. There's good fishing for two rods, he says; so I've just telegraphed him word to say, '*I'm off at once*,' for fear he might change his mind; and as you know, old boy, I've a particular liking

for you, why I thought I might as well be generous for once—especially as it don't cost me anything—and take you with me. So say the word."

"Done—done! a thousand times done!!" I shouted out, quite forgetful of all the engagements my mother had made for me for the ensuing summer at that charming, drain-smelling watering-place, Worthing. "Done! when do you start?"

"On Friday; as soon after six p.m. as the tide permits. So now give us a sheet of paper, and I'll write to Messrs. Wilson and Son, to engage berths on *The Scandinavian*. Fare £6 return, exclusive of feeding."

It was only Monday now, so we had plenty of time to make the necessary arrangements. Of course, first care was given to rods and fishing gear. That being completed, Fortnum and Mason's stores were ransacked, and hams, tongues, sardines, tea, and a multiplicity of sauces to render more piquant the salmon we hoped to catch, were packed up. Let me earnestly advise any of my readers who may be going their maiden trip to Norway, to take plenty of tackle with them; a spare rod; spare tops; lines long and strong; and casting-lines, none of your twisted affairs, but plaited ones. A thirty-pounder in a rapid stream can pull a bit, I can tell them.

I don't know more lovely scenery than is to be found in Romsdal, on the western coast of Norway. I have done Switzerland, and certainly, in my opinion, there is nothing there to surpass it. On the right, going west, is the noble Romsdal Horn, some four thousand feet high; on the left, the mountains assume an alpine form, and raise their peaks aloft. Between them the river Rauma frets and chafes along as if in an awful hurry to get out of its narrow bed. What a glorious river it is! There a fall, here a pool, and here again a succession of rapids.

We took up our quarters at a farmer's house. He could speak English fluently. It was late when we arrived—too late to begin fishing that night; so, having made a hearty supper off sea-trout and venison-steak (which I fear had been poached), we strolled down to the river with our host, to reconnoitre.

Splash! splash! we could see them leaping in all directions. What glorious fellows they looked.

"That looks like sport, Master Tom," said Charlie; "Come, three to one, in these dirty dollar notes, you miss your first fish."

"Oh! done," I added, with all the confidence and assurance of an experienced hand.

Immediately below the Gaard (house) was a fine pool, perhaps two hundred yards in length, and above it, at a few hundred yards' distance, was another. So we decided on beginning there next morning as soon as it was light; Charlie to take the upper, I the lower pool. There were lots of fish up, our landlord told us; and the water seemed in topping condition, though of a rather greenish hue, owing to the snow-water which fed it from the neighbouring fjelds.

It was little I slept that night! What with the mosquitoes, and with "thoughts of the morrow," I lay rolling about all night long, and was glad enough to get up at about four a.m.; only if my hand had been just a trifle steadier, and I had not felt quite so nervous, I should have had more confidence in myself.

After swallowing a cup of coffee and a biscuit, we adjourned to the river. It was a critical moment for me. For the first time in my life I stood by a salmon-river, rod in hand. There was a gentle breeze from the south-west, just enough to curl the surface of the pool. The mist lay thick on the fjeld, but gradually lifted, revealing each moment its rugged sides. A better fishing morning could not be imagined. Now for my first cast!

Rather nervous work, for I was not alone, as our host had come down to see us open the ball, "Confound him," I thought, "would that he were anywhere but where he is; he must see that I'm green. However, there's no use waiting, so here goes." Scientifically twisting my rod round my head, out went ten yards of line with a No. 6 hook, bright-coloured fly with blue horns at the end of it.

"Not so bad!" was the quiet remark of my companion. "A little less force in your cast, and you'll do well enough." Evidently, therefore, I had betrayed myself to his practised eye. The second cast

was better, and in a quarter of an hour I found I could throw really tolerably. "So! very good," said my friend, as he left me to see how Charlie was getting on.

We had arranged that whoever hooked a fish first was to whistle; how I wished I might be the lucky one! "Halloa! that was a fish at my fly!" I ejaculated. "Be still, my fluttering heart, be still! Steady! let's try him a few yards higher up; there, that's the place, just behind that big rock there in the middle, which breaks the force of the current, and makes a gentle swirl. Now I flatter myself that was an A 1 throw; he cannot resist it this time." My soliloquy was here broken off by a commotion in the water. The fly had disappeared! a splash, a vanishing tail, and whizz went my reel.

"By Jove! what a pace; a harpooned whale's a joke to it, sir."

How the line lifted up the water, as it went hissing through it! "He stops; confound it, he's off;" and the big drops of disappointment started out on my forehead. "No! hurrah!" I shouted out aloud, "he's all right," as he again dashed up-stream at express pace.

"Lower your rod, Tom, or by all the powers you'll lose your 'dirty back!'" (*i.e.*, dollar), called out Charlie, who had seen me tearing along the bank, and, guessing what was up, had run down to help me. "Here, lad, give me the gaff."

But meantime my fish was lying like a stone at the bottom, jerking and tugging away like a hooked bulldog.

"That won't do, old boy, for you to lie there. We must stir you up, or we'll never master you. Now, look out, Tom." Saying which he pitched a stone at him. It had the desired effect; off he went again, like "a giant refreshed." I had had him on, maybe, twenty minutes; to me it seemed an eternity. "Do you think I shall get him, Charlie?"

"All right, old fellow, don't be nervous. He's well hooked, I can see; and he's beginning to flag a bit. Bring him in, if you can, a little. By Jove! sir, he's a real beauty."

After some little objections on the part of my captive, I managed to coax him near enough in for Charlie to get the gaff well under

him, when, with a careful jerk, he hoisted him in triumph out of the water. What a noble fellow he looked—the salmon I mean—glistening in the morning sun!

"Hands off! hands off!" cried Charlie (as I was rushing in to seize hold of my prey, and assure myself it was a real salmon, and no phantom fish), still holding him up on the gaff. "Take the hook out first, or else he'll play the bear with the line. So; now, look at him. I congratulate you, old fellow, with all my heart."

We weighed him—twenty-one pounds good weight.

"Come, that deserves a pipe, at least," I said, as I threw myself down on the grass, really knocked up with the excitement I had undergone during the last thirty minutes; and as the fragrant weed curled about me, with my first salmon lying at my feet, I experienced a transcendency of happiness I have never felt again.

My first brief was nothing to it! The congratulations of Mr. ——, Q.C., at the way in which I had conducted the case were washy indeed compared with the hearty, ringing applause, "I congratulate you, old fellow, with all my heart!" of my friend Charlie B. Even old Romsdal Horn peeped out from above the belt of cloud and fog that had encircled his top all the morning, and gave me an approving nod.

And so, dear reader, my aspirations received at last their consummation—I had killed my first salmon! Many and many a one have I bagged since then; but never have those first feelings returned to me; never has that exquisite delight come back that I experienced that morning in Romsdalen, when my first salmon lay quivering on the grass beside me!

When staying at Veblungsnæs a year or two ago in company with an Oxford undergrad. an Englishman and his wife arrived at the station. They, too, were bent on salmon fishing; and as we had monopolised the river for ten days, we avowed our intention of giving it up to them, an act of generosity on our part which they duly appreciated. We did not, however, think it worth while to add that salmon fishing for that season was well-nigh over, but took the credit of being

very unselfish and accommodating individuals. He, I fancied, was a retired London tradesman, for his conversation was rather "shoppy," while the way in which the lady mutilated the Queen's English, and ill-treated the unfortunate letter *h*, left little doubt on our minds but that she had been born within sound of Bow bells. She was a pretty and very vain little body, extremely exacting, so that I don't think her husband could have had a very enjoyable time of it in Norway on the whole.

It seems she had been inveigled into visiting Norway on her husband representing that it was only a one-day's passage. And as they happened to encounter unusually stormy weather, her indignation against her luckless spouse for his cruel fraud was raised to a boiling point. By the time, however, that they had reached Veblungsnæs, she had become somewhat pacified, though every now and then she would indulge in a covert innuendo against her husband, when anything occurred to put her out.

Now he, it seems, was extremely anxious to have some fishing, but what was to be done with her while he was enjoying himself by the river side was a question that did not seem to have entered into his thoughts till now. Like good Samaritans we came to the rescue, and by a little harmless flirtation with madam, managed to put her in such good humour that she graciously avowed her intention of accompanying us on the morrow for a day's fishing. I don't fancy that her husband was altogether pleased with the arrangement, not that he felt any jealousy at the attention we were so assiduous in paying his better half, but the fact was, he had been boasting in loud terms of his skill as a fisherman, and I remembered afterwards his wife always happened to be out of the room on such occasions. According to his own statement, a friend of his had a river in Ireland, where he had had wonderful sport; and if ever we ventured to speak of our doings he was sure to cap them by some marvellous tale. But when he found that we actually intended accompanying him to the river, nothing more was heard of the Irish salmon. It looked suspicious, and I remarked to my friend, "I would bet odds he has never fished for anything but roach off Teddington."

Next morning we were early astir, and were waiting breakfast for the pair. Madam first put in an appearance, and informed us that her husband complained of a bad headache; but she would make him come, she said. So after a time down came our friend, and finding that all his fears about his wife's catching cold, being tired of waiting by the river, &c., &c. (which were pooh-poohed by the lady in question), were fruitless, gave in with very bad grace. At length we reached the river.

"I'll roast him," whispered my friend; "see if I don't."

"Ahem! Mr. ——," he began, "here is a lovely pool; I killed a fourteen-pounder just beyond where you see that curl in the water. I don't believe you have a better pool than that in your river in Ireland, have you?"

"Yes! it is a lovely morning," replied the other, evidently pretending not to have heard what had been said to him; "but I really feel so nervous that I fear I shall not be able to throw a fly at all."

"Never mind, Charlie dear, you know you managed to throw it beautifully on our lawn at Islington, when you used to practice at the tame pigeons," put in his wife encouragingly.

"Ah! but your husband is only joking," said my friend; "I am sure he is an experienced hand. He was only telling us yesterday what capital sport he had had in his friend's river in Ireland!"

"River in Ireland! why my husband has never been out of England in his life; and as for fishing, I never knew him to catch anything but a few gudgeon!"

"Oh! I suppose I was mistaken, then; but did not you"—turning to me—"did not you think Mr. —— spoke of his fishing in Ireland?"

"I think you must have been dreaming, young fellow." I replied, giving him a wink; "the fact is, my young friend here is so enthusiastic a fisherman himself that he thinks everyone is as keen about it as himself."

Peace being thus restored, and my friend's desire "to roast" the Cockney baulked, we proceeded to put the rod together, and select a fly from his well-stored book.

"Throw in there," I replied; "there is a fish there, I'll warrant."

Out went the line, and crack went the fly, to the astonishment of its owner, who, by the way, had practised at home without having a fly on his line.

"Let me show you," I volunteered; and I initiated him into the art of throwing, and as he was very apt at learning, he soon was able to send out his line fairly. I need not dilate on that day's sport, nor the fisherman's delight at grassing a sea trout of three or four pounds, which constituted the whole of his day's bag. I am quite sure that when he returned to England he would have some marvellous tales to recount of his Norwegian experiences, especially when his wife was not by!

CHAPTER VII.

SONDMÖRE — HJÖRENDFJORD — STONE-SLIPS — AARDAL VALLEY— VETTIS GJÆL—STRANGE FUNERAL—BERGEN—"FORGIVEN AT LAST"—TALE OF THE HARDANGER FJORD—SIMEDAL—STEENSDAL.

SOMEWHAT to the south of Romsdal lies the district of Sondmöre, which, in the imposing form nature assumes there, only just gives place, perhaps, to Sogn. For, though the mountains in the last-named district are on a more colossal scale than anywhere else in the whole of Norway, yet in Sondmöre they appear under more propitious forms, and wear a more picturesque aspect than is the case in Sogn.

From its geographical situation, and from the formation of its landscapes, Sondmöre becomes, as it were, a connecting link between genuine Bergen nature and Romsdal scenery; and foremost amongst its most characteristic landscapes I would draw the reader's attention to Hjörendfjord. It is a wild, lonely spot, and if visited in winter, when the avalanches come rushing down the valley, it must be the very "abomination of desolation;" and yet when the dreary long months of the winter have passed away, and summer once more begins to assert its dominion, how changed the aspect!

There is an arm of this fjord, named, I think, Norung's Fjord, at the extremity of which commences a valley rejoicing in the same name. It is but little known, and it is more especially for that reason that I ask my readers to accompany me thither. In the centre of this valley there is a most remarkable defile, which has scarcely its equal, perhaps, in the whole of Norway. The lower

parts are, however, by no means what I might term wild, for there are several comfortable farms near the fjord with well-cultivated fields; while, to add to the homeliness of the scene, Nature has been profuse in her gift of wild flowers, amongst which the *Digitalis purpurea* takes a brilliant and prominent place. But gradually, as the traveller leaves the fjord behind him, the valley begins to contract, till, after having traversed about half its length, he will become aware of a ridge several hundred feet in height, which juts out from the northern side of the valley, and thus forms the remarkable pass or defile above-mentioned. At this point, the height of the opposite, that is, the south side, of the valley, may be estimated at 2000 to 3000 feet, forming a perpendicular wall of black rock. To add to the dismal character of the scene, a snow-fond lies at its base, and though but a few hundred feet above the level of the sea, is seldom melted even in the hottest summers. Beyond this the valley assumes its original width, and the south side, no longer rearing itself perpendicularly overhead, changes into a steep slope, looking for all the world like an enormous slated roof, each separate slate of which is of many fathoms dimensions. It is a dangerous spot, and the traveller will do well to keep his eyes open. Indeed, the road, which runs for some miles over a continuous mass of rocky *débris*, will warn him that stone-slips from the shelving slope on his right are of constant occurrence.

There was once a farmhouse near this spot, which, during the last twenty years, has twice been destroyed by these stone-slips. The first catastrophe took place in the year 1846. Out of the twenty-one persons that resided there only three escaped with their lives. The poor fellows had just sat down to dinner when the accident occurred, and their mangled bodies were found underneath the fragments of the table, side by side, in the same order as they had sat down. One of the survivors, who, fortunately for him, was at work a short distance off, stated that the only thing he remembered was hearing a rushing sound, as of a mighty gust of wind, and that at the same moment the house was turned, as it were, topsy-turvey. On coming to himself again he found that he had been carried to a distance

of about four hundred feet. And yet, strange to say—and yet, perhaps, not so strange, when the obstinacy of the human character in general, and of the Norwegian peasant in particular, is taken into account—this farmhouse was rebuilt on the very same spot where it formerly stood, only to be destroyed again in twelve years time! On this occasion only two lives were lost. Since then no one has rebuilt it; but whether this is owing to sad experience or to other causes would be rather a difficult matter to decide.

I will now take my readers to another wild mountain valley, one, too, strange to say, that has been but little visited by tourists. It is the Valley of Aardal in Sogn, but its upper part is better known by the name of Utledal. It is separated from the well-known and much-frequented town or village of Lerdalsören, on the Sogne Fjord, by a fjeld which it takes only a few hours to traverse. Let us, then, make the pretty Lerdal our headquarters, and take a trip to this wild and gloomy valley. The extreme end of Aardals Fjord is about seventeen or eighteen miles distant from Lerdal, and here Aardals Church is situate. Here, too, is Aardals-tangen, a narrow tongue of land scarcely a mile and a half across, in the centre of which is a lake about five miles in length. At the further end of this the valley of Aardal may be said to commence. There is a little village named Farnæs at this place, if, indeed, a cluster of farmhouses, with a fair amount of tillable land, can be called by such a title. The traveller's attention will probably be now attracted by the extraordinary number of small fosses which the Fardal river forms, and which, be it added, the farmers have turned to account by building a succession of mills, where they grind their corn or saw their timber.

High up in the mountains about four miles beyond Farnæs are some copper mines, remarkable only for the number of curious perforations that have been made in the rock to admit the light down the shaft. Viewed from below they look like large arched portals cut out on the almost perpendicular face of the mountain. On the opposite side of the river, a little way above Farnæs, there is a farmhouse named Ve. It was destroyed a few years ago by a fearful flood, which literally carried off with it all the tillable land belonging

to it. The way in which such catastrophes occur in the mountain valleys of Norway is deserving of notice. From constant slips rock and earth the water in the river gets dammed up, till at last the whole mass dashes down the valley. Little wonder if arable fields and pastures are converted into barren plains, if trees and houses disappear and leave no traces of their existence behind them.

About three and half miles above Farnæs the most remarkable part of the Aardal valley commences, the so-called Vettis-Gjæl, named after a farm in the immediate neighbourhood. The term "Gjæl" deserves some explanation, and I cannot describe it better than by defining it as a narrow defile without other bottom to it than the river's bed. It is therefore no easy task to traverse such a pass. Vettis-Gjæl, I should have stated, is a few miles beyond Jedle Gaard. A little above this last-named place a lateral valley named Afdal joins Aardal, not, as is the usual case, descending to the bottom of the main valley, but ending abruptly in the rocky side several feet overhead. At this point there is a lovely foss. Afdal only boasts of one farmhouse, which is most difficult of approach. For it cannot be reached from the parent valley at all, but a long detour over the fjelds has to be made to get at it. In the whole extent of Aardal, commencing, that is to say, from Vettis Gjæl to Utledal, there are only three inhabited dwellings, Vetti, Afdal, and Vormeli; and, as may well be supposed, the inhabitants of these remote and well-nigh inaccessible places are often put to great shifts. How, for instance, can they convey their dead to a churchyard? Perhaps the following description of a funeral in Aardal may serve to give the reader a better idea of the nature and formation of the valley than anything else. The corpse is placed on a board, through the ends of which holes have been bored. Wrapped in its grave clothes, and securely fastened by ropes, it is now carried by two men down the pass to Aardal Church. But should the unhappy man die in winter, when the valley is altogether impassable, the corpse is kept in a frozen state till the following summer. A funeral once happened at Vormeli of so strange a nature that I have translated the account for the benefit of my readers.

"It was the first death that had ever occurred there, for the inhabitants of Vormeli were always shifting. Death, however, at last asserted its dominion by carrying off a young lad of seventeen. The coffin was made, the corpse duly placed in it, and everything was ready for a start. Then, for the first time, it struck the people that to convey the dead in it to its last resting-place was an absolute impossibility. After turning over in their minds every conceivable plan, they at last resolved to leave the coffin at home as a *memento mori*, and to convey the dead man on horseback to church. In fact it was the only feasible plan. So they fastened the legs beneath the horse's belly, laid a sack of hay across the neck, so that the dead body could lean on it, and in this way carried it to church."

Let us now quit these gloomy scenes and retrace our steps to Lerdal, where we left our *impedimenta*, and either go by steam direct to Bergen, or choose the more circuitous but more interesting route by Gudvangen and the gloomy valley of Nœrödal.

Nœrödal is so well known that I do not purpose to dilate upon its scenery. Doubtless many of my readers who have made that trip can recal to mind the wondrous beauty of Stalheim with its fosses on either side of the winding road, the row to Dalseidet, and the picturesque situation of Bolstadören, with its comfortable station. So we will meet at Bergen, which we will make our headquarters while we take a peep into the Hardanger Fjord, and explore some of its beautiful scenery.

Built on the crescent of a fine bay, Bergen is encircled on the land side by a range of lofty hills, whose sides slope gently down towards the sea. Owing to this natural configuration it is notorious for its rainy weather, for the lofty hills on the coast condense the warm sea breezes that blow, laden with moisture, over the Atlantic, and the result is, that perhaps three hundred out of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year are wet ones.

"Is it still raining at Bergen?" ask the Dutch skippers when they hail a Norwegian craft.

"Yes; blast you! Is it still blowing at the Texel?" is the customary counter chaff.

Bergen has been so often and so fully described by talented writers that I will not bore my readers by taking them again over the beaten tracts. Indeed, my only motive for bringing them there at all is that it may conveniently serve as our headquarters while we explore the beauties of the Hardanger, and have a peep at some of the grand scenery that may readily be reached from it.

Before leaving Bergen, however, on our exploring trip, I will tell a tale connected with that city which some of my readers may, perchance, have seen before. It is told by Magdalen Thoresen, the author of "Signe's History," and of many other interesting tales of peasant life.

It is the history of a married couple whose funeral rites had just been performed; and I will tell it in the words of the pastor who buried them, and in whose parish they had lived.

"They were man and wife. He was what we call a merchant, that is, he kept a shop where all the necessaries of life are sold, and did a very good business. At one time there was no happier couple in my parish. It is about fifteen years ago that I married them in this church. For four years they lived as happily together as it is possible for man and wife to live. They were always to be seen in church, and they were never absent from the Sacrament. But all at once a strange and mysterious change occurred. They left off coming to church altogether, and evidently avoided me as much as possible. Fearing that I had given unintentioned offence, I asked the man one day when I met him if such were the case.

"'No, Herr Pastor,' he replied, 'it is not that; but——yet I have sworn to keep it secret. I pray you not to ask me.'

"Finding it was useless to question him, I asked his neighbours whether they could tell the cause of his changed manner and appearance; but all of them were as much in the dark as I was myself. At one time I feared that he must have committed some crime, but that fear soon passed away. Eleven years have gone by since then; and it was only a few days ago that I learnt from his own lips the sad story of his life.

"For the last few years his wife had become a confirmed invalid;

in fact, she had become prematurely old. Sorrow had set its stamp on her soul, and she was slowly but surely fading away.

"One night, about a week ago, a messenger came and requested me to attend at the house immediately, as she was evidently dying. I went with him, and was shown up into the bedroom. The sick woman's eyes were sunken, and a wild, unearthly gleam played over her features. Every now and then her gaze was riveted on a door, outside which slow and heavy footfalls could be heard, as of one pacing to and fro in agony of grief.

"I guessed who it was.

"'Oh! tell him—tell him to come to me,' she murmured in a faint and scarcely audible voice; and then fell back swooning on the pillow.

"'Nay! he will not see her—will not speak to her,' whispered the old woman who was nursing her. 'If the pastor could only get him to come in and just say one word, the poor thing would die in peace. For eleven years she has never heard the sound of his voice!'

"'Indeed,' I replied, as I passed through the door, and entered the adjoining room.

"He was sitting down now, with his face buried in his hands, unconscious of my presence. I approached him, and began to speak to him gently, and urged him to accompany me into the next room. The sound of my voice seemed to arouse him; for he suddenly started up and confronted me, asking me in a harsh tone why I had presumed to intrude upon him. He did not want me. . . . .

"I let him go on, and then remarked quietly, 'But, my good friend, you know I am but fulfilling the duty of my calling. Do you know that your wife is at the point of death? In God's name come and speak to her. Believe me, Hans,' I added, as a look of anger flashed from his eyes, 'I do not know your secret. I do not know the cause of estrangement that has so long existed between you and your wife, neither do I seek to know it. But I have come to tell you that your wife is on her deathbed, pleading for your forgiveness. As you hope for pardon yourself, be merciful now to her whom

once you loved so dearly.' My words seemed to have taken some effect.

"'Ah! you may well say that, Herr Pastor. But see her I cannot—I will not. I have sworn it. But stay; you shall know all. Nay, nay! I cannot go and look on her who has made my life a blank. Yes, Pastor, you are right, I did love her. Aye, I worshipped her! Willingly would I have given my life for hers. But one day, great God! the scales fell from my eyes. I found my idol false; a base deceiver, a shameless hypocrite. I swore then before my God never to interchange another word with her in this life. I have kept my oath thus far, and will not break it now for all the powers of heaven or hell. You think me hard, you think me cruel; but how can you know what it is to feel as I have felt? You can have no idea what it is to have your heart turned to stone, to brood on a sorrow you cannot get rid of, to be chained for life to some loathsome thing.'

"Just then the door slowly opened, and the dying woman, half leaning on the nurse, half crawling on her knees, entered the room, and fell down on the floor.

"'Mercy, mercy! husband, pardon! she ejaculated, and then swooned away.

"'Out with her, I say; out with her!' shrieked the man in a fury of madness. 'Out with her from my sight, or I will not answer for myself;' and he sank back upon a chair, white with passion, and trembling in every limb from the violence of his emotion.

"By the united efforts of myself and of the nurse, we carried back the dying woman to her bed. Alas! the thorn was still in the pillow. On returning to her husband, I found him somewhat calmer.

"'It is just eleven years this very day,' he said, 'since I returned from Christiania, whither I had gone on business. I had been away a month, and glad was I to get back to my home, for we had never been parted for so long before. She was not in when I returned, for I had come some days earlier than I had been expected.'

"'Well,' I said to the man who had been left in charge, 'how have things gone on in my absence?'

"'Oh! well enough, master,' he answered; 'but there is something odd about that boy Lars!'

"'How?' I asked; 'is the lad ill?'

"'Oh, no; but he spends his dollars like a fine gentleman. Where he gets them from the good God alone knows!'

"These words set me thinking. Surely Lars was not deceiving me. I had brought him up ever since he was a child, as if he were my own. But where could he get his money from? Perhaps he had got into bad ways, and had learnt to play cards and gamble. I never for one moment suspected anything worse.

"'I had that afternoon occasion to go up to a chamber at the top of the house, where I kept my papers and cash. The box had evidently been moved since I had left home. Surely Lars is not a thief, I thought; but I will watch.

"'Just then I heard footsteps approaching, and I had scarcely time to hide myself behind some bales of wool, when a person entered. Great God! how my heart beat, when I saw that it was not Lars, but my own wife Margarethe, who had just returned home, and as yet, I suppose, was not aware of my arrival. What could she want up here? I was soon satisfied; for she went straight up to the box, opened it with a key which she took from her pocket, and took out a handful of money. I could not believe my eyes. In a half unconscious state I followed her; and there in that very room where she lies now, I saw her go up to the lad, throw her arms round his neck, kiss him, and give him the money, and then he kissed her.' Here the man paused for a few moments, while the tears flowed fast down his cheeks.

"'Yes, Pastor, all this I saw, and my heart turned to stone; and I had hard work to prevent myself from rushing in on them and killing them both. But I restrained myself, got out of the house as soon as I could, and wandered about in the forest till it was dark, and I knew my wife would be gone to bed. Then I returned home, and beckoned the lad towards me.'

"'Come hither,' I said; and we walked towards the forest. 'Thou seest, lad, yon road that leads from the village. Set out on it this

instant; never return hither, as thou valuest thy life; else, by the God above us, thou'lt die a dog's death!' He went, without a word, and I returned to my house.

"'She,' pointing to the other room, 'did as she liked; and I went my way. Ah! long and weary were the days; but the nights were longer and wearier still. Sorrow has been my food for eleven years; and you, Pastor, are the only living being that knows my tale. Now tell me—can I forgive that?' And he paced up and down the floor in an agony of grief.

"'Yes,' I said, 'most surely—forgive her, for she needs your pardon; forgive her her great sin, as you hope to be forgiven!' And I left him, and proceeded into the sick room, to administer the last sacrament to the dying woman.

"I had just finished, when the door opened, and a voice, choked with sobs, ejaculated: 'Farewell, Margarethe—wife—I forgive thee, as God forgives,' and it shut to again.

"A smile passed over her face. She had heard that voice once again, speaking in its wonted accents of love. It was enough—she could die now. And I could see that death was even now stealing up her face, like a summer cloud that hides the sun from view for a passing moment, or like a fleeting shadow that hurries along the mountain side; and I whispered in her ear: 'Thy sin is forgiven, go in peace;' and her spirit passed away.

"But suddenly there was a crash in the adjoining room, followed by a sharp and bitter cry of anguish. We dashed in, and found her husband lying in his blood, while his hand still clenched the knife that had pierced his heart.

"They died in the same hour. The strain that had weighed on him through all those years had been too much for body and soul. And I believe, too, that his old love had returned; for, on kneeling down by his side, I could hear him whisper: 'Farewell, Margarethe—wife—farewell!" as if some spirit voice were echoing the words that he had so lately spoken to his wife."

It is more than probable that the renowned Vöringfoss will be the principal attraction to the tourist who explores the beauties

of the Hardanger Fjord. Following, however, the plan I have laid down, I shall not venture to describe what has so often been described before, but will rather draw the attention of my readers to objects which the traveller, who is pressed for time, is apt to pass over, simply from the fact that he is ignorant of their existence.

I will, however, ask him to accompany me to Oïfjord, at the extremity of the Hardanger, which, by the way, is the direct route to the Vöring.

There is a part of the Hardanger Fjord, named Oïfjord. It is hemmed in by huge mountain masses, sloping precipitiously down to the water's edge. More savage scenery it is impossible to imagine. At times the surface of the water is as smooth as glass, and its ripple plashes soothingly against the rocky shores: but ever and anon it is lashed into wild fury, as a gust of wind swoops down over the mountain slope, and then it hurls its seething waves against them, as if to assert the pre-eminence of water over land. In calm or in tempest, however, those rugged precipices remain unchanged, ever frowning. Neither the playful murmur of the waters, nor the maddened fury of the storm, produces the slightest change upon them.

I visited Oïfjord one lovely summer evening, and hired a boat to row me to the next station, whence I was to proceed by carriole to my shooting quarters. The day had been sultry, and a light breeze from the north-west just ruffled the surface of the water. Presently we came to a halt. My boatmen evidently meant to sup. The fladbröd was produced, the butter spread on half-an-inch thick, and the whole washed down by copious draughts of a curious-looking, milky fluid. I say *milky*, because it looked like that fluid, and perhaps had once been milk, but was now at least twelve months old!

What would a Thames waterman say to such fare if he had to row thirty miles? Still, these poor fellows seemed to enjoy it, for they pulled away merrily enough.

I watched them eating: it amused me. I compared the small mouthfuls I took of my sandwich with the huge hunks they caused

to disappear, and wondered which of us two enjoyed our repast most—a problem, by the way, I have not yet solved. My hunger was soon appeased, and I hastened to light my *briar-root*. Lying down nearly at full length on my rug, I took up a book of Norwegian tales, and read the following. Oddly enough the author of it must have been near the very same spot, and under pretty nearly the same circumstances that I was. I will give it as nearly as I can in the author's words, omitting a little at the commencement which does not bear directly on the subject.

A Tale of the Hardanger.

I could see above me some half-dozen human forms, apparently employed in making hay. At first I thought them to be goats, as it seemed impossible that human beings could find footing ground up there. But my companions had also noticed them, and, in answer to my question, pronounced them to belong to the biped genus. Sharp eyes those fellows must have, for they recognised old acquaintances. I was informed that the big man up there (they appeared to me to be no bigger than sheep) was Knud Legre, the best-to-do bönde for many a mile round, and that he had his Sæter up there.

Whilst telling me this, and a deal more I could not understand, a cry was heard from above, evidently that of a woman. Instinctively I thought she must have lost her footing, and expected to see her body precipitated into the fjord. I almost dreaded to look up, but when I did so, discovered a piece of linen hanging on a juniper-bush, about one hundred feet above our heads. Again the cry was repeated, in the clear and musical tone which I believe only a Sæter girl of Norway or of Switzerland is gifted with. Whoever she was, she at least possessed the art of being able to send a ray or wave of sound straight down to us. She informed us that she, Thorbjör Legre, had accidentally lost her skirt, which she had taken off while making hay; that it had fallen over the precipice, and had alighted on a bush half way down the side.

"Little use in telling us that," I thought. "You won't get that

again, my lass;" for the steep side of the mountain seemed to render an ascent from below an impossibility. Oh, it looked so slippery, too! The very thought of attempting to clamber up it made me shudder. My eyes slid over it.

"What wilt give for that skirt of thine, Thorbjör?" cried the youngest of my boatmen, a handsome, fair-haired lad.* As he said this, a smile might be seen playing around the corners of his mouth; but still, at the same time, there was an air of determination and of self-confidence about it.

"Give!" cried the clear, bell voice from above. "Why, 'tis not worth a glance."

"What wilt thou give, say I?" repeated the other, heedless of the objection.

"Nonsense!" said the girl laughingly. "Canst get it? so take it; 'twill be bravely earned."

"Good!" replied the young man, and he immediately commenced to divest himself of his jacket. "Keep thy promise."

I began to be alarmed.

"What! climb up that awful ascent! Impossible! And for a petticoat!" and I moralised on the difficulties the fair sex are ever getting us men into, and wished the skirt farther, for I was in a hurry to push on.

His mates tried to dissuade him.

"What art thinking of, lad?" called out the eldest of the boatmen.

"Thinking? Why, about yon skirt!"

"Mad work!" rejoined the other. "Why, boy, there is scarce footing for a bird; and 'tis getting late, too."

But the young man had no idea of giving up his purpose.

"The skirt he would have—that he would. And if there was no footing, why, he would make one." Saying this, he opened a locker, and taking out seven or eight wooden pegs, began to cut them into a wedge-like shape, every now and then throwing a scrutinising glance

* The dialogues are translated quite literally, as those of my readers who know Norsk will perceive.

up the slippery cliff; and each time his eye resting on the fluttering skirt a gleam of expectant triumph was diffused over his features.

At length, all being ready, he pushed the boat as close as possible under the projecting cliff, and drawing himself up to his full height, fixed a wedge firmly into a cleft above his head, and seizing hold of it with one hand, swung himself up with astounding agility on to the stump of a tree. I watched the operation with curiosity. He then fastened in another wedge as high up as he could reach, and drawing himself up to this, and standing erect upon it, hammered in another. Then descending, he drew out the wedges below him, and quickly regained his former place. Indeed it was a madman's work. To see him hanging by one hand, and pulling out the wedge below him, made my blood freeze. A single mistake, and he must have been dashed to pieces. I have since seen Blondin on the tight-rope, but never have witnessed a sight so harrowing as that I saw on the Hardanger Fjord. To turn my eyes away was an impossibility; my gaze was firmly riveted upon the adventurous mountaineer, who was already half way up. My companions seemed to treat the matter with unconcern, or affected to do so.

Meanwhile, the people above appeared to be watching the young man's movements. All at once I heard a crack, and some stones came dashing down the side, and fell with a violent splash into the water close by us. Oh, that moment! I never suffered such intense horror in my life. It was a wedge that had given way, and for the instant it seemed as if he would fall from that fearful height. Involuntarily I turned away my eyes, and ejaculated a fervent prayer. A cry of "God be praised!" from the old boatman made me look up again. The danger was passed, and I could see the boy steadily worming his way upwards.

This incident had not been unnoticed by the party above, for a stentorian voice cried out, "Hold fast, lad. Dost feel weak?"

"'Twas the pin was weak, not I," was the scornful reply, as he proceeded to fasten in wedge after wedge above him.

I do not know what length of time had elapsed since he had begun his ascent—minutes seem ages in such a case. When I looked again

he was close to the very bush on which the coveted prize lay dangling in the breeze. Never was trophy seized with a prouder feeling from the battle-field than was Thorbjör's skirt lifted from the juniper bush as he waved it in triumph over his head.

"What will thou give for thy skirt, now, Thorbjör?" he shouted, exultingly.

"Shame on ye, to risk life for such nonsense," answered the same stern voice from above."

"And yet 'tis a dainty skirt, and *it is mine!*" said the young man, as he tied it carefully round his waist.

"Thou hast no sweetheart to wear it, lad," rejoined the man.

"Keeping won't hurt it," said the other, preparing to descend. I can wait till I find some one."

"Oh, oh!" laughingly retorted the man. "'Tis so, is it? But take care, boy, that thou dost not go over backwards, skirt and all, or thy sweetheart must look out for another suitor, and another petticoat."

"'Tis not so difficult when one knows the way," rejoined the young man, roguishly.

And now he commenced to descend. The danger appeared even greater than before, and I was terribly frightened lest the intrepid fellow's strength should prove unequal to the task.

"Would to God he were safe down," ejaculated the old boatman, scarce audibly. But our fears were unnecessary. The young man had no intention of losing his life or his precious skirt; he probably felt much less nervous than we did. A few minutes more, and he was safely in the boat. We congratulated him on his success, and many a joke was passed about the petticoat.

With the exception of feeling a little giddy, and looking rather blood-shot about the eyes, from the severe strain to which all his physical powers had been exposed, he appeared none the worse for his trip aloft; for he at once seated himself, and commenced rowing as lustily as ever, not, however, till he had carefully folded up his treasure, and had put it by in a place of safety.

"Well, lad, thou must look out for some one to wear thy skirt,"

said the old man, jokingly. "Maybe, 'twill come back to an old acquaintance!"

"Not so sure," joined in one of the others. "Thorbjör is a cautious wench, and *does not drive on the ice with an unshod horse!*" *

"Thorbjör is not the only lass in the parish, I suppose," said our hero, sharply, giving a vigorous stroke at his oar, to hide his vexation at the taunt. But I saw a tear steal softly down his cheek, and I felt sure that he loved her.

Meantime, we had reached the station. The boat glided into a little bay, whose surface shone like burnished gold from the reflection of the setting sun. Scarcely had the keel grated on the strand when we perceived two people approaching. The one was a strong-built, middle-aged man; his companion was a fair-haired, pretty lass. Her eyes were bent on the ground, as if she feared to raise them.

"Good day! welcome ashore, sir." It was the same gruff voice we had heard from the top of the cliff. Then turning to the young man, he said, with an air of sternness, "Lad, thou'rt well out of it. Dost call that man's work, to risk life and limb for such foolery?" But his eyes rested at the same time on the boatman's handsome features with a glance of admiration.

"Wilt thou and Thorbjör row back with us?" said the old boatman.

"Ay, that is what I had thought of; but lad," turning to the other, "since thou hast got a wedding skirt, 'twere best we found a bride it will fit—eh, lass? What sayest thou?"

Silence, I suppose, gave consent; for Einar was at her side in a trice, and was soon engaged in quick and earnest conversation.

Thorbjör's cheeks were suffused with blushes, and both seemed supremely happy.

My carriole was waiting for me, so, bidding them all farewell, and giving Thorbjör and Einar a wedding present, I drove off. From a turn in the road I again caught a glimpse of them as they were rowing back, Einar and Thorbjör seated in the stern, as happy, no

* A Norsk proverb.

doubt, as they could be. Often and often have I thought of my adventure on the Hardanger Fjord, and wondered how it has since fared with Einar and Thorbjör.

The beauties of the Hardanger have so often been extolled by both painters and poets, that persons who visit it for the first time are apt to feel somewhat disappointed. Their expectations have been too sanguine, their ideas too lofty. But the more sober-minded, prosaic—let us call him—tourist seldom leaves it without a feeling of regret, and of perfect satisfaction.

And though, doubtless, the Hardanger deserves all that has been said of it, all the praise that has been lavished on it, there are parts in its immediate neighbourhood which can scarcely be matched for wildness and savage grandeur—the characteristic types of the scenery of the western coast of Norway. Simedal is one of these spots. It is very easy of access, and yet is but little known. The valley stretches away from the upper end of Öy Fjord, in the direction of the Halling Yökel, at the foot of which it ends abruptly in a magnificent foss named Rembisdals Foss.

On either side of the valley the fjelds are of unusual steepness, and of imposing height. On the right may be seen the Ona-Scarlen, a snow-fond on the mountains between Simedal and Ose Fjord. On the left hand the fjelds present that lonely and desolate aspect to the spectator, that it requires some acquaintance with scenery of this type to prevent a feeling of awe, and even of melancholy taking possession of him. Indeed, the very name it bears is significant of the regard with which it is looked on by the peasantry of those parts; for it rejoices in the ominous name of "Helvede," which I will leave for my readers to translate for themselves, and spare myself and them the pain of seeing the ugly word on paper. Under this fearful precipice stands a lonely farmhouse, and it will, perhaps, give some idea of its steepness when I mention that the top of the overhanging mountains may be seen through one of its chimney tops!

On the other side of the river is a foss named Skyttja Foss. It

falls from a height of two thousand feet over the edge of a precipice, and covers the mountain side like a broad silver band for a distance of several hundred feet; and though it possesses no large body of water, still its enormous height renders it an object well deserving a visit.

There is another valley in Yttre Hardanger, in the parish of Vikörs, which affords a striking contrast to Simedal. Its name is Steensdal. Here all is graceful and smiling; the mountain sides are clad with a luxuriant vegetation, and if perchance every here and there the bare fjeld peers forth, the eye scarcely notices the intrusion. A little river meanders along the valley bottom, and the farmhouses that are scattered along its banks, surrounded as they are by copses of birch, afford a pleasant prospect. Indeed Steensdal is an idyllic paradise, so radically different from what one usually associates with the wild scenery of these parts, that the traveller might almost think he has been transported to a more southern clime. There is nothing here to remind him of the harshness and ruggedness of the far north. But alas! though in one respect Nature has been lavish and prodigal of her gifts, though to the outward eye all seems beautiful, and smiling, there is a dark, a very dark side to this lovely picture. It may be said of Steensdal "only man is vile." For if report speaks truly, the inhabitants of this favoured spot are more dissolute, drunken, and debauched than in any other part of the country.

I must now bid farewell, for the present, to western Norway, while I take my readers with me to the Valley of Österdal, and the Swedish frontier. Here they will meet with a totally different race of people—so different indeed, that an Österdölen can scarcely understand a native of the west—and a totally different kind of landscape.

CHAPTER VIII.

SKETCHES FROM ÖSTERDAL—ELK HUNTING—POACHING AN ELK.

A BIRD'S-EYE view of the valley of the river Glommen from Österdal, and down as far as Næs in Romerike, presents a remarkable landscape. This district abounds in immense forest tracts. Looking down upon the scene, it presents the appearance of a vast sea of pine and fir, whose verdant ridges and slopes, resemble huge billows. It is from these forests that the "bönder" (farmers) derive their wealth; for the proportion of the arable and pasture lands to the uncultivated is but small. Many of them are wealthy, at least for Norway, and, I suppose, all wealth is relative, not absolute. To see them in Christiania during "St. Hans Tid," or Midsummer, when they come to town to sell their timber, one might well suppose they were made of money; for they spend it right and left. Champagne is their favourite beverage, and they consume no small quantity between leaving home and their return. One summer I was going up the Miösen lake on one of the steamers that run between Eidsvold and Lillehammer. I was bound for the north to spend a little time in reindeer hunting.

The boat was full of these "bönders," who were returning home. To judge by their manners and appearance, they had sold their timber well, for the whole blessed day champagne corks were popping off in all directions. I never saw such jolly fellows in my life. Fortunately, I could speak the language with tolerable fluency, and therefore attracted a good deal of attention; more in fact than I

quite approved of. For I had a dreadful headache, I remember, the next day. I must have drunk with everybody on board, and with many two or three times over. For to refuse to drink is to give offence, and as I did not wish to do that, I poured more libations down my throat in a shorter time than ever I have done before, and than ever I hope to do again.

The questions, too, I had to answer!—"Where I came from? where was I going? how old I was?" with all particulars of wife, family, &c.,—kept my tongue constantly on the move. There was, however, one man among them for whom I conceived a great liking. He was a wealthy "bönde" in Österdal, and very fond of sport of all kinds.

"If I would come and stay a week, or as long as I pleased, with him, he thought he could show me some sport. There were a good many elk in his forest, and, besides that, some capital trout fishing." It was too good an offer to refuse lightly; so I accepted the invitation with as much heartiness as it was given.

I had intended going to Lillehammer, the northernmost end of the lake, and thence proceeding up the lovely valley of Gudbrandsdal, and the still more magnificent valley of Romsdal. But now it was necessary to change my route; however, as I had no particular fixed plan, I did not much mind where I went, so long as I could meet with sport. We landed at Stor-hammer, and at once proceeded towards our destination—Österdal.

Österdal is comparatively but little known to the English tourist in search of the picturesque. Its scenery is of a totally different character to that which is to be found on the western coast. It boasts of no snow-capped mountain, no stupendous fosses (waterfalls) like the Riukan, or Vöring; still, there is much to admire and to be impressed with. Here one can only gain a correct idea of a Norwegian pine forest. Very disastrous fires frequently occur in the forests, either from the effects of lightning, or from the carelessness of the woodmen. Miles and miles of trees are burnt. It must be a grand sight, indeed, to see a Norwegian forest in flames! How the resinous wood must blaze! I remember driving through a large

portion of a forest that had been on fire some few years previous to my visit. It was a sad and strange sight to see; the charred trunks still, in many cases, retaining their upright position, without any sign of growth or vegetation.

But if Österdal and its neighbourhood does not offer any particularly grand spectacle in point of landscape to the hunter or to the fisherman, it affords opportunities that are scarcely to be equalled in any other part of the country. It is true, there are no salmon in its rivers. The Glommen, Norway's largest river, which runs through the whole length of the valley, empties itself into the sea near Frederickstad, and salmon are only able to run up it a few miles, as far as the well-known Sarpsfoss, which, for its immense volume of water, is, I believe, unsurpassed by any waterfalls in Europe. But the troutfisher will find abundant employment. Not that the Glommen is a good fishing river; on the contrary, I think it waste of time to try it, though doubtless there must be fine fish in it. But it is in its tributary streams that the finest sport is to be met with. Indeed, I do not crave for better sport than I have enjoyed in the river Rena, running through Rendalen, and joining the Glommen near Aamot.

Having now given a brief sketch of the scenery which Österdal presents, I must say a few words about its inhabitants, and their manner of life. I have travelled through a good many parts of Norway, and have therefore, as any of my readers who have been in that country will readily understand, had to rough it pretty considerably. Bad accommodation, poor fare, and dirt everywhere, to say nothing of mosquitoes, fleas, and B-flats, are the general order of the day and night in Norway; and those who are very particular and nice about such matters had much better never diverge from the beaten tracks. But in Österdal it is very different. The houses are better built, for the people are better off; the fare one meets with is vastly superior, and in matters of cleanliness they certainly stand unrivalled in Norway. At the stations where you change horses you can generally obtain a wholesome meal; and at some of them, anything you can name almost may be got by paying for it. At one of

these stations where I had to pass the night, I could not but be amused at the tariff of prices which was placed in a prominent position for the use of visitors. It informed me that a bed with clean sheets costs half a mark per night; a ditto, with sheets that have been used, a smaller sum; and a simple bed, as it is termed, a still less sum. Here then the traveller may choose for himself. I can only say that the sheets I had were of snowy whiteness; and that I had not to request the servant to take them away and bring clean ones, as I once had to do at a certain crack hotel in a Welsh valley, not a hundred miles from Snowdon.

The farmhouses, or rather cluster of houses, constituting one settlement, I might call it, are peculiar. By describing one of these I shall have described them all. They usually consist of three or four buildings, only one of which in general boasts of more than one story. I am inclined to think that the two-storied building is an innovation. These are usually built in the Swiss style, and are painted a light colour. They are intended only for summer use, or for the convenience of visitors, for the Österdal peasant is the most sociable, hospitable fellow imaginable. The walls are either panelled, or papered, frequently with very expensive paper, while the polished birchwood furniture, generally of home manufacture, but occasionally imported from Hamburg or Paris, gives a pleasing air of comfort and lightness to the principal room. I have seen houses in Österdal which have been carpeted with magnificent Brussels carpets; where the sofas and chairs have been covered with costly velvet, and where a handsome display of plate may have been seen laid out on the table. But these of course are only exceptional.

Building No. 2 is generally the very reverse of that which I have just described. It consists of one large room—saloon it might almost be called—boasting of no ceiling, but open to the very rafters. The furniture in it is of the simplest kind. A painted cupboard or two, with quaint family inscriptions, informing the reader that "Ole" or "Per" years ago married a "datter" of "Ingebræt Olsen," a wooden table or two, and wooden benches, constitute the whole furniture of the room. On either side are two small rooms intended

for sleeping rooms. Building No. 3 contains the kitchen and the sleeping-places for the workpeople, while another building is used as a store-room. As I have said above, the hospitality of the Österdal bönde is notorious. The stranger is everywhere a welcome guest. The wealthy proprietor, indeed, proffers his hospitality on the grandest scale; but I can call to mind many a cottage where I have asked for a drink of water, and have been presented with a bowl of fresh milk, not for the sake of making money out of me, but simply because I was a stranger. It is especially at Christmas time, however, that the Österdal peasant comes out in his true character of a host. When the church bells have chimed in the auspicious season through the valley, when work for the nonce is laid aside, and sledges are gliding swiftly along over the frozen surface of the Glommen, then this old Norwegian virtue may be seen in its true colours. An old "Saga" relates how some wealthy Icelander built his house right across the road, so that no wayfaring man could avoid passing through it, and obtaining refreshment; and, indeed, in Österdal something of a similar nature is done nowadays. When there is a banquet going on in the house persons are stationed along the roads in the neighbourhood, in order to see that no one passes by without coming in to partake of the good cheer. All must participate in the Christmas merriment, all must come in and taste the Christmas ale and cake, and join in the dance.

My travelling companion told me of one house in Aamot, belonging to a very rich bönde: "That one Christmas the festivities were carried on for three weeks; and that there were never less than twenty strange horses in the stable. The house was crammed full with guests; dancing was carried on every night far into the small hours. In the daytime the company amused themselves as best they could with sledging, or if they preferred to remain indoors, with smoking, drinking and singing, and at night the ball began again. Guests came and guests left. A man from Christiania happened to be travelling by, and was actually stopped on the road and compelled to come in. After he had been there a couple of days the host happened to say to one of his guests, 'Who is that man there?' He had been in

his house two days without his knowing it. Of course hospitality is not often carried to such a pitch as this; but in every house, every one does his best to bid the stranger welcome."

But "Christmas comes but once a year," and of course the manner of living I have just described is not the general one.

Each "bönde" employs a certain number of men, who either occupy some neighbouring cottages, or else live entirely at the farm. The winter is the busiest time for them, for it is only possible when the snow is on the ground to convey the timber from the interior of the forest to the lake or river, to be floated down as soon as the ice breaks up to its destination. Neither is their life deficient in episodes of a stirring character. Since the days of Axild, these primitive forests have been the home of the bear, and long will it be ere Bruin will relinquish his stronghold.

Proofs, however, that he does not lack enemies meet the eye everywhere. The head nailed over the door shows that many a bear has had to succumb to the hunter's bullet; while the little bear dog in the kennel implies that Bruin will not meet with any rest.

There are some renowned bear hunters in Österdal. The people look up to them as heroes, and not without reason; for some of these can boast of having killed as many as fifty bears. I happened to be talking with an old bear-hunter one day, who was lost in amazement over my breech-loading rifle. I rather think he despised it, and would have preferred his old muzzle-loader, made by a country smith, to the finest piece Manton or Westley Richards could turn out. His face bore traces of some terrible scars, the result of an encounter with a bear. He had wounded the brute, he said, but not mortally. In a furious rage it attacked him and hurled him to the ground, when it commenced mauling him. Had it not been for his companions, who at once came to his assistance, he must inevitably have been lost. "After that," he said, in a simple and unostentatious manner, "I was a little more careful."

Of such histories one can hear as many as one pleases; but the interest is considerably enhanced when the narrator himself happens to be the hero of the story. They tell their tale in such a lively

and yet in such a simple way, that one can almost picture to oneself that you see the bear actually before you.

I remember one story the old "bear hunter" Nils told me about his son, a lad of ten or twelve years. He was out in the forest minding the cattle, and had sat down to eat his dinner. While engaged in this meal, a wolf came stealing by in pursuit of some lambs. But far from being disconcerted, the lad boldly attacked the intruder with his axe, and informed him if he did not make off he would chop his head off. "Grey legs" took the hint and mizzled.

My friend's house was situated midway up a steep sloping fjeld side, and commanded an extensive view. Perhaps there were a hundred acres close round the house under cultivation, which constituted his whole farm. It was, in fact, a clearing in the middle of a forest, in the centre of which lay the homestead, with its three or four buildings ranged on the three sides of a square, as described above. It was evening when we arrived, and right glad was I that we had reached our destination, for the carriage I had had was not one of the least jolting, stomach-turning-inside-out conveyances it has been my misfortune to drive in in Norway. As I said, there was an extensive view to be had from the house, but I was little prepared for the grandeur of the scene. At our feet, some five or six hundred feet below, lay the Stor-Söen Lake, extending for miles in a southerly direction, its banks densely overgrown with fir and pine. Indeed, as far as the eye could reach there was nothing but an interminable forest, apparently without a single break in it, except where a patch of a light-brown colour in the distance showed where a fire had been committing fearful havoc among the trees. The horizon of view was bounded by a rounded ridge of fjeld, covered almost to the very top with the everlasting pine. Yes, it was a pretty sight! A little steamer was just rounding the corner of the lake, loaded with passengers returning from town, and added not a little to the picturesqueness of the scene, and to the comfort too, for it plainly said that though the landscape looked sombre, and uninhabited, and lonely, still that even the remote corners of the interior of this northern

clime could not conceal their treasures long from the advancing hand of civilisation.

But how I am rambling! I wished, however, to try and give my readers some faint idea of an Österdal landscape.

"Velkommen hjem" ("welcome home"—easy language this Norsk, is it not, dear reader? You could have sworn it was "welcome home," even if I hadn't told you!), cried my host, ushering me into the old family saloon in the old-fashioned building. It was a large quaint room; its smoke-begrimed rafters and quaintly painted walls, the odd-shaped boxes with mine host's—or probably his great-grandfather's—name in full; the wooden walls and benches and wooden drinking-mugs with lids; the tobacco-box and pipe-rack; the stove in the corner, standing up like a venerable giant nearly nine feet high, all seemed so new and strange that when I turned round from earnestly contemplating them, I found myself alone. "Gone to fetch his wife, no doubt," I thought. A smacking kiss, which sounded as if both parties concerned gave and took with a hearty will, drew my attention to the window, out of which I could see that not only his better half, but three or four little chubby-faced, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired urchins were undergoing the ordeal of welcoming their "dad," and were feeling in his pockets for the presents which they knew well enough he would bring them from the fair.

But he was soon back, and, apologising for leaving me, straightway went to one of the funny-looking cupboards, pulled out a bottle of "Trondhjem aquavit," and, filling a couple of glasses, drank "skaal," making me as polite a bow as if he had been drinking with the Lord Mayor himself, "Would I like to have a pipe, and stroll round the farm while they were getting supper ready?" So we set out, and on our return, after a pleasant walk, supper was laid out for us, consisting of boiled trout, smoked ham, flat cakes, multe berries, and thick cream.

As we were sitting smoking our pipe over a glass of toddy, old Nils, the bear-hunter, came in, and was at once invited to sit down. Nils was always a welcome guest, whenever he came, not only on account of his expertness as a hunter, but also on account of the

numerous anecdotes and hairbreadth escapes he was able to tell. I never saw such a man for telling stories. I only wish I could remember half the tales he told me during my stay in Österdal. And here is one great advantage of understanding the language of the country where you are sojourning. Those who do not do so lose quite half the enjoyment they would otherwise derive. He had already told several stories connected with elk and reindeer-hunting, when my host asked him to tell me a certain bear story which he thought would interest me. Whereupon Nils took a pull at the toddy, and a draw at the pipe, and thus commenced:

"There is a woodsman hereabouts whom you may have heard of," he said, addressing my host, "his name is Björnjulf Bottolfsen. One day he was out in the forest after elk, when he came upon a very large buck. He fired, but the animal did not fall down directly, but dragged itself along, hard hit, to a large swampy place in the thick of the forest, where it fell dead. Now, as bad fortune would have it, the place where it fell was a good many yards out in the swamp, where it was impossible for any man to get along. So Björnjulf went off into the forest again, and began cutting down some trees, purposing to make a bridge out to the dead elk. He had been away maybe an hour, and on his return what was his surprise to find that there was a large bear busying himself with his elk. Björnjulf hid up behind a tree, in order to watch Bruin's movements more closely. In vain the brute tried to drag the elk out of the morass, but he could not move it an inch. 'I wonder what'll come of it?' thought Björnjulf. However, he had not long to wait. All at once Bruin runs off into the forest, and begins climbing up a tall fir tree that grew on the edge of the swamp, and spread its branches some distance over it. 'What the devil is he up to now?' thinks Björnjulf, astonished at this display of Bruin's gymnastic powers.

"Presently the bear runs out as far as he could on one of the boughs hanging over the swamp, and then letting go his hold came such a cropper on the ground as made it shake again. 'Sooner you than me, old fellow,' says Björnjulf to himself. But what now? The shaking he had just got seemed to make the brute savage, for

he started off, growling, towards the elk, and dashed against it in a fury; but it was no good, he couldn't move it. Presently he ran back again to the same tree, and climbed up to the very topmost branch, and once more let himself down. He fell like a sack of meal on to the ground. He now was downright savage; you could hear his roar echo through the forest, and the foam lathered off his chaps, and his little eyes glared like coals of fire. Off again at the elk, and this time he did move it a little way. Björnjulf began to see through it now. Bruin was evidently trying to get his steam up, but as yet he had not got sufficient pressure on the square inch. Up the tree again like a cat, and down again in a twinkling. He looked terrible this time; you might have heard him roar for miles round. 'He'll do it this time,' thinks Björnjulf, and so he did, for he dragged the carcase out of the swamp without much difficulty. You may imagine Björnjulf was not a little pleased. Bruin had done him a good turn and he meant to return thanks for it. Meanwhile the bear seemed knocked up with the tremendous exertions he had undergone, for Björnjulf noticed that he seemed very shaky as he walked along, and laid down under a tree. 'That's right, my lad; rest a bit; you have had some roughish work.' Thus Björnjulf said to himself as he crept cautiously towards the bear, rifle in hand; for he was not going to let him escape. A bear and an elk on one day is pretty good work, sir. By this time Björnjulf had got close up to the bear, which lay quite still, and did not show any signs of life.

"'Thou must be dead, I am thinking,' said Björnjulf. 'Ay, thou must be the devil himself, and no bear after all, to go climbing up trees, and tumbling down to put yourself in a passion.' But the bear was dead, he had broken a blood vessel I suppose, and so Björnjulf got his elk and the bear too."

"Do you believe it to be true?" I said to my host after Nils had left.

"Well, I cannot say," was the answer, "but I know they do say about here that a bear can never put out its strength till it is very angry; and that when it is downright furious it has the strength of

ten men. In spring time, when Bruin goes to pay a visit to the bait the hunters lay out at the end of autumn (generally the carcase of a horse or cow) and which they cover with heavy stones, or trunks of trees, to prevent its being dragged away, they say that if he cannot succeed in removing them at once he works himself into a fury, just as Nils has described, by dashing against the trees near by, and hitting himself on the head with his paws. And then, when he has worked himself up to the proper pitch, off he starts again, and, in the end is sure to succeed in getting hold of the carrion. But certainly I never heard of a bear climbing up trees, and tumbling down on purpose, merely to put himself in the proper cue."

The forests of Österdal are peculiarly the home of the elk. They are rarely seen in the western districts; but in the parts near Christiania are by no means uncommon. It is, however, in Osterdal that they are found in the greatest abundance. But even here they are exposed to many dangers. Wolves, and their two-legged enemy, man, thinned them to such a degree that, at the beginning of the century, the government interposed, and enacted it to be unlawful for any elk to be killed for a certain term of years. These necessary precautions have had the desired effect, for of late they have multiplied exceedingly. But still they have many enemies. In winter time the wolves doubtless destroy a great many of them. In the deep snow the poor elk cannot travel fast or far, and therefore falls an easy prey to his merciless pursuer. But I am inclined to think that the Swedes just over the frontier are the worst foes to the elk. Equipped with the "ski," the natives travel over the surface of the snow at a prodigious rate; and as they are habituated to this mode of getting about from their very childhood, they feel as much at home on "ski" as an experienced skater is upon his skates.

The Norwegian proprietors in the eastern parts of the country are extremely incensed when they hear that an elk has been killed at an unlawful time; and as there is a great jealousy existing between the two sister countries, they bear no very good will towards the Swedish poacher. In order to protect their elk as much as they can, they employ people to see after them; and will sometimes,

themselves, unite in a body and have a regular campaign against the poachers.

The following account of an elk hunt, in which our old friend Nils figured, may perhaps be interesting.

Let me introduce the company. "First there was a young student from the University, a strong-built, good-looking fellow, and said to be an excellent rifle-shot. He was very enthusiastic about elk, and took no little pains in preserving them. Consequently, he was known far and wide under the *soubriquet* of 'the Elk Missionary.' Next were two young fellows; one of whom was nicknamed 'Lord Palmerston,' and the other 'Rosenkrands,' or the 'Statsraad.' Herr A. and old Nils constituted the rest of the party."

The rest of the story I will tell as nearly as I can in the words of my informant.

"It was a lovely morning when we set out. The atmosphere was so clear and transparent that the valley of the Glommen looked more beautiful than ever, One could see the noble stream winding its way for many a mile. But there was no time for admiring nature now. There was hard work before us, for it was a long and arduous walk before we should arrive at the hunting ground. Old Nils went in front, with his bear-dog in leash, his rifle over his shoulder in a leathern case, besides an axe, and a knapsack containing several indispensable articles. Every now and then he would turn round to read one or other of us a lecture, and inform us that one of the requisites for the success of an elk hunt was strict silence.

"Perhaps we had gone for a couple of hours or so, when all at once Nils and his dog came to a stand. Down went the old man on his knees, apparently examining something with great intentness, while Oscar, the bear-dog, sniffed and cocked his ears, as if he, too, thought something was up.

"'See!' whispered Nils in a low tone, as he pointed to several very fresh footmarks of elk deer. 'Silence!' he continued, as one of our number was beginning to make some remark. 'Not a word; remember that!'

"Meanwhile Nils kept examining the leaves of sundry scrubby birch trees, which were apparently nibbled, till at last, having satisfied himself about something or other, which he kept to himself, he set off again as before, with his dog in front, bidding us observe the strictest silence, and to be careful lest we trod on any dry bough, or dislodged any loose stone.

"It was beginning to get late, and yet no elk: but we were evidently on the right track, for the marks kept getting fresher and fresher, and showed that we were gaining on the animal. This was soon explained, for, on reaching a swamp we could see where it had bathed (doubtless to get rid of the mosquitoes), and the place where it lay down to enjoy a *siesta* after the bath.

"'It is no use to-night,' whispered Nils to my host; 'we will go back a little way and encamp for the night, and start when the first gleam of light appears in the sky. The elk is resting now.'

"So we retraced our steps for a couple of miles, and lighted a blazing good fire, and began to make preparations for supper. Of course the policy of turning back was evident. Very likely the elk might have been but a short distance ahead of us, and Nils knew very well that we should be rather noisy over our pipes and grog; and therefore, like a prudent general, counselled a speedy retreat.

"I never shall forget the jolly evening we passed; but, even though we had gone back at least a couple of miles, old Nils would scarcely let us speak above our breath, so that we must have looked more like a party of secret conspirators who had assembled by midnight in the recess of some forest, to concoct a plan of daring, than a party of hunters. But the punchbowl went round, and the healths of the "Elk Missionary," "Lord Palmerston," &c., were drunk in whispers, and with silent honours. His lordship sat as stiff and upright as his original, on a bunch of dry birch boughs, gnawing away at a bone with great gravity. The missionary was paying his respects to the punchbowl, and taking a far deeper draught, I thought, than was compatible with his reverend title, when all at once a flash, accompanied with a dense smoke and a howl from his lordship, as he jumped up from the ground and began to rub his

seat of honour, made us all start to our feet. It seems that the missionary, while pretending to be busy with the punchbowl, had secretly placed a few grains of gunpowder under his lordship's seat, and watching his opportunity had applied a spark to it. It was impossible to help laughing, even his lordship joined in at length, though, at first, he was very angry indeed, and no wonder. It is all very well for Mr. Gale to sit on a tub of his prepared gunpowder and calmly apply a match to it; but, as Mr. Gale's wondrous invention was not even thought of then, it was evident that the 'missionary' was merely playing a practical joke, and did not intend to afford the company an opportunity of witnessing a scientific experiment. It would not be easy to describe the look of disgust with which old Nils regarded us as our laughter echoed through the wood. But this was not the worst. Old Nils declared he distinctly heard the elk crashing through the wood a long distance off, disturbed, of course, by our unseemly and unsportsmanlike merriment. I do not believe he heard anything at all, and that he only pretended he had in order to make us be still. However, we took the hint, and piling up the fire afresh, and wrapping ourselves up as well as we could, lay down on our birch twigs to try and sleep.

"No sooner did the first show of dawn appear in the sky than old Nils awoke us. He had a fire ready, and made coffee for us; this we hastily swallowed, and then proceeded after the elk. It would be tedious to describe our proceedings that day. Suffice it to say, though we were on the elk's tracks all the while, we never came up with it; and, when we sat down at night again to encamp as before, felt not a little tired. This time, however, we behaved better; and whether it was that experience had made us wiser, or that we felt too knocked up to be noisy, we were as still as old Nils could have desired.

But next day we were destined to meet with better luck. The little dog began to grow impatient, and when Nils stopped to take his rifle out of the case, and examined the nipple carefully, and then looked round at us with a warning gesture to be as noiseless as

possible, it was quite clear that we were not far behind the elk. Meanwhile Nils crept along on all fours with his dog, to reconnoitre, while we remained behind anxiously awaiting his return. An hour passed, and we were beginning to get rather tired of doing nothing, when presently we saw the old man cautiously returning towards us. The elk was about a quarter of a mile off, he said, and it was determined that we should post ourselves at different places, while he and one of our number were to get round it and head it back. It took some little time to arrange us, and give us all the necessary orders. I was stationed under cover of a rising knoll, and it was along this path that Nils thought it most probable the elk would come. It was an exciting time; my heart thumped and beat. do all I could to keep it quiet. There was little chance of my being able to shoot steadily. Presently a rifle-shot on the left and a crashing through the forest announced that the elk was afoot. Nearer and nearer it came, and now, to my delight, instead of getting more nervous and shaky, I found myself quite calm and composed. It was coming straight towards me, so that I had a full sight of the noble animal, as, with head aloft, and its shaggy coat glittering in the morning dew, it trotted along full speed. I always think that an object coming straight towards you presents a more difficult shot than in any other direction. But when it comes to a huge animal like an elk dashing straight towards you at the pace of twelve or fifteen miles an hour, the difficulty is considerably increased. However, there was no help for it, so I gave him the contents of my left barrel with a two-ounce bullet, or, rather, let me say that the earth received them, for I missed him clean. My shot, however, had the effect of making him diverge from the straight path, and thus present a nice flank shot; and now I lost no time in putting the contents of barrel No. 2 into his shoulder, and the magnificent beast rolled over on the ground, struggling in the agonies of death. My companions were soon around me, and I received their hearty congratulations with more pleasure than ever I remember at any former or subsequent period of my life, or on any other occasion.

"Nils flayed and quartered the animal in good style, and after we had dined and laid the venison across the back of the hardy little pony that accompanied us, we made "backtracks," and reached the "missionary's" house late that night, where, as may be supposed, we could indulge in laughter as loud as we pleased without fear of drawing down the displeasure of old Nils, or of frightening any more elks."

After staying a few days with my host, I determined to take a trip over the mountains to the Swedish frontier, where bears, reindeer, elk, and trout were reported to abound in their respective çloments.

"But you must stay two days more," said my hospitable friend; "You have not yet seen my sæter." And so to the sæter we went.

It was a pretty sight to see the "sæter" girl (it wasn't she who was pretty) leading out her cows and goats to the pasture, and singing to them, and calling them by name. Sometimes she would run away from them, and then a hirco-bovine steeple-chase ensued, as to which would catch her, and the winner was rewarded with a lump of salt. The bowls full of cream, and the cheeses, were enough to make a Londoner's mouth water. "I must taste them," said my host; and, without waiting for a reply, or even getting a knife, he stuck his finger into a soft cheese, and held it out to me to take a bit off the end of it.

As we were riding home we got on the subject of bears, which he told me were very numerous, and occasionally committed serious depredations among the cattle. In fact, only a day or two ago he had had a cow killed by one.

I happened to mention this circumstance to an Englishman, whom I met a few weeks afterwards in Christiania, an enthusiastic bear-hunter, but who, I regret to say, is since dead. As he had come out expressly to kill a bear, he was delighted at the reliable information I was able to give him, and at once set off with a letter of introduction from me to Österdalen.

On seeing him after his return, and on asking him if he had succeeded in his object, he told me the following laughable incident.

"We went up to the sæter—that is I and your friend--and in the evening proceeded to the spot where the remains of the slaughtered cow lay. Old Bruin must have been hungry; for certainly he had eaten half of it.

"Have you ever gone out bear-hunting?" And on my replying in the negative, "Then I strongly advise you—Don't!" he replied, "unless you like lying flat on your stomach for a whole night, without moving (or being able to smoke), in the open air, with swarms of mosquitoes eating you up. Of course I was not going to give in. If your friend had lain there till now, so would I; that is, supposing the mosquitoes had left any of me to lie anywhere. At last, to my joy, after we had been six mortal hours on our stomachs, he got up, and said we might as well go, as the bear would not come till to-morrow night.

"Next night again we were out, and this time were more fortunate. As I lay in my old place, stomach flat on the ground, rifle up to my cheek, I fancied I heard a heavy tread and a rustling about forty yards on the left. 'If my heart would only leave off jumping in that absurd way, almost lifting me from the ground, I might get a chance!' Nearer it came—nearer still—till I thought I could see a great black object about twenty yards off through the low scrub. So I took aim and fired; and then we both got to our feet, and could just get a glimpse of a dark substance making off down a ravine. The bear was hit; that was evident by the blood; but where, was the point. We saw no more of him, though we followed him up some hours. But my host shot him a few weeks afterwards, while I was over the mountains; at least, he supposed it was the same, for it had a recent bullet-wound in its fat haunch. I cannot describe how this information relieved a lurking fear I had entertained that I had shot one of your friend's heifers. Such was my experience in bear-hunting, and I fancy I was luckier than most of my countrymen are, for I got the credit of having wounded a bear, whereas I am still inclined to believe I sent a bullet into the haunch of one of your friend's cows."

The next morning, after bidding adieu to mine host, I started

across the fjelds to the Trysil river. It was a beautiful autumn morning; the fog still hung lazily round the mountains, but slowly lifted itself up like a reluctant stage curtain in a theatre. I had a stout little mountain pony to carry the *impedimenta*, on which I could ride when I pleased; my guide carried my rods, while I shouldered my rifle, thinking that a reindeer might come in our way. After a two hours' rugged ascent, we reached the open fjeld. The scenery assumed the most savage desolate appearance I ever witnessed, or desire to witness again. For miles around, the ground was covered with nothing but an unlimited supply of reindeer moss, which imparted a "custard-mustard" sort of tint to the landscape. If a fellow feels out of humour with civilised life in general, and humanity in particular, let me commend him to a week on the Norwegian fjelds. During the whole ride of ten hours I did not see more than ten animated objects (barring mosquitoes). One of these was an eagle, which was soaring at a great height above a mountain lake, and which suddenly, as if impelled by some instantaneous idea, discharged itself down the most perpendicular "header" I ever saw, right into the lake. It was ten seconds under water, and then emerged with a large fish in its claws, with which it flew off in triumph. Subsequently, I caught several fish bearing marks of eagles' claws on their backs, so that the birds occasionally miss their fish, it seems—a comfort for men.

The feeling of loneliness and solitariness a ride on the fjelds is calculated to produce on a man's nerves, especially if he be at all given to hypochondriacal affections, can scarcely be realised. What a thing to fall down in a fit, or to break a leg, or to undergo any other such-like unpleasantnesses to which flesh is heir in such a dismal place, far out of reach of human assistance. The reflection that the crows would come and pick you over, or the gluttons gorge themselves on your carcase, or the wolves worry each other over you, might make a nervous person extremely uncomfortable. And this, I came to the conclusion, after deep meditation, must be the use of mosquitoes: they keep a traveller's thoughts from dwelling on such topics, and tax all his ingenuity to prevent them from eating him up. Discern-

ing little pests, they would not so much as look at my "unwashen, unkempt" guide, but stuck to me with a pertinacity that made it clear that the smell of a clean Englishman's blood was dear to them. As an interesting question to entomologists, I venture to propound, "What do they feed on up there when there are no travellers?"

Towards evening we reached the river; the farmhouse where I was to put up lay on the opposite bank; and, while the pony of his own accord swam across, we rowed over. The farmhouse, or, more properly speaking, cluster of log-houses, lay at a short distance from the river, in a thickly-wooded ravine. My guide had been instructed to introduce me to the good people, and to request them to take me in; so while they were getting a room ready for me, I sauntered down to the river, rod in hand. It was a delicious evening; the wind, which had just sprung up, gave that propitious ripple to the surface of the water which a fly-fisher delights to see. Quickly putting on a cast, I threw into the stream. The fish were jumping on all sides. Whether I was the first Englishman who had ever fished there, I know not, but certainly I rose a fish nearly every time. In three or four hours I had bagged forty trout and grayling, weighing altogether thirty pounds, good weight. The largest was four pounds.

It was then time to go home and get to bed, for I was rather stiff and tired after a day on a hard Norwegian saddle. "How delicious to get a room like this all to oneself!" I thought, as I walked into mine. Scarcely was the thought conceived, than in marched the whole household, and quietly ranged themselves round the room to have a good look at the "Engelskmand." After having stared at me in silence for a few minutes, they proceeded to examine my watch, pipe, fly-book, &c., which lay on the table. "Well, now they'll go, surely," I said to myself, "as they have looked at everything." A bright thought seized me. "I'll begin to undress; they'll be sure to take that hint." I sat down on the edge of the bed, and leisurely took off my boots. No, that wouldn't move them. "Well. I'll try what divesting myself of my knickerbockers will do!" Vain hope! The more I took off, the more interested they seemed in the opera-

tion. I made a bolt, as I was, into bed. How long they remained I know not, for I soon fell fast asleep, and only awoke next morning when the good woman brought me in a large cup of hot coffee and a small bowl of cold water, holding rather less than half a pint, to wash in. Drinking the first, and discarding the second, I went and plunged into the river, to the dismay and astonishment of two or three men, who shouted after me, and ran away. They thought I had gone mad, for a Norwegian peasant never washes himself but once a year, and then only a very little.

I remained there three days, and if any roving Englishman wants to know what good trout fishing is, let him go to Trysil, on the borders of Sweden.

On my return to Rendalen, my host had planned an elk hunt for me. There were not many reindeer, he thought, but he felt sure he could show me an elk within a week, if I liked. Of course I liked. So one morning we started early for the forest, accompanied by a cunning old hunter, holding a little dog in leash, reputed a wonder for tracking elk, bear, or reindeer.

A Norwegian mountaineer is as sure-footed as his pony. See him skip over a river, scarcely touching the stones which here and there invitingly peep up above the surface, but which are often unsteady. Instinct and long practice teach him where to put his foot just at the right time. How I envied him. My first attempt at imitation sent me floundering on my back in the middle of a brook; but I got more adroit afterwards.

There are few things more uninteresting in my opinion than the interior of a Norwegian pine forest, though the Poet Laureate *did* once come out in the same boat with me all the way to Norway, only to hear the "Æolian-harp-like" murmur of the wind through its boughs. It is the same thing over and over again; no variety, nothing to relieve the monotony, not even a jay's music to enliven one. No wonder he made no allusion to it in the Idylls, which came out shortly afterwards, for I'll be hanged if I could see any poetry in it. I can solemnly aver that for a whole hour I saw no winged animal (mosquitoes always excepted) save a black woodpecker, which looked

more like a Wellington boot with a red top, climbing up the rotten stem of a fir-tree, than anything else.

All at once I saw my hunter flump down on his knees in a devotional attitude, with his eyes humbly cast down to the ground. The very dog, too, seemed to be similarly affected. Then he got up and proceeded to a low birch-tree, and commenced examining the leaves one by one, while his dog stood up all the while on his hind legs, and sniffed away at them as if he would collapse. At length it dawned upon me that the hunter was not religious-mad, but that an elk had something to do with his condition, especially when he showed me a leaf which had only recently been browsed, and which a rabbit could not possibly have reached, even if such creatures did exist in Norway. It was a fine sight to watch the hunter and his dog; they seemed to understand each other thoroughly, as they kept looking at one another, as if comparing notes.

There are few animals so wary as an elk. Living in the thickest parts of the forest, their ears stand them in better stead than their eyes. In hunting elks you must not think of winking. The old hunter and his dog went first; it was as good as a play to watch them, each setting a foot to the ground at the same moment and with such a grave air; I came next, following as lightly as fourteen stone could. Maybe we had gone in this way half an hour, and I was beginning to get fatigued, when all at once we came plump on two full-grown elk, at about sixty yards' distance. How noble they looked! Quite six feet in height! A sight like this is a reward for a day's toil, and ducking into the bargain! A sight like this—

"Bother your sights!" cries Bogus, to whom I have just been telling the story; "can't you say if you shot one, instead of apostrophising their beauty in that ridiculous manner!"

"My dear Bogus, I did not shoot one: firstly, because the hunter's head was in the way; secondly, because, when his head was out of the way, the elks had gone; thirdly, because my rifle missed fire. So I ground my teeth in despair, and put on a fresh cap."

But my bear-hunting friend was more fortunate than I had been,

for a few days after his adventure with the bear he succeeded in bagging an elk. The following is a copy from his journal:

"We started early: that is, I, my host, and the hunter—who, *en passant*, had only recently returned from the fortress at Christiania, where he had worked his time of imprisonment out, as a galley-slave, for having killed his brother. I felt extremely glad I had not been aware of the circumstance when I had to bivouac out alone with him in the forest.

"Before long we came on some very fresh tracks; at least, the hunter and his little dog seemed to think so, judging from the serious and earnest way in which they regarded them. Further and further we penetrated into the recesses of the forest, stepping softly and gently as we went. The dog became intensely excited, but never gave tongue. The well-trained little creatures are taught never to bark when held in leash; it is only when they are set at liberty that it is etiquette to do so. A crashing sound, as if an elephant were dashing through a jungle, made us turn our eyes to the left of us, and we could just discern a monstrous elk disappearing between the birch trees.

"Now was the time to slip the dog. No sooner was he at liberty than off he set in pursuit, giving tongue most lustily, as if to make up for his long and continued silence. The reason why he barked was plain enough; for had he continued mute it would have been a matter of sheer impossibility to follow on the right course through the tangled and intricate forest. His voice began to grow faint and fainter, and I began to fear that we should lose the elk. But neither of my companions seemed to share in my anxiety; a complacent look of assurance on their faces seemed to say that there were ten chances to one against the elk. We had already gone at double-quick for half an hour, when the baying of the dog sounded louder and more plainly; the elk, then, was at bay.

"'Yes, you go first, and fire straight,' intimated rather than said the hunter.

"A couple of cartridges were quickly thrust into my breech-loader. Cautiously proceeding up a steep bank, I peeped over the top, where

the elk was at bay. Yes, there he was, stamping and dashing at the little dog with his horns and long fore feet: who, however, easily avoided the elk, as he kept dodging about in close proximity to his nose.

"An easier mark could hardly be imagined, so, raising my rifle and aiming at the shoulder, I put in a bullet at about forty yards' distance, and the great animal fell over on his side dead. I shall never forget my excitement—indeed, the hunter, I am sure, thought I was mad, especially when, in an exuberant fit of generosity, I presented him with a five-dollar note."

In my opinion, there is much more sport in hunting elk after the Norwegian manner, than after the Swedish, as described in Lloyd's interesting book of sport. To see a good hunter and his dog at work is a sight not to be seen every day, and the memory of it will long abide by me.

Whilst on this subject I may as well tell my readers a rather amusing tale about elk poaching which I once heard. I sent an account of it to *All the Year Round*, and cannot do better, perhaps, than give it as it appeared in that journal.

"There are few of us who like shooting and have not at some time of our lives 'done a little bit of poaching.' Of course I refer to gentlemanly poaching. I am a J.P. now, and of course, Justly Particular. Still I have done one or two things of the sort one might be had up for, even since I have sustained magisterial honours. For instance, one night I made one of a party netting partridges, using the identical net which had been taken a week before from a poacher who was caught in the fact, and to whom I gave three weeks' hard labour. But, let me add, I used the net on my own land, and with my own keepers, for I wished to settle the point whether a 'well-bushed' field really offered any impediments to netting, and found that it got so inextricably hampered that the partridges were safe.

"But it is not of my peccadilloes at home that I am about to make confession. I fear there is scarce a country in Europe wherein I have not infringed the game laws; and, if the heinousness of the

crime bears any direct proportion to the size of the animal unlawfully slain, I have been a poacher of the very utmost magnitude. For I have been, I confess it, an elk poacher, and an elk is an animal standing some seventeen or eighteen hands high, and weighing a good bit more than half a ton.

"I was spending the summer in Norway. It was the year ('fifty-eight) of that terribly hot summer when the sheep died by scores in the parks, and became roast mutton as they lay upon the grass: so you may imagine what it was in a country where the sun was almost as hot at midnight as at noon. It was getting towards the end of July, and I was looking forward to the first of August with all the zest of an old grouse shooter. One day a young Norwegian student happened to put up at the same 'station' where I was staying. He, too, was going to spend his vacation on the fjelds, but, disdaining such small fry as grouse and ptarmigan, soared at red-deer, reindeer, and elk. It was to our mutual interests. I, for instance, had a good stock of English powder, and an unlimited supply of 'Bristol bird's-eye,' and a brace of first-rate setters. He would not only be an agreeable companion, but would act as my interpreter.

"A few remarks on the law relating to the preservation of elk are due in this place. It runs thus: 'Any one shooting an elk before August 1st, or after October 31st, is liable to a penalty of forty dollars, half of which goes to the informer, and half to the poor-box of the district.' Doubtless, in some respects, an excellent provision, as in a wild country like Norway, with its boundless forests and trackless fjelds, it would be a sheer impossibility for any native game preserver to keep such a staff of *employés* as to render the poacher's avocation at all dangerous. By offering a bribe to the informer, the government hit on an ingenious and inexpensive scheme for the promotion of its object. But now mark the weak side! Say that the eatable portion of an elk weighs 800lbs. In the matter of food therefore, alone, there will be a tolerable supply of meat through the winter. Then there is the hide, and the antlers, into the bargain. On the lowest computation, an elk is well worth

thirty dollars. It is easy enough, therefore, for two persons to conspire against an elk, and while one of them does the poaching, his comrade acts as informer, and, by recovering half the penalty, both profit by the transaction.

"We had just arrived at our quarters, after a long and dusty journey across the Dovre mountains. The house at which we put up lay on the borders of a large lake of surpassing loveliness. It looked so temptingly cool that we determined to enjoy the luxury of a bath, before going in to sup upon a dish of fresh caught charr, which was in course of preparation. Never was bath more refreshing; and certainly never was tobacco more fragrant than when we laid down afterwards on the grass to be soothed by it. All was still; the lake as smooth as a looking-glass, and the sun just setting behind a snow-capped mountain in the distance. But the silence suddenly was broken by the sound of distant voices, and the splash of oars; and in a few minutes we could plainly discern two boats emerging from under the dark shadow of some rocky hills on the other side, apparently racing against each other. I pulled out my "binocular," and soon discovered what I should have taken to be a large bough floating on the water about half a mile ahead of the boats, only that it was moving almost as quickly as the boats were. But Hans soon enlightened me, and with a sprinkling of genuine Norwegian ejaculations, which would look rather profane if translated literally, pronounced that the bough was an elk, and that the boats were in pursuit of it.

"'Now shall we see a bit of fun; each boat belongs to a different farmery' (so he always called a farm-house), 'and if one of them shoots the elk you will see such a race as never was!'

"'But why shouldn't we try and bag him, Hans? We have our rifles. He is coming straight towards us; and I would gladly give ten pounds to shoot an elk. Down Carlo! Don! down sir," and we all hid ourselves behind a large rock.

"'You would give ten pounds?' Good!' I heard Hans soliloquise, but took no notice at the time of his remark.

"Meanwhile, the animal was rapidly approaching, evidently un-

conscious of any danger in the front. Nearer and nearer he came, straining every nerve to distance his pursuers. The shouts and gesticulations of the men in the boats, each trying to outstrip the other, and the anxiety of the elk to reach the shore, were quite equalled by my intense fear lest the boats should get the first shot.

"'Now look you,' whispered Hans, 'he is making for yon point; he will stop half a second to shake the water off him directly he is on land. That is your time!'

"'Good!'

"The elk was now about a hundred yards off land. The leading boat was not more than a hundred and fifty yards behind; and two of the men in the bows were already standing up, rifle in hand, to let fly the moment the animal set foot on land. There was no time to be lost.

"'Now look! he can feel the bottom.'

"The next moment I sent a bullet in behind the shoulder at forty yards, and the huge animal rolled over in the shallow water, splashing and struggling in the agonies of death. Quick as thought we rushed down to the spot, and dragged our quarry out of the water.

"Meanwhile, the first boat had reached the shore, and we were soon surrounded by half a dozen savage-looking fellows, who, to judge from the way in which they spat and swung their arms about and shouted (one of them cried with passion), were cursing us by all the Scandinavian Gods. Presently the other boat came up, and there were now at least a dozen spectators, all of whom seemed to be in a furious state of excitement. This was rather alarming, and I turned round to speak to Hans to ask him what we had best do, when, to my horror, I could not see him anywhere. Where had he gone? He was close by me not a minute ago.

"'Cowardly brute,' I muttered, 'to leave me among such a lot of savages,' who, to judge by their looks, seemed ready to kill me. However, he was gone, that was certain, and I had only myself to rely on. Calling Don and Carlo close to me, who did not at all

approve of the presence of so many strangers, I determined to take it coolly; and, quietly lighting my pipe, proceeded to flay my elk.

"Whether it was that my friends thought me and the dogs dangerous, or whether my coolness puzzled them, I know not, but after staring at me a long while, for they found it was useless to talk to me, and after they had ejected the most prodigious quantity of saliva conceivable, they went off in sullen silence, and rowed back over the lake.

"'Good!' I thought: 'and now they have gone, I dare say Hans will crawl out of his hiding-place.' I felt convinced he had sneaked somewhere under cover. 'Hans! Hans!' I shouted.

"Sure enough I heard his voice some distance off, and in a couple of minutes he appeared, out of breath, and in a tremendous heat.

"'It's all right,' he began.

"'All right! Yes! I dare say you are all right. But to go and leave a fellow in the lurch like that! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Why it's a wonder I'm not murdered and stiff.'

"'I've only been to the "Foged" (magistrate) and laid an information against you for having shot the elk. It's all right!' replied Hans, smiling.

"This was too much! I might have looked over his desertion, but to go and turn informer was cowardice of the most unpardonable kind!

"Hans all the time had been laughing with delight; but seeing that I was seriously angry, asked me to listen to what he had to say.

"'Go on, sir,' I said in a dignified manner.

"'Now, my good friend, did you not see one of the men slink off directly the boat came ashore?' I shook my head negatively.

"'But I did! So that's your game is it? Two can play at that game, thought I. For you see he was off to the Foged to lay information against us. Now I can't afford to pay twenty dollars if you can. Besides, as I am a candidate of theology, I did'nt want to see my name in all the papers as a poacher. So I ran up to the "station," borrowed the man's pony, and set off, full galop, to the Foged's house. Before I had gone half way, I saw my friend run-

ning along in the same direction as hard as he could. He did not recognise me till I came alongside, when, pulling off my hat, I shouted, "Shall I give your compliments to the Foged?" He knew me then, and seeing the game was up, turned back. So I rode on, and told the Foged how that you had shot an elk, and how that I was very angry about it, and thought it my duty to lay an information against you.'

"And Hans enlightened me as to the law relating to elk which I have already mentioned, and of which I was then ignorant.

"'My best Hans,' said I, 'I beg your pardon, but I really thought you were a humbug.'

"'Of course you did. The Foged will be here directly, so I must play my part. Don't be angry if I abuse you soundly.'

"Before long, up came the said functionary, looking quite as important as I do on bench days, and began to write down the depositions. Hans played his part admirably, and was even complimented by the worthy old magistrate for his conduct, when he gave him as a reward half of the forty dollars which I handed over. Then, having once secured his reward, with consummate ability he began to find extenuating circumstances for me—'that I was an Englishman, unconscious of the law, &c.,'—till at last we all three became excellent friends, and, at a wink from Hans, I asked them both to come up to the house and sup with me. They accepted readily, and under the influence of a stiff glass of hot grog 'with,' and a good London cigar, the old Foged's heart relented so far, that he actually offered to remit the fine. Of course I refused, and begged him to distribute it amongst the poor, only asking him not to let my name figure in the paper."

CHAPTER IX.

The Old Reindeer Hunters of Norway.

I must ask my readers now to accompany me to the mountains in the neighbourhood of lakes Bygdin, Gjende, and Tyen, which lie some few miles to the north-east of Nystuen, the highest point on the Fille Fjeld, for I wish to tell them something about reindeer and reindeer hunting, and it would be a gross "anatophism" (*liceat procudere nomen*) to speak of those noble animals if I were not to shift the scene from the dense forest tracts of Österdal and the Trysil to their own proper home on the high fjelds.

The neighbourhood of the above lakes has long been a favourite resort for tourists. The purity of the atmosphere, and the magnificent scenery that unfolds itself to the eye are doubtless considered more than compensation for the trouble of reaching tracts which lie, perhaps, rather out of the way of the main thoroughfares of Norway.

But long before any tourist set foot in these parts, they were already frequented by a class of people, who had quite as great a passion for roaming about on the neighbouring heights, as any Alpine clamberer of modern days. I refer to the old reindeer hunters. From the remotest days this class of people have been in the habit of wandering over these fjelds from early spring to late autumn, shunning no danger, deeming no hardship too severe, so long as they could hunt the wild reindeer amid its native wilds. It is of these interesting people that I propose now to give a sketch. But before describing their habits and manner of life, and method of hunting, it will be as well if I devote a page or two to the reindeer. I need not repeat what I have already spoken of in my

"Sport in Norway," relating to their habits, &c., but will confine my remarks principally to what takes place at the pairing season.

The does drop their young in early spring. At this season of the year they are, of course, not hunted by man; but not the less are they exposed to dangerous enemies. Indeed, I question much, whether any animal, bird, beast, or fish, is so exposed to annoyance, so bullied, so tormented, as a reindeer. At the period in question the glutton is its mortal foe. With unwearying pertinacity it follows on the tracks of the reindeer, and no sooner does it perceive that parturition has taken place, than it rushes on to the fray, and mother and hind often fall victims to its fell attack. Then later on in the summer, the poor creatures are exposed to the merciless onslaughts of the myriads of mosquitoes and stinging flies with which Norway abounds. No peace for them on the lower parts of the mountain; then they must go up high to those snowy patches which, well for them, seldom, if ever, melt, if they would have any enjoyment of life. On fine days, therefore, the reindeer are generally to be found on the snow-fonds, but always on that side of them from which the wind blows; for instinct tells them that their delicate sense of smell will instantly warn them of the approach of any enemy from that quarter, while on the other hand it would be difficult for anyone, or anything to get close to them without at once being detected over the unbroken surface of a snowy plain. Moreover, they are careful to select the largest "fonds" for their resting place, so as to avoid the risk of being surprised, or of being taken at a disadvantage by the wary hunter. If the weather continues to be unusually sultry for a length of time, as is sometimes the case, then "excelsior" is the reindeer's motto, and they must be sought for on the loftiest crags and highest peaks of the fjelds, where the region of snow asserts its everlasting dominion, and where vegetable and insect life are represented in the most limited degree. Of course, this can only be a temporary retreat, and therefore, as a rule, the reindeer do not go higher up than where they can find a sufficient supply of grass or lichen for their moderate requirements.

During the summer the bucks and does do not usually herd together, for while the cares of her family occupy the attention of the latter, the bucks, as if they disdained such lowly avocations, retire in dignified contempt to the loftiest and most sequestered spots they can find.

The accomplished hunter is well up in all these movements; in warm weather he knows that, as a rule, the reindeer will be found in the higher parts of the fjeld, while the lower the temperature the nearer will they come to the lowlands. Besides this, he knows that the wind plays a very important part in the movements of these animals. For reindeer always travel against the wind, and tracts which may one day be covered with them will, if the wind shifts next day, be without a single hoof.

Such is the reindeer's life till autumn sets in, or till perhaps the beginning of October. At this period a change takes place; they begin to congregate together now, and the bucks, getting weary perhaps of their own society up among the snowy crags, seek the company of the does. It is the pairing season—one of the most interesting and agreeable epochs perhaps in the reindeer's life.

Their habits at this particular season are so peculiar that I hope I shall not be found tedious if I endeavour to give a description of the events and occurrences that then usually take place.*

Imagine the does to be assembled in herds, and each herd to be under the command of a large buck, or "Haldar," as he is termed. A strange buck, perhaps, is desirous of joining one of these herds. Of course, the "Haldar" resents the intrusion, and a furious battle at once ensues, which, for the rage and fury with which it is carried on, can scarcely be surpassed by any other representatives of the animal world. Rearing up on their hind quarters, they strike violently out with their fore legs; and when this round is over they each retire a few paces, fronting each other all the while, and presently, as if some herald had given the signal for the charge, they dash against one another with inconceivable violence, so that

* For the following interesting account I am indebted to the "Turist-forening" annual, published in Christiania.

the splinters from their horns fly far and wide. A little stunned by such a crash, they then entangle their horns together, or else dodge and feint about in the hopes of getting a good side blow at their antagonist. Need it be said that the arena where such a fight has been held may readily be recognised by the blood and splintered horns, and tufts of hair that plentifully bestrew it, not to speak of the flattened and betrampled earth. And so the battle rages till victory at last declares itself for one or the other. The conqueror, of course, at once takes his position at the head of the herd, while the vanquished one beats a retreat.

But it often happens that this victory has been dearly bought. Another rival appears, another battle ensues, and the same scene is re-enacted many times over; and it generally happens that the victorious buck, though he may be the hero of a hundred fights, at last gets so worn and wearied that he has to give way to some more vigorous and youthful rival.

Meanwhile the does stand quietly looking on, apparently enjoying the spectacle, for their love seems to be of a very general type; or, perhaps, the reason that they take so little interest in the proceedings may be owing to the fact that they know well, let who will win, they will get tremendously bullied by their lord, whoever he may be. For the buck, perhaps as a requital for the battles he has fought on their account, takes it out of them uncommonly, and tyrannises over them in a most unwarrantable manner. The does, for instance, stand closely packed in a ring, outside of which they have no leave to move. But I suppose females never did congregate together yet in any numbers without some sign of rebellion or insubordination shewing itself; and so, presently, one doe, more venturesome than her sisters, transgresses the command, and is immediately dashed to the ground, by way of punishment for her temerity and disobedience, by a charge from her offended lord; or else, as has sometimes occurred, the buck places his horns under her, and regularly tosses her up into the air back to her former place in the ring.

It must not, however, be understood from the foregoing that there

is no more than one buck to a herd. It is only during the fighting season, immediately preceding the pairing season, that the Haldar's jurisdiction is monarchical; when all the necessary blood has been shed and peace has been declared, then the younger bucks are permitted to take their place in the herd; each one knows his own position and his own power, and all goes on merrily and happily as a marriage bell.

The deer now begin to shed their horns, and at this season the snow places impediments in the hunter's way. The month of September, therefore, and the early part of October, is the best time for reindeer hunting. Besides, the scanty hay and corn crops are harvested now, and the hunter has plenty of time at his disposal.

At this period, then, they repair to the fjelds, taking up their abode in the "sæters," or cattle sheds, for all the cows and animals have long since returned to the home farm. Or else they build themselves shooting huts in convenient parts. The architecture of such a hut is so simple that it can be described in a few words. A hollow square of stones is formed, with an aperture in the top for the smoke to escape, and if the builder is one who has an eye to comfort, he will probably stuff up the interstices with moss. Immediately under the smoke hole a primitive fireplace is constructed, while a bench along one side of the room, to serve as a bed, forms the whole of the furniture of a hunter's shooting-lodge. Perhaps the area of such a lodge may be only six or eight feet square, while to get into it he has to go on all fours. But the hunter is used to such trifles as these. Of course, to stand upright when once he is in is an impossibility, and, even if it were possible, would be a most undesirable position to assume, because the smoke with which the hut is filled, and which finds its way as it can out of the hole above, warns him that a recumbent or a sitting position is the only one to be adopted if he wishes to avoid "asphyxiation." But the reindeer hunters are well contented with their huts; and so long as they will keep out the rain and the cold they do not trouble their heads about luxuries.

The equipment of the hunter is as simple in its character as is the

furniture of his hut. As it is of great importance that the clothes he wears should be of an unobtrusive character, he uses material which in colour bears a striking resemblance to the surrounding terrain. Accordingly, a light grey, mingled with a brownish hue, is deemed the most suitable; and the white jacket usually worn by the Valders peasantry, and light yellow leather breeches, when age and wear have taken off their newness, are admirably adapted for the purpose. He only takes with him the clothes he has on his back, excepting, perhaps, another pair of stockings; and if he gets wet, as, of course, is often the case, he strips to the skin till his garments are dry. But though thus regardless of a change of dress, he is by no means forgetful of the requirements of the inner man, and his knapsack is well stocked with a supply of bread and butter, a little dried meat, and coffee. Coffee is a beverage he cannot do without, and I question much whether there are a dozen individuals in the whole of Norway who pass the day without their "Kop Kaffee," excepting those, of course, who are specially forbidden the use of the fragrant berry.

The rifles in vogue are generally of heavy calibre; and, with but few exceptions, the old-fashioned round bullets are used. They will not carry with any certainty farther than four hundred feet; but this is, in nine cases out of ten, a sufficient range, for it is not often, I am inclined to think, that a deer is shot at a greater distance than a hundred yards.

The hunters usually go two and two, not only for company's sake, but because it is dangerous to go alone on the mountains, especially as the autumn sets in. A sprained ankle, a fall, or any other of those innumerable accidents to which a hunter on the high fjelds is especially exposed, might readily prove fatal.

With these preliminary remarks, let us accompany two reindeer hunters on an expedition to the mountains in the beginning of September.

They have reached, we will suppose, the old shooting-hut the evening before, which they have made as comfortable as circumstances admit of. Having completed the indoor arrangements, they go out and collect all the heather and juniper bushes they can find,

and a cheery fire soon blazes on the hearth; and, after partaking of their frugal meal, they lie down to sleep, and to dream of the morrow's sport, taking care, however, every now and then to waken up and add fresh fuel to the fire. They seem to be impervious to the effects of the smoke, for they carefully cover over the hole in the roof, so that the interior of the hut is a dense mass of that vapour, with the exception of a space of about four inches immediately above the floor. The hunters, however, knowing that smoke is lighter than the atmospheric air, lie on the ground, so that they can inhale a comparatively pure air.

At the first gleam of dawn they are up, and, breakfast over, they start for the chase, taking with them, however, a supply of provisions, in case they should have to bivouac out that night in the open. The shooting-hut may be some little distance from the hunting-ground. There is, therefore, no need of great caution at first: but no sooner do they draw near to the desired terrain than their whole demeanour changes. Silence, a strict silence, broken only by low whispers, is observed, and they walk slowly and cautiously, every sense being on the alert.

To proceed against the wind is, I need scarcely say, a matter of the greatest moment; but this is not always practicable. In such cases the advance must be made with the utmost care. Accordingly they never get on the ridge of a hill for fear the deer should see their forms standing out against the horizon; and if they have to pass by a snow-fond they are careful not to approach it too near lest the quick eye of some reindeer should detect a moving form against the white background, but prefer to make a long detour to skirting it at too close quarters.

If more than two hunters go together they keep close together, presenting, of course, as small an object as they possibly can. When they have reached the ridge of some hill, on the other side of which there is a stretch of ground, the greatest care is necessary. Cautiously and slowly one of their number peers over it, allowing as little of the head to be seen as possible. They know well from experience that this is an operation that must not be hurried over. Every

hollow, every rock must be well scanned, for it often happens that a deer may lie concealed under the cover of some friendly boulder. By inattention to this necessary rule I remember well losing an excellent shot at a reindeer.

The progress our two hunters have made, therefore, is not great, for they often stop to squat down and scan the horizon with their telescopes. Neither do they walk in a direct line, but quarter the ground somewhat in the fashion of a well trained dog, looking out, of course, for tracks. Indeed, in sagacity they rival their *confrères* in the New World; for they can tell to a nicety the age of the spoor they meet with, the sex of the deer, and the approximate size of the quarry. I need scarcely say that it requires long practice to enable a hunter to decide this with any degree of accuracy, owing, doubtless, in a great measure to the different kinds of soil over which they have to pass. Should the track be on the snow, they have to take into account the influence the weather exerts on it. But the most difficult of all is when the spoor leads over a sandy soil. They then generally look out for rain marks by which they can guess at its probable age. When it leads them over a moss they have to take into consideration the flatness of the impression, for the moss, being very elastic, quickly resumes its former position.

Let us now suppose the time to be noon, and our hunters to be on a fresh spoor. The sun of course is high up in the sky, and they know that the deer are then lying down for their *siesta* under the shelter of some rocky boulder, or in the hollows between them. There is an old saying that "the best time for a hunter to see reindeer is when he is eating or resting." Acting on this advice, our hunters sit down to dinner, casting, however, all the while searching glances on every side. The bread and butter, the cup of coffee, and the accompanying *chasse café* having been duly discussed, they too take a little snooze, not all at once, but one at a time, and then, doubtless feeling greatly refreshed, set out once more in quest of deer. Presently, as one of the number cautiously peers over the ridge of a hill, it is evident that something has occurred, for he

remains perfectly still as if he had suddenly become petrified, and after having duly ascertained what that something is. he slowly and gradually allows himself to sink down the slope he has just ascended, like a water-logged ship that imperceptibly but surely settles deeper and deeper, till at last she disappears from view beneath the waves.

"A buck, three does, and two hinds! They are grazing under the snow-fond away yonder, under Svarteknipe!" (the name of a mountain). Such is the pleasing intelligence he communicates to his anxious comrades.

They are not more than two thousand paces distant, but how are they to get within shot? It is a knotty point! for it is a dead calm, not a breath of air is stirring, so the utmost caution is necessary. A short consultation is held, and it is unanimously decided that under existing circumstances it would be worse than useless to attempt a stalk. They must wait till there is a little wind to come to their help; and so they seat themselves down under the hill-side, and have another "snack" at the bread and butter, for a hunter's stomach is so constituted that it can take a fresh supply of food into it at any time of the day, or go without bit or drop, as the exigences of the case may require. Time and food being given, a hunter should always be able to take a meal or a nap, for it may be a question when the next opportunity shall occur. After waiting patiently, however, a couple of hours, a gentle breeze springs up, but, as bad luck will have it, it blows directly from them to the quarter where the deer were seen. No time must be lost, for a capricious puff o wind may any moment inform the animals that danger is near Quickly, therefore, they leave their resting-place in order to approacl the deer from a more favourable quarter, springing lightly bu cautiously over the loose stones and rocks with that ease and sure footedness which are peculiar to mountaineers. After having gon for some considerable distance in this manner, one of them agai has a peep over the top of a ridge. But the deer have shifte their position; they are still a thousand feet off: and what is worse they are on a level plateau, so that a nearer approach is an impossi bility. The only thing to be done is to wait till they get behind

rocky ledge towards which they are grazing. At last one, and then another, and then the whole flock are hidden from view. It is a critical time, for the hunters know well that one or other of the deer will come out soon to have a look around. Once more, then, they set off, springing lightly and noiselessly over the loose stones on the plateau, instinctively knowing, as it were, which stone will insure a firm foothold. At length they reach a little hollow not far from the boulders behind which the deer have disappeared. They pause. Presently one of the hunters worms his way up the slope, and cautiously peers over the top. Not a horn is visible! The deer are still behind the ledge. Once more forward! Just then the horns of the buck stick up over the top of the ledge, and the hunters are instantaneously converted into statues. An anxious minute passes, and then the whole herd appear in view, and quietly make off for a neighbouring snow-fond, where they lie down to chew the cud. It seems as if our hunters are never to get within shot that day, for the position where the deer now are is so admirably chosen that an approach from the spot where we last left them is impossible. It would be tedious, perhaps, to follow them in the manœuvres they have to adopt, now crawling *ventre à terre* for several hundred yards, pushing their rifles before them, or trailing them after them; now springing once more with cat-like agility over the loose rocks, only to find, perhaps, that the deer have again shifted their position, and that all their labour has been in vain; or else a fog may come on, enveloping the whole mountain in a dense and impenetrable cloud, rendering an advance or retreat impossible. In such a case the hunter must make the best of it, and remain where he is till the weather again becomes bright and clear. But in our case no such contingencies occur. The hunters have managed to get pretty near the fond without disturbing the deer. Presently, however, a wary doe begins to show signs of uneasiness. The buck does not seem to participate in the alarm, so she gives him a good poke in the side with her horns to induce him to get up. But it is of no use. His majesty prefers his ease; he is very comfortable where he is; and if a man were always to listen to every whim and caprice of

his wife, why life would not be worth having. At length he gets on his legs, stretches himself, and the whole herd follow his example. They are grazing up a hill-side, and soon disappear over the ridge. The inexperienced hunter would probably at once set-off in pursuit, but our old hands know full well that one of those roguish does will, in a minute or two, retrace her steps to the hill-top to take another good look round, so they wait till she has a second time vanished from sight, and then set off quickly after them.

"There they are, only three hundred feet off!" such is the report of the spy. The others crawl cautiously up the slope; the rifles are cocked, the priming looked to, and, for the first time that day, a muzzle is pointed towards the deer. A sharp wind is blowing in their faces. This, of course, is as it should be; but, as a set-off against this advantage, the corns of drifting snow which it sweeps off the fond come driving into their faces, thereby rendering a steady aim very difficult. However, there will be no better chance that day, that is certain. The older of the two hunters has selected the buck; suddenly the sharp crack of his rifle is heard, and the noble animal gives a bound in the air and falls dead on the spot, for the bullet has passed through the heart. The other animals, scarcely hearing the report of the rifle, are, however, in a great state of alarm, and, as good luck rules it, instead of scampering off, return on their footsteps, and approach the hunters, who have remained fixed to the spot. There is still another rifle to be discharged, and the younger of the hunters, taking a steady aim, puts in a bullet behind the forearm of the largest doe, and she too rolls over in her death throes. The rest of the herd now make off.

So ends the day's sport. The deer are quickly flayed and quartered, and what the hunters cannot take with them they cover over with heavy stones to prevent the gluttons appropriating their venison to themselves. Whether the hunters are able to reach their hut that night is a mere chance, and depends on the time of day, and the rising of the moon, for it is dangerous in the extreme to cross the fjelds except when the weather be fine, and the nights very light. Often and often they have, therefore, to bivouac out in the

open ; but they are used to it, and generally manage to sleep soundly under the shelter of a friendly rock till the morning sun once more appears.

Such is the reindeer hunter's life year after year, Doubtless it is a severe one ; but, on the other hand, it sharpens his faculties, and developes his powers of endurance to an inconceivable degree. Indeed, a hardier race than these mountain hunters cannot well be imagined. The intimate acquaintance a hunter has with his hunting ground is marvellous and surprising. Every "beck," every knoll, almost every stone on it is he acquainted with, a knowledge that not only stands him in good stead when stalking, but is of inexpressible service in case darkness, or a fog, or a snowstorm, should come on unexpectedly. They seldom, if ever, make use of a compass, for each rock is as it were a landmark to them. Their powers of endurance are marvellous in the extreme : day after day they go out in quest of deer ; they seldom know what the luxury of dry clothes means ; but for all that a strong constitution coupled with long habit enables them to stand against those thousand ills to which human flesh is heir, better than most men.

In winter time the reindeer hunter often devotes his attention to ryper on the lowlands, for on the high fjelds to live is an impossibility at this inclement season. The whole plateau of the Jotun Fjeld is then one boundless desert of snow. But even then the landscape that presents itself to the eye is of an imposing nature. No one on a calm, clear winter day can possibly behold these enormous mountain masses, clad from summit to base in their wintry garb, without experiencing a mingled feeling of desolation and awe.

CHAPTER X.

Sport on the High Fjelds—Capercalzie Shooting.

During a residence of some years in Norway, I made the acquaintance of several native sportsmen, who every year used to form a shooting party when the season came round. The following sketch cannot fail to interest the reader. It was furnished me by a good old friend, who, though now "in the sere and yellow leaf," is still a good shot, and as ardent a lover of sport as ever, and who, I may add, never indulged, as is not uncommon among some of his brethren in other parts of the world than Norway, in "drawing the long bow:"—

"Among the pleasantest days of my life must be reckoned those which I have spent on the High Fjelds. And, indeed, a man must be composed of very different materials to myself if he cannot enjoy himself up there. The change from a town life is so striking, the mountain air so clear, so bright, and exhilarating; the landscape so grand, and the view so extended, that any one who is a lover of nature, must needs find a pleasure in a sojourn among the fjelds of Norway.

"To me these trips form epochs in my existence. I look forward to them with an earnestness and a longing I cannot describe, and when they are over the remembrance of all the exploits I have done, and left undone, forms abundant food for pleasant reveries. Yes, over my evening pipe I can often picture the outline of some well-known spot, looming out clearly and boldly amidst the curling wreaths of the fragrant weed; and then, of course, all the recollections associated with it come crowding in, one after the other, on my

mind. There, on the edge of that cleft, I bowled over a fine reindeer buck; yonder sloping hill was the scene of my famous day among the grouse; there I saw a herd of some hundreds of reindeer on the feed, their dew-covered coats glistening in the morning sun. Thus, you see my pleasure is twofold; indeed, I may say triune; the past, the present, and the future all have their separate claims, and make up one full enjoyment.

"There are, of course, a few *desiderata* absolutely requisite to make a man thoroughly enjoy himself on his mountain trip. In the first place he must be a lover of nature in her wildest forms; a thorough sportsman, and one who is possessed of an ample stock of patience and perseverance. Secondly, to render his enjoyment complete, he must have fine weather, and one or two friends to accompany him, men of his own stamp. Thus equipped, he cannot fail to be happy. Of course it is a rough life up in the mountains, and I always take a good supply of creature-comforts with me, such as spirits, coffee, tobacco, &c. My 'double' finds me in grouse, my rod furnishes me with many a dish of mountain trout, and generally one or other of us manages to bag a head or two of deer. So that we do not starve. Starve, indeed! Why, we live like princes. Shall I describe to you a *petit souper* we had one evening? First, a dish of boiled char and trout fresh caught from the lake close by the sæter where we put up; second course, a saddle of reindeer, followed by roast grouse; and by way of sweets, strawberries and cream, succeeded, of course, by pipes and punch! But it was only on grand occasions that we so indulged.

"With these preliminary remarks, I will now tell you something of our doings on the fjelds a few years back. In the very heart of the great mountain range between Gudbrandsdal and Osterdal lies a lonely 'sæter,' or mountain hut, where a party of hunters have been in the habit of establishing themselves for some years past to spend the best part of the shooting season, and to divide their attention between the reindeer and grouse. The hut is at the head of a little mountain valley or gorge, above which the fjelds rear their heads to a height of some thousand feet. It was no easy task having to clamber up the hillside every morning, and yet it was absolutely necessary, for

there lay the best reindeer ground for many and many a mile round Arrived at the summit, as far as the eye could reach one could see nothing but an extended plateau, bestrewed with loose rocks and boulders, whose lichen-covered surfaces presented a strange yellowish colour. Some ten years ago from the time that I am writing, it was no uncommon sight to see large herds of reindeer either going to or returning from the Rundene mountains, which may be considered their proper home. But now, alas! the times have changed. In bygone days it was only the practised hunter or casual sportsman that carried a rifle; but now that a love of shooting with that weapon seems to have spread over the whole of Europe, every one who is bound to the mountains, whether to look after the cattle or horses, or for any other purpose, is sure to have one with him. And thus the reindeer, naturally a shy and timid animal, has been driven further and further away into the inaccessible parts of the loftiest ranges, far out of reach of his pursuers. So that in places where formerly it was the exception to be out for a single day without seeing one at least, and perhaps hundreds of deer, the rule is reversed, and a man may now spend a week on the mountains without ever sighting a horn.

"It was in one of the years just when this bad state of things was making itself apparent that four of us were assembled at the well-known sæter in the latter part of August, well equipped with rifles, guns, telescopes, and a brace of good setters.

"With the exception of two short excursions after grouse, undertaken for the purpose of stocking our larder with fresh meat, we had been exclusively after reindeer, divided into two parties. I had been the only successful one of the number, having managed to bag a four-year-old buck. I determined therefore to devote my attention for the next few days to the grouse; and, accordingly, early one morning set out to explore a new tract of ground, accompanied by one of our party, while the other two went after a small herd of deer which had been seen the day before, and which Immot Melum, our deer-hunter and guide, thought was to be found on the other side of the mountain.

"We two grouse shooters, after a good day's sport, had returned home rather early in the afternoon, and after having appeased our hunger off a dish of grouse, were lounging on the bench to enjoy a smoke. According to custom, the day's bag was laid out in order on the table, so as at once to strike the eye of any incomer. A 'full table,' for which about twelve brace were requisite, was a very fair day's sport for two guns; but to-day we had seventeen brace—a 'full table,' and one row over. While we were talking over our shots, our hits, and misses, the door of the hut opened, and in walked Lars, our hunter from the year before last. He had heard that we were up in the mountains, and thought he would just come and see how we were getting on. He was sorry he had not been with us last year too, but had promised his services to Bull. 'Nay, nay!' he exclaimed, as his eye fell on the table, 'but you've been hard on the grouse to-day; but when one has two such good dogs as Pan and Diana there, and can shoot as well as you, 'tis not such easy work for the grouse, I guess. So! the others are after rein? I doubt whether they'll have luck, though; old Immot's getting past his work now; he only shot one buck last year.'

"'And you shot eight, Lars, did you not?' I inquired.

"'Yes! eight fine bucks; the eighth I shot with Bull over yonder. I mean it was Bull that shot it,' he corrected himself; 'I only shot after him, because it was not quite dead.'

"'But,' I remarked, for I remembered there was something queer about Bull's deer adventure, 'last year you told us that it fell dead on the spot, and that no one fired but Bull. My good Lars, you cannot take us in so. We are too old hunters to be made to believe that a fellow like Bull, who is as blind as a bat, and has scarcely fired a shot in his life, should knock over a reindeer the very first time he came on the mountains. So you may just as well give us the whole history, and say how much Bull gave you to let it appear that he shot the deer.'

"Lars vehemently asserted that he had received no bribe, and that Bull had really shot the deer.

"'All very well, my good Lars; but as you stick to your text, and

will not tell the truth, let me at once inform you that I know all about it. I had it from ———, to whom you told the story yourself. And, by way of punishment, you shall not only tell it us now, but shall repeat it when the others come home.'

"When he saw, therefore, that he was found out, he thought it best to make a full and true confession; and though a little abashed at the outset (for 'it was like telling tales out of school,' he said), soon warmed to his work, glad, may be, to get rid of his secret, and told us the following anecdote with a good deal of animation and spirit:

"We were staying at N——," he began, "I, Bull, and Smith. There was a fourth, but he soon left us in disgust, because our party was so slow and tedious. And little wonder, for they never seemed rightly to know what they did want themselves! Sometimes they would take their guns out with them, not that I ever saw them kill anything. But mostly they remained at home, at the sæter, doing nothing but smoke and talk. All at once, however, Bull conceived the idea that he would go out after rein; so, by way of practising, a mark was set up against a barn for them to shoot at with their rifles. Certainly Bull did hit the barn once or twice, but never got near the mark: while the Lord only knows where Smith's bullets did go to. It was downright dangerous for such a thing to handle a rifle," remarked Lars, in great disgust. "Well, nothing would do but reindeer hunting; so one fine morning off we started. By great good luck I espied five deer after we had been out but a very short time; but as it was impossible to stalk them from the side on which we were, we had to make a circuit to get on their other flank. I was determined to get rid of Smith, so I stationed him under a thick bush, while I and Bull crept cautiously along till we got within easy shooting distance. I beckoned then to Bull to come up to me, for I had been going in advance, and then crept on all-fours behind him, so that he might be able to take good aim from behind the rock. But instead of taking aim, what does the fellow do but stand bolt upright, and ask me in a loud voice: 'Where are they? Where are they?' 'Hush!' said I, as I put my finger to my lips to

make him hold his tongue, for he was twisting his head about in all directions, and calling out that 'he could see no deer.' 'I see something yonder,' he said, presently, as loud as ever, 'but it must be a rock,' and he stood bolt upright again to have a good look about him. But the deer (for a deer it was and no rock) saw him, of course, and was soon out of sight. Maybe I could have sent a bullet after it then; but I was so angry that I never thought of firing. Catch me ever going out hunting again with a man who doesn't know the difference between a reindeer and a rock!

"Fortunately, however, it did not go far; so we set out in pursuit. Bull thought I had better stalk it alone, 'for fear he should make another blunder,' he said. 'I dare say you will,' thinks I; so I left him seated under a rock, and went after the deer by myself. I got within a hundred and twenty yards of it, and as I could not get nearer, I took off my shoe, and laying it down, rested my rifle on it, and put in a bullet just behind the shoulder. Down it fell, as dead as a stone. No sooner had I run up to it than up comes Bull puffing and cursing himself for having remained behind. So, when I saw that, I said that he might very well say he had shot the deer.

"'No,' said he, 'I can't say that, because Smith is sure to find me out.'

"'What need Smith know?' I answered. 'He was ever so far off under yon ridge, and could not tell which of us fired, and little fear that I'll tell him.'

"He stood still a moment, as if thinking about it, and then replied, 'But my rifle is capped, and if he sees that, he'll know I'm cramming him.'

"'Pish!' I answered; 'throw it away then: but look sharp, for yonder he comes.'

"'But,' says Bull, 'the rifle is loaded, and if Smith has any suspicions he'll be sure to notice that I have not loaded again.'

"'Pish!' says I; 'only stand and pump your ramrod up and down the barrel, and he'll never know but what you are loading!'

"'But you must promise never to tell of me.'

"Of course I promised, though I did tell ——, but that was after

Bull had left the fjelds. I know I oughtn't to have acted as I did, but Bull was so anxious to make you believe that he had shot a reindeer, that I thought it was not much harm. But never a half-penny did I get for holding my tongue, though."

"I can quite believe that, Lars," I said, as he finished his tale; "but come, finish the story, and tell us what happened when Smith came up. Did he smell a rat?"

"Oh, no! When Smith came Bull was pumping away with his ramrod as hard as ever he could; and when he asked who had killed the deer, I came to the rescue, and said it was Bull.'

"'Is it true, Bull?' says Smith.

"'Certainly!'" was the answer; and Smith looked so pleased, and said it was capital that Bull had shot a reindeer."

"We thoroughly enjoyed hearing Lars tell his tale, which I fear has lost much by being narrated second-hand; and while we were indulging in a hearty laugh, old Immot came in at the door, carrying a magnificent buck's head, with fine branching antlers on his shoulder.

"'Who has shot that?' was of course the first question that hailed the old hunter, followed quickly by two others: 'Where was it? Were there many of them?' And not till all these were satisfactorily answered did we give the old man his accustomed dram of *aquavit*.

"After some little time, our two companions returned; but as we knew that it was quite useless to ask them any questions till they had first appeased their hunger, we let them polish off three brace of grouse, and sundry drams in silence. And it was not till their pipes were lighted, and an exclamation of satisfaction had involuntarily burst from them, that we ventured to address a word. Such is the etiquette we always observe to each other on the mountains.

"Happy, happy evening hours!

"'We had been out pretty well the whole day,' began the elder of the two, between the whiffs of his pipe, 'without seeing more than one or two deer, and those at so long a distance off, that it was useless to go after them, and we were thinking about returning

home to see what you two had been doing. Not so bad,' he added, glancing at the full table. 'All at once I espied the tips of a deer's antler over a ridge. Of course we determined to stalk it, but just as we were emerging from a willow copse, a young reindeer trotted by within thirty yards of me. Thinking it to be an elk calf, I fired at it and brought it down. Fortunately the buck had not been alarmed at the shot. As I had been the first to find it, first shot fell to me. But I did a very silly thing. In order to approach without making any noise, I pulled off my boots, and, as I did not take the precaution of marking the spot where I laid them, I had to hunt for them afterwards a good hour, and have quite worn out my stockings, to say nothing of having cut my feet 'to pieces,' and he held up his feet, the soles of which were visible from heel to toe.

"'My bullet passed through the animal's lungs, just a little above the heart.'

"'Your health,' I cried, 'you've done well!'

"'Yes! and you've all done well,' put in old Immot, glancing at the full table, 'and I'm thinking there'll be no lack of fresh meat in the larder a while.' The punch passed merrily round, fresh pipes were lighted; another log thrown on the blazing fire on the hearth, and though we all had worked hard, not one of us felt tired. And as the next day was Sunday, when we always made it a rule to stay at home, like good boys, ... and . . . . (clean our guns) we voted that we would sit up a bit later than usual that night.

"'But, what do you say to a story?'

"'Good!' was unanimously growled. 'Come then, Immot, you are the oldest, you set us the example, my man.' And thus invited, the old hunter began his tale:

"Two years ago," began the old hunter, "there was no lack of reindeer on the fjeld. But now, since everybody goes after them—and many more of them are frightened than there are killed—they seem to have left for other parts, where they are not so much disturbed. Yes! I remember it well; it was seven or eight years ago, too, that I shot three beautiful bucks on the same day. Such luck is not often met with, you know; and certainly I have never

done the like before or since. Would you like to hear how it was?

"Well! I and two others thought we would go out and try and see if we could not get a deer that day. It blew so terribly hard—I never shall forget it—that it was quite as much as a man could do to keep his footing when he had got up on the fjeld. Otherwise, when it don't blow too hard, I am rather fond of windy weather, because, you see, the deer can neither see you nor smell you. Well, we found three bucks, before we had been out very long, trotting along together. Now, that was just one for each gun; but as I did not care to go after them with my two companions, I desired them to remain behind while I stalked them alone. It was easy work enough, for there was no need to be very particular, because the wind was blowing so strong. So I soon got within easy shot, and was thinking to myself I would soon have a deer down, when I found I had taken the wrong rifle. I had left mine on the grass behind when we first saw the deer, and had taken up one of the others by mistake. Dear Lord! how savage I was. I don't really think I have ever been so out of temper in my whole life. 'D—n the gun,' says I, and I threw it away from me as hard as ever I could among the rocks. 'Lie there you ugly devil,' I says, 'till your owner fetches you;' and though the force of the blow made the rifle go off, it never startled the deer a bit, because the wind, as I said, was blowing so hard and strong. I daresay I could have shot the deer with that rifle, but then I was so disgusted that I wouldn't honour it so much as to shoot a decent buck with it. I was not long going back to fetch my own piece, you may be sure; but it was none such easy work. Never did I know the rocks so sharp and so rugged. My poor breeches were all in rags, and as for my knees, they were that sore I could not bend 'em for a week afterwards. Well, I got back as quick as I could, with the right gun this time, and found the deer still in the same place. But, dear Lord, I was so out of breath and fatigued that I was forced to lie down and rest before I could think of holding a rifle steady. At last, however, I thought I was steady enough: so peeping cautiously over the edge

of the rock behind which I had been lying, I saw, to my astonishment, that instead of quietly grazing, as before, they were fighting furiously together, so that their horns clashed again. I watched them a little while, and then, taking aim at the nearest, sent a bullet through its shoulder, and down it came, as dead as death. But, dear Lord, who ever saw such a fight? For, instead of making off, the other two set to work and butted away at their fallen foe till they thought he was quite dead, and then began to fight each other. I suppose the wind was so high that they had not heard the report of my rifle. 'Oh, very well,' thinks I, 'that's your game, is it?' so I loaded again, and took aim at the biggest of the two. At that moment their horns were fast locked together; but my bullet sped true, and while one struggled on the ground in its death-gasp, the other made off down the hill-side, and was quickly out of sight. So I had now two fine bucks, you see, lying at my feet within a few yards of each other. 'Why shouldn't I get the third,' thinks I? So I set off in pursuit as hard as I could. It had not gone very far, and I could see that every now and then it kept stopping and looking back, as if expecting the other two to follow. Of course I took care to keep out of sight, and, as the ground was very rough, I had not much difficulty in doing so. Well, I had just come up a bit of rising ground, from which I thought I should be able to get a good shot at it, when, to my surprise, I saw it running straight back towards me; and I really believe if I had not got out of its way it would have run over me. I feel sure it was going back to look for its companions, and see if they would have another fight. However, when it was about forty or fifty yards distant, I took deliberate aim, and sent my bullet right into its chest, and it fell dead almost without a struggle."

"A round of applause followed the conclusion of the old man's tale, which was accompanied by such expressive gesticulations as to defy any writer's pen to photograph on paper.

"Old Immot was in a story-telling vein now, whether it was the punch, the company, or the pleasure of dwelling on the achievements of bygone days that was the powerful agent in this, or

whether it was all three combined, I cannot say. This much, however, I can aver, that I have faint recollections of his telling story after story in which bears, reindeers, and elk figured in endless confusion, and that I regret very much not having been able to keep eyes and ears open, as I am sure his stories were all genuine and worth listening to.

"Next morning at breakfast, one of our party asked me if I had heard the sequel of Bull's story, or rather of the story about Bull, and answering in the negative, repeated as follows:

"Lars, it seems, had been obliged to tell the story about shooting the reindeer over again when Immot had finished; and when he had done that—thinking perhaps that he might as well tell all he knew about him—piqued a little, perhaps, at having been so unmercifully chaffed by us, continued—

"But I'll tell you now how it was Bull came to leave the fjelds so soon last year. I did laugh when Berith Nystulen told me about it! I had met him just before he was going to the fjelds, and he begged me to say if any one asked the question, whether he had got a wife, that he was unmarried. He thought, he said, the sæter lasses didn't like married men so much as they did the young ones, and as he wanted to have a pleasant visit it would be no harm if he were to pass off for a bachelor for a little time. A girl had told him, he said, she thought 'the married ones had much better stay at home and mind their wives and brats than come up to the sæters, for sure they were so quiet, there was no fun in them at all!' Bull took it all in, and thought it wouldn't be much of a pleasant time he'd have of it if the girls got to know that he was a married man with I don't know how many children at home. But however he could have asked me to do such a thing I can't conceive, for everybody knew well enough that he was married? Well! he sent me on before to engage a lodging for him at the sæter yonder. So I told Berith, of course, that Bull was coming this year, and that he was not a married man. The lass saw through it, I'm sure, for she says, 'Oh! indeed,' in such a droll, comical way. So the next day when Bull comes, she says to him after he had had a bit of supper, 'I

hear you've become a widower, Bull, since your last visit!' It took him quite by surprise. Up he jumped from his seat, forgetting all about his wish of appearing as a bachelor, and really thinking his wife had departed this life since he last saw her, while Berith looked as serious as possible, so that any one who did not know the lass would have thought every word she said was gospel.

"'What do you mean?' he says, jumping up, for he was so scared he didn't know what to do, and never even thought of asking any more questions, but set to work packing up his things as fast as he could. But Berith, full of mischief, thought she'd have a bit more fun out of him, so she takes one of his boots and hides it under a milk-pan. 'D—n the boot, where is it?' he calls out. 'Do you see my boot, Lars?'

"Of course I couldn't see it, because it was under the milk-pan, though I made out as if I was hunting after it. But when I came back he was gone, with a boot on one leg, and a slipper and golosh on the other.

"'Oh! but you shouldn't have let him go,' I said to Berith.

"'He'll soon be back,' says the lass. But he never did come back, though, and no sooner did he get down to Elstad, the other side of the mountain, than he made inquiries about his wife; and, as no one, of course, knew anything about her, off he set home, and sent me word to send his things after him, not forgetting his lost boot. I don't think he'll ever come up to the fjelds again; at all events, he musn't try and pass off for a bachelor. It was too bad of Berith, but it served him right. And, indeed, whatever can such a 'bit' as he want up on the fjelds?"

The following sketch of the experiences of an "Inspector of Forests" in Norway, and one of the best shots I ever saw, will give the reader some idea, though a faint one, of the pleasures of capercalzie shooting.

"The season of 1862 was one of the most wonderful game years I have ever known in Norway. In fact, at the very beginning of September, in the part of the country where my business as inspector

of forests led me, I found the young capercalzie of both sexes so grown, that, saving by the form and strength of the under beak, it was scarcely possible to distinguish them from old birds. I had completed my visits of inspection in the different forest tracts, and as these were the only opportunities I had in the whole year of taking home a respectable bag of game, I determined to employ it to the best of my ability. I am not ashamed to confess that I was particularly desirous on this occasion of being able to lay at the feet of my better half a goodly display of *spolia opima*, and therefore determined, if possible, that my bag should exceed all former bags, both in quantity and in quality. Yes, I indulged in the pleasant anticipation of surprising her, not only by a goodly number of grouse, black game, and hjerper, but by one or two of the feathered monarchs of our pine forests,—the stately cock capercalzie (Tiur).

"But, alas! on arriving at the spot where I had hoped to meet with not a few of these noble birds, not a capercalzie was to be seen, and though I am certain I left not a yard of ground unbeaten, I only saw two hens, one of which I succeeded in bagging at a rather long range. This, with the addition of a brace of grouse, was all I got from my *pièce de résistance.*

"Still, I comforted myself, matters might have been worse; and having failed to find what I had expected in one place, I might be agreeably surprised in another, and fall in luck's way.

"Full of these and other philosophical reflections, I set off, accompanied by a man and horse to carry my *impedimenta*, to a sæter some few miles distant, where I purposed sleeping. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. As I knew the country well, I directed the man to proceed by the bridle path across the mountains, while I determined to make a *détour*, accompanied by Pan, in the hopes of being able to get a shot or two before the evening.

"By way of precaution I tied a little bell round Pan's neck, so that I could the more readily find out his whereabouts should its tinkling cease, or in other words should the dog be standing at game.

"My path lay up a steep fjeld side, overgrown with thick underwood, which I have always found to be the very best kind of ground

for game. Neither was I disappointed, for I saw several hjerper (*Tetrao bonasia*), blackgame, &c. But for the most part all of them were out of shot, while those that did rise within reasonable distance, were, of course, eclipsed by trees or other provoking *media* just at the critical moment. I was beginning to despair of making any further addition to my bag.. Still there were about three or more miles between me and the sæter, over some exceedingly likely country; so that there was yet a prospect of getting one or two shots, though not more.

"Pan now began to wind birds. I at once knew from his manner of proceeding that there was a covey of large-sized birds but a short distance off. For he began to draw on them, a practice he but seldom indulged in except under the above circumstances. Presently they rose, seven in all, all fine grown tiur; but far, far out of shot. They were birds from different coveys, doubtless, and had already begun to flock on the approach of cold weather.

"Of course I followed in the direction they had taken, less from any hopes of ever meeting with them again, than that it happened to be my direct route. All at once Pan's bell stopped. What could it be?

"I had come, I should state, to a part of the forest where there was a clump of gigantic pines, with trunks of from one to two feet in diameter, and branches almost touching the ground far and wide. Pan was standing as I came up, but by degrees began to draw a little. I felt sure again from his manner and looks that there was a running bird or birds before him, and that it had taken refuge under shelter of the thick boughs of the aforesaid pine. Standing as stiff as a poker for one minute, and the next stealthily creeping on like an American Indian on a war trail, Pan gradually approached the tree, whilst the bird (from what I could make out from the dog's movements) kept dodging round it, always keeping the trunk between him and his pursuer.

"Perceiving this manœuvre, I got round as quickly as I could to the side of the tree opposite to my dog, and shortly after, kept in suspense, I suppose, between Pan and me, the bird rose, and came down

to my gun at about thirty yards off. It was a magnificent bird. Pan was every bit as pleased as his master, for not only did he evince his delight by licking the glossy breast of the tiur as I was reloading, but indulged in short smothered barks at intervals, to serve, I suppose, as a safety valve for his overpressed canine feelings.

"Off again, and in less than a minute Pan's bell again stopped. He was standing under another pine tree about a couple of hundred yards from the first one. As it had answered well before, I lost no time in getting round the tree.

"By cautiously peering underneath the huge, dark boughs, and it was impossible to see clearly, I fancied I espied something which looked like a capercalzie. To wait for the chance of a flying shot would have been folly, so I let fly there and then, and to my great joy saw tiur number two biting the dust.

"Again I loaded, and again Pan testified his delight as before. The tiur were too large for my game bag, so I had to tie one at each end of a stout piece of cord I had with me, and sling them over my shoulder. But meanwhile the bell had stopped again. I was going to be in luck's way that afternoon, that was quite certain! Pan was again standing under a pine tree, and in another minute tiur number three lay at my feet. In the midst of my joy, I remember well one circumstance that came in to mar it—I could not carry tiur number three without disturbing the equilibrium of tiur one and two! However, I comforted myself thus: 'I'll get another; and then there'll be a brace at each end, and the equilibrium will once more be rendered stable.'

"'What, another bird?' I ejaculated, as once again the dog came to a point. From the motion of the tip of his tail (and why should not dogs as well as men have their special idiosyncrasies?) I felt sure that there was a running bird close by. I was not mistaken, for the next moment a tiur came running along at top speed right towards me, with his proud neck thrown back, looking, as I thought, very like what a wild turkey in an American forest is considered to resemble. However, there was no time to indulge in studies of comparative natural history, for the moment the bird perceived that it was

avoiding Scylla to fall into Charybdis, it took wing. I had a difficult shot at it between the boughs, and after searching for it a few minutes, found it lying dead.

"Thus I had got four out of the seven tiur I had seen, and all within fifteen minutes. No more could I find, though Pan, elated by this unusual sport, hunted his very best; and as it was getting late and dark, and I had still a long step to go, I thought it better to leave the other three their liberty.

"Now, four cock capercalzies, each weighing from 10lb. to 15lb., are no joke to carry, particularly when you have a double to shoulder, and your luncheon-bag, and other little necessaries, which all help to make up weight, though individually insignificant. It was as much as any little fellow like myself could manage, I can tell you. And though it is true I had restored the equilibrium, yet another mechanical force came into play now with terrific vengeance—friction!

"By Jove! my poor shoulder was so galled and cut and bruised, or I may as well say both of them, for I had to keep shifting my burden from one to the other. Yes, I had a walk, and no mistake! Let me describe it. Imagine a little fellow toiling under just such a burden as I had up a steep rocky slope, interspersed here and there with swampy holes, which you know nothing of till you find yourself in one of them; imagine him having to make his way through thick osier beds, the twigs of which swing back and hit him sharply over the eyes so that they strike fire, or else catch hold of his game-bag and pull him back with so sudden a jerk that he falls flat on his back, and cuts his head against a stone; and, worse than all, suppose it to be getting quite dark, so that there is every probability that the said little fellow will have to rough it out on the mountains, and you have hit off my case so exactly that I may as well stop any further imaginations on your part by telling you that all the above punishments I underwent, barring the last. For at last—but not till after I thought I had got too low down the mountain-side, and so had to clamber up again; and again, that I was far too high up, and therefore deemed it necessary to descend once more, sometimes more speedily and roughly than I liked—I espied the light shining in the

sæter window. Never did storm-tossed mariner hail beacon with greater delight than did famished, bruised, wearied I the welcome that tallow-candle threw out towards me.

"I was an old acquaintance, and on this occasion my arrival was expected, for Ole with the horse had been there some hours. When it began to grow dark, and there were still no signs of me, the good folks began to get alarmed. Indeed, as I came in they were on the very point of coming to search for me. My arrival, therefore, was mutually satisfactory. In a few minutes my favourite beverage was ready for me, a cup of hot coffee, with such cream as a Norwegian sæter alone can produce. It was brought to me by my old acquaintance, the ruddy-cheeked, flaxen-haired Ingeleiv, with the customary 'Vær saa god' (Be so good), and a nod of invitation to proceed into the best room *par excellence*. Here everything was ready for my reception, a blazing wood fire on the hearth, a table covered with all those good things with which an Österdal sæter is generally provided, such as broiled char, trout, mulberries and cream, strawberries and ditto; comforts which a famished hunter is not likely to disdain: and last, but not least, a clean bed inviting me to lie down and rest on it after the fatigues of the day.

"The following morning, as I wished to inspect a part of the neighbouring forest, I left Pan at home; greatly, let me add, to his chagrin. My gun I, however, took, more from habit than from any idea or even wish for sport.

"I roamed about for an hour or two, entering various official remarks in my note-book relating to the forest trees, without giving once even so much as a thought to feathered game, when all at once I heard the sound of a large bird, and the next moment a full-grown tiur rose from the ground about thirty paces on my left. To bring down my gun from my shoulder and to cock the right barrel was an operation to which I was so used that it took but an instant. But, just as my finger was on the trigger, the bird was hidden behind a clump of trees, so that I had to wait to catch a glimpse of him at a narrow opening beyond. The opening was so very small, however, and the bird's flight so swift, that I feared I had shot behind him;

or else, as the bird must have been sixty yards off when I fired, I thought if my shot did hit him, they had only stung him a little *à la derrière*, for he seemed to be a hard-feathered old stager.

"And yet, though I certainly could not see him drop, I did not hear him continue his flight. Often and often in my shooting excursions I have made such wonderfully lucky shots that I always make it a rule to search the ground well where the bird ought to have fallen, supposing the shot to have taken effect.

"I therefore did so now, but not a feather was to be seen. 'Well, it was a long shot, and it would have been a wonder if I had brought him down. Besides, I have got a good bag to take home,' I reflected, by way of consoling my hunter's pride. 'But, deuce take it, what a nuisance to have missed it; it was worth all the others put together,' I added to my former cogitations by way of a discomforting corollary. 'Why! what is this? By Jove, it's a tiur —it's my tiur, the very identical tiur I shot at. Hurrah! Hurrah!!' and the forest re-echoed to the exuberant pouring forth of my joy. (I suppose Pan learnt his habit of barking from his master).

"It was lying in a little moss-covered hollow, scarcely big enough to hold its body, so that it was by the merest accident I stumbled on it. I don't think I ever made a shot in my life that gave me more heartfelt pleasure than this one.

"The next day I set out for home, which I reached in a couple of days, bagging *en route* forty-seven grouse, so that on arriving at the 'Penates' I had the pleasure of laying down at my wife's feet sixty-four head of game—viz., five tiur, two hen capercalzie, and

CHAPTER XI.

BEARS—MANNER OF HUNTING—A BEAR FIGHT—"MY DÉBUT WITH BEARS."

HAVING spoken of the big game of Norway in a previous chapter, I now propose to devote a short space to bears.

Bears are tolerably numerous in the country. The average number that is yearly killed amounts to the respectable figures of 250. The greater portion of these are killed in winter time, or in that season of the year which might be called the early spring, if such a season did exist in Norway. At the end of autumn the native bear hunters track Bruin to his cave or "Hie," as it is termed, whither he has resorted for his winter's sleep. The animal generally falls an easy prey to his assailants, for, before he can thoroughly arouse himself, he has received his death-wound. Another method adopted is to place out the carcase of a horse or cow during the winter in the neighbourhood of a "Hie," and in the spring, when Bruin wakes up very hungry after his long fast, the smell of the carrion attracts him. Of course, the bait is at this period carefully watched, and the chances are considerably against his enjoying a quiet meal. Mr. Lloyd, however, in his interesting works on Scandinavia, has so thoroughly exhausted this subject that I cannot do better than refer my readers to his instructive and entertaining volumes.

During a residence, however, of a few years in Norway, I frequently fell in with the heroes of many bear fights, and I now purpose telling my readers a few of their interesting stories. Every here and there,

perhaps, "a handful of salt" may be applied, but, as a rule, I do not think the old hunters are much given to exaggerate.

Generally speaking, the bear of Norway is not a very dangerous animal to hunt: for it is seldom that one hears of the hunters getting grievously mauled. For all that, however, instances do not unfrequently occur where they find themselves in peculiarly critical positions. The following bear story will exemplify this. The incident occurred in Finland. Bruin, it seems, had been committing depredations among the cattle; accordingly, three Finns, accompanied by a dog, set out in pursuit, and came up with the bear close to the place where the said depredations had been committed. A shot was fired at the brute, which took effect; but the bear, instead of making off, reared up on his hind legs and dashed the man who had fired the shot to the ground. His companions now let fly at the bear, who, disdaining to trouble himself with his fallen foe, turned his attention towards his new assailants, who in turn had also to bite the dust. The first hunter seeing his companions in danger, and wishing to return the service they had rendered him in his need, rushed to the attack; but, as his rifle was not loaded, he gave the bear a violent blow with his axe on the head, delivering it with such good will that the steel remained sticking into his skull. Contrary to their expectations the bear now made off, carrying with him the hunter's axe. Somewhat chagrined at losing the bear and the axe into the bargain, they set off in pursuit of the robber, but did not succeed in coming up with him till the following day, when they found him lying in a hollow stone dead, with the axe still firmly wedged into his skull.

The following anecdote of a bear fight was told me by my old Österdalen friend, who had it from a famous hunter in those parts named Ole:

"It was in 1861," said Ole, "that Per, a hunter down there, went out into the forest to cut down some trees. Presently he came to a place where they had been burning charcoal, when, to his surprise, he saw a fine elk lying dead close by. He examined it, and soon perceived it was no bullet had taken its life; Bruin had been

the murderer in this case. Evidently the animal had been but a short time dead, for it was not yet cold. Perhaps the bear had been disturbed in his meal, for he had devoured but little of the flesh. Here was a find for Per, you can well think! 'Ja! Gud,' there was food and clothing ready to hand for the whole of the winter. Already he had taken out his 'tolle kniv' (a knife every peasant wears in a sheath attached to a belt round his waist, resembling in some respects a dagger) in order to flay it and quarter it. But all at once it struck him, 'Bruin will surely come back this night. It isn't often he gets a taste of elk venison, I'll be bound! Why shouldn't I, Per, have bear and elk too, the victim as well as the murderer?'"

"You must know, Herre," said my friend, "that for every bear a man kills he gets five dollars 'skud-penge' from Government; and then the skin is worth fourteen more, and the flesh fetches four skillings (twopence) a pound, so altogether it would have been a good day's work."

"Close by where the elk lay was a little mud hut, where the charcoal burners had lain at night. 'Now if I can only manage to run home and get my rifle,' thinks Ole, 'and be back here before nightfall, I shall stand a good chance.' No sooner said than off he ran, as hard as he could, and was back again in three hours—though he had no less than seventeen miles (English) in all to go—bringing with him his rifle, dog, and a lad. But lo! he was already forestalled! Bruin was there before him, growling and gorging himself with tit-bits out of the animal's haunch.

"'What's to be done now?' thinks Per; for he could not get any nearer without disturbing the bear, and it was useless to fire at that distance. So he made a little *détour* to a place whence he thought he could sneak in a bit nearer. But no sooner had he arrived at this spot than he heard, in the quarter he had just left, the boughs crashing, as if some heavy object were rushing through them; and then, with a savage roar, out bounded a monstrous bear, which at once proceeded to attack the first comer.

"Store Gud (great God)! you may well fancy there was a tussle; no mercy shown there, I can tell you! They hugged and

they tore at one another, and the flakes of bloody foam flew out of their mouths. Their eyes seemed to flash fire, Per said, and the whole forest to shake again with their roars. 'Last come, worse served,' as we say, and Per perceived that after half an hour's incessant encounter the first comer was the stronger of the two.

"They weren't many paces off Per by this time, and why he didn't put a bullet into the strongest, and then finish the other one off, is more than I can tell. There's no accounting for a man's nerves at all times," added Ole, "else I have hunted often with Per, and a bolder chap I don't know. But, somehow or other, he began to feel a bit frightened. At another time, I do believe he would only have been afraid lest the bear should slip off, but now he was downright terrified. His boy had already sneaked off, for on looking round he saw him running as if 'Fanden selv' (the devil himself) were behind him. 'Gud bevar mig' (God bless me), said Per to me, 'I never felt afraid before in my life, but it seemed as if I was bewitched quite this time. Why, dear! the hair stood upon my head and lifted up my cap, and the sweat ran off me in big drops. But I didn't quite like to run off. I had a bit of pride in me still. So I doubted whether I should go in a bit nearer and shoot, or make off too.'

"There was a struggle," added Ole, "between the hunter and the man; for the booty and the honour on the one side, and for dear life on the other. So at last he rests his rifle in the fork of a bough, and takes aim; but it was no good, he could not keep the sight steady, and he, Per, whom I have seen bring over a hare at full speed with a bullet, couldn't take steady aim at a thing as big as a church. And, the long and short of it was, he ran off too. But next day, when he comes back, he only finds a heap or two of hair here and there, one of the bear's eyes, and that was all. Nothing of the elk was left but his horns."

"And do you believe," my friend said to Ole, "that Per told you the truth?"

"Ja! Kors da!" (a favourite expression) "little question of that. One musn't judge a man too hard. If I had been in Per's place,

God knows but I, too, might have taken to my legs: but, 'Nei Gud,' I'd never have said a word of it to a living soul, for Per is now the laughing-stock of Österdal."

The following rather amusing tale about an Englishman's adventures with bears in Norway, as told by himself, appeared a few years ago in a Norwegian paper. I am inclined to think it was intended as a caricature of the sport-loving sons of Albion, although the writer of the article declared that he could "vouch for the truth of it." It was headed "My Début with Bears." For the credit of the narrator, however, I may state that I happen to know that the first tale is in its main parts quite authentic, for I knew the hero of it well. Of the second tale I can say nothing. But to our story:

"'I'll bet you five to one in "tenners" you don't kill a bear this summer, old fellow!'

"'Done!' was my prompt reply. Such were the parting words addressed to me by an old college chum at the club the night before starting on my annual visit to the land of bears and salmon.

"For years it had been my ambition to shoot a bear; and as Norway is, I take it, the nearest country to our shores where such creatures are to be found, I have been a passenger thither every year, by the Hull and Christiania steamer.

"How I have toiled year after year without success; how I have been a regular 'bear slave;' how I have camped out night after night; how I have put myself to every possible inconvenience, to say nothing of lying for hours on my stomach in close proximity to the carcase of a putrid cow, is best known to myself! Knowing also, that the first requisite for a bear hunter is to give up his whole time and thoughts to the one object, I have never even wetted line on a salmon stream, have never hunted reindeer or elk, and if ever I have shot a ptarmigan or caught a few mountain lake trout, it was solely 'for the pot,' and not for sport!

"I had with me a regular Norwegian bear hunter, a reputed 'bear hero!' said to have slaughtered scores of bears in his time. I suspect Ole was a humbug, and that I should have done much better without

him. My reason for thus aspersing his character is this: he had frequently heard me say, 'that if I could only kill a bear, I should be satisfied!' and, therefore, I assume, he argued 'that it was expedient for him to try and prevent me from shooting a bear as long as he could, fearing that if once I succeeded, his lucrative employment as my 'vade-mecum' would be at an end. But if such were his real feelings on the subject, he certainly succeeded in disguising them admirably, and in keeping me well employed too. On an average, I should say, once in a fortnight Ole would come to me with tidings of 'another bear,' and thus never let hope quite die out of my bosom.

"One day, when Ole was out of the way, news reached me that a bear had been seen the night before at a neighbouring sæter. I determined, therefore, to go and investigate the truth of the statement for myself, and reached the said sæter with my battery a little before sundown. Ole, I left word, was to follow me.

"The sæter-girl was an old acquaintance, for I had often had a glass of milk there when out hunting. She was terribly afraid lest the bear should kill any of her outlying heifers, for one had certainly been prowling about the cow-house for the last night or two, and as she had heard I had just reached my old quarters, 'she thought the "Engelksmand" would come and shoot the bear for her.' Of course I gave her a dollar on the spot.

"I confess I could not see any traces of bear; but the girl's earnestness of manner re-assured me. Indeed, I had so often been victimised by false reports that I began to be rather cautious. That Ole was at the bottom of many of them, I feel convinced now; but at that time I did not suspect him.

"Acting on my fair hostess's advice I ensconced myself at the window of the sæter, whence I could have a complete view of the whole terrain. There I sat, hour after hour, listening to the inharmonious snoring of my companion, who, *en passant*, I may add, made nothing of going to bed in my presence. I was beginning to get tired, and was on the point of throwing myself down on a bench to have a nap, when I distinctly heard some animal approaching. Nearer and

nearer it came, till I could plainly discern the outline of what seemed to me the body of a monstrous bear. 'At last,' I thought, 'at last!' and taking as steady an aim as possible, I fired.

"To rush out of the hut, totally regardless of the risk to which I might be exposing myself from the attack of a wounded bear, was a moment's work. 'Yes! my bullet had sped well!' 'It's killed—it's killed,' I shouted through the night air in an exuberance of joy. O horror! just then, the unfortunate quadruped uttered not the sort of growl, which one might expect on such occasions from a wounded bear, not a roar, but the unmistakeable bellowing of a dying calf. Yes! there was only a mass of veal before me, and that was all. It was the favourite heifer that had strayed away the day before, and had now only returned to be potted by the deadly bullet of an Englishman.

"Never shall I forget the cries and lamentations the girl made over her dying favourite, or the buckets of tears she shed. The loud sobs of the maiden in a treble key, accompanied by the bellowings of the expiring calf in a bass, made, indeed, such a concert in the upper regions of the atmosphere as is seldom heard.

"I can only say that if the girl humbugged me with reference to the bear (and I feel convinced that she and Ole were confederates in the matter), it served her right '*in re*' calf; and that I regret having paid her the twenty dollars I did for the calf, and the extra two dollars 'hush money,' to say nothing about it, but to give out that 'the heifer had been made an end of by a bear.' It is my firm impression now that it was a regular 'plant,' and that she and Ole divided the dollars between them.

"Yes! bear-hunting is an expensive luxury. Crest-fallen and savage I returned home to my tent, and recounted all my mishaps to Ole, who naturally sympathised with me.

"After my adventure with the calf, I would try another part of the country—it was the calf's ghost I dreaded really. 'Would Ole like to accompany me?'

"Catch Ole staying behind! I was his harvest, and it would have been a matter attended with no little difficulty to have got rid of

him, had I wished it. He was, moreover, a very useful fellow, and obliging too; and I daresay not more of a humbug than all hunters are *in general*, and Norwegian ones *in particular*. So I took him.

"Next morning we started, and within a week's time had pitched our camp on some mountains near Lerdal, on the Sogne Fjord. I passed a very pleasant time of it; for though I had not as yet caught the most distant glimpse of a bear-skin, yet the pure air, the wild scenery, and the free life I was leading, proved some compensation for all my disappointments and vexations. Several tracks of bears had, indeed, been seen of different degrees of freshness, and that was all; and I was at last beginning to despair of winning my bet. For my time was nearly up, and in ten days I must be starting for England.

"One ever-memorable day I had sent Ole into the village of Lerdal to get the letters, and to bring a supply of bread and other necessaries. During his absence, I determined to take a botanical excursion, for the purpose of gathering some of the rare Alpine plants that grew on the mountain side, and, shouldering my rifle to be ready for any emergencies, I started on my journey.

"Was I dreaming? Was I in a state of somnambulism? Had the tension my nerves had so long undergone, turned my brain? I could not credit my eyes; were those bear tracks? Yes, they were undoubtedly genuine! No phantom bear could have left that impress on the soft clay; and what was still better, they were evidently very fresh. How I longed for Ole, or, rather, for his sagacious little dog! But it was too good a chance to be thrown away, and, forgetting all about my botanical propensities, I set off in chase. How cautiously I proceeded! no Indian tracker could have done his work better. I was at last going to be crowned with success; I should win my bet; retrieve the mistake I had . . . . Still on and on the chase led me; up-hill, down-hill, across mountain streams, through thick brush, till at length it entered an apparently boundless forest. Here Bruin had evidently been squatting and regaling himself on strawberries. Maybe, he was not far

off. If I came on him sleeping, should I shoot him so? No, that would be decidedly unfair—but—I needn't tell anyone about that. . . . . Yes, he must be hard by, for I had made a cast round the place, and there were no tracks on the other side. How cautiously I peeped and peered through the bushes, fancying every log or trunk of a tree was my friend. At length I saw him; and to my joy discovered that it was a real *bonâ fide* bear, in all his native freedom. Fortunately, he had not discovered my proximity, for the wild strawberries seemed to engross all his ursine thoughts. The revolver was loaded, if it should come to close quarters. Well, to make a long story shorter, I at length got him in a good position, and sent a two-ounce bullet crashing through his shoulder, and Bruin rolled over with a roar and bit the dust.

"Never shall I forget the estacy I experienced. To have killed a bear was indeed something, but to have killed him by myself entirely was a feather in my cap indeed. Already visions of a procession into the village, headed by the defunct Bruin, and accompanied by bands of music, floated across my enraptured vision, and I doubt not, that I should have worked out the whole programme of the festivities that would take place, had it not occurred to me that the sun was sinking, and that I had three or four hours walking before me.

"On closer inspection I found my Bruin to be a very thin and emaciated specimen; decidedly mangy, especially about the neck. It struck me as being odd, because I had always thought bears were extremely fat at this season, just before hybernating. However, there must be exceptions, I comforted myself, and doubtless this was one—a poorly bear perhaps. Still it was a bear, sick or well! and I had won my bet, and retrieved my honour. As I could see the skin would be useless to me, I contented myself with cutting off his tail, more for the purpose of convincing Ole, who might otherwise be rather incredulous on the subject, and then, lighting my pipe, made back tracks.

"Fortunately it was a bright evening, and I experienced no difficulty in finding my way. Joy, I suppose, shortened my journey,

and helped me along. I had arrived within a mile of my tent, when I espied Ole in company with two men hastening towards me. Their eyes were eagerly bent towards the ground, as if in search of some object. 'Oh! yes! it was quite plain. Ole had missed me, and, becoming alarmed, had procured assistance, and was now following on my tracks. Faithful fellow! he shall have another dollar!'

"In a few minutes we met, and I was only forestalled in my intention of blurting out my good news with a self-satisfied air by Ole's asking me 'whether I had seen a bear!' 'Is it likely, my good Ole?' and a smile curled the corners of my lips. 'Because,' he went on, "these two men were bound for Bergen fair with a tame bear; but it broke loose over night, and they have been searching for it ever since morning.'

"I shan't forget their looks in a hurry; it all flashed across me in an instant; there could not be a shadow of a doubt but that I had sacrificed their dancing bear. It was too much! ten times more galling than the confounded calf; any man might have mistaken that for a bear in the dark! Poor devils, how they did cry; . . . . all the dollars they had expected to gain at the fair would never be realised—their livelihood was gone—they were ruined. Such I gathered from their incoherent tale.

"And what was I to do? Here was a pretty mess. What a fool I had made of myself! killed a calf in one part of the country, and shot a tame bear in another! Charming little tale for the club!

"My meditations were interrupted by their again asking me 'if I had seen a bear?' 'Seen a bear! Oh, no—I had been picking wild flowers out—there,' I blurted out, pointing in a totally different direction to that in which I had gone.

"And the men went on their way, not, indeed, rejoicing! 'Any letters, Ole?' Ole handed me one. A bright thought struck me.

"'Ole,' I said, after hastily glancing at the contents, 'I must start for England at once.' And there and then we struck camp, and never halted till several miles intervened between me and my possible pursuers. But I don't think they would have followed me, for I left as a 'gift from the Englishman,' at the house where they

had put up, a roll of dirty-backed dollars, which, doubtless, served to pacify them. To Ole I never breathed a word about the matter. Indeed, I would rather have lost ten dollars than have told him.

"Of course, I had won my bet; I *had* killed a bear, but I never claimed my fifty pounds. I have, however, kept the stump of the dancing bear's tail; it serves as a pen-wiper, and as a reminiscence of my adventures.

"Need I add, that having once killed a bear I shall never try to kill another. That season cost me much. . . . . And I see in my journal two significant items. 'Twenty dollars to Lula, (such was the sæter girl's name) for VEAL!' 'Twenty-five dollars for a D—B.' (a dancing-bear)."

CHAPTER XII.

THE NORDMARKEN LAKES—BJORNSÖ—HÖNEFOSS—A GRUMBLING ENGLISHMAN.

ENGLISH tourists to Norway have so long been accustomed to look on that land as a perfect Goshen for salmon, trout, reindeer, elk, ryper, &c., where a man has no need to ask of anyone "by your leave, but can roam at pleasure where he pleases with rod, or rifle, or gun, that I fear that what I am now going to state may cause disquietude in many a sportsman's or fisherman's breast who may be meditating his maiden tour to Norway this summer.

For a long time the peasantry in the interior have grumbled among themselves at the way in which both English and Norwegian sportsmen have invaded their domains, have fished their rivers, have scoured their mountains, and explored their woodland tracts in quest of game. And this grumbling, of which at first only a few faint murmurs reached the public ear, is now becoming a veritable roar, and must perforce claim the attention it deserves. The pith of the matter, then, is this, that the different parishes in some parts of the country are taking measures to prevent any gentleman sportsman from fishing on their rivers, and from shooting on their grounds, preferring to keep the same for themselves to catch in snares, stocks, nets, and other engines subversive to the general acceptation of the term sport. And it is more than probable that they will succeed. For it is in the power of any parish to preserve its own game in whatever way its magnates may

deem best, provided they can get the royal assent, which, by the way, is seldom withheld in such cases. It seems that the whole of the Gudbrandsdal district and a great portion of Valders have already taken the initiative in this matter, and have forbidden the use of the artificial fly in all their rivers and streams. The same districts are, moreover, even now passing a law that ryper are to be preserved till September 15, a season at which they begin to get uncommonly wild, and assemble together in large packs, thus rendering shooting to a dog an impossibility. This is truly a poor look-out, especially for English travellers! But still, there will always be many a spot where good trout fishing may be had; and I doubt not that by a judicious tip and a conciliatory manner our fishermen, who are not so fortunate as to own a river in Norway, may still be able to find employment for their trout rods.

I purpose in this chapter to give a few sketches of my own experience with trout in Norway, limited indeed, for I had not much time for fishing during my stay in that country, but yet full of interest to myself.

Not more than ten miles from Christiania are the forests of Nordmarken, the property of Baron Wedel, one of the few remaining representatives of the old aristocracy of the country. The fishing in the lakes, as well as the shooting in the forests, is strictly preserved. But the Baron issues a limited number of permits to his friends and others which entitle them to fish on the lakes, and make use of his boats. The woodmen are, however, strictly ordered to let no one use a boat on the lakes who is not furnished with a ticket. I, of course, always took an early opportunity of availing myself of the Baron's liberality, and consequently have spent many a pleasant day with the fine trout that are to be found there.

I remember well my first visit to Bjornsö, for such was the name of one of the lakes; and if my readers care to hear an account of it, here it is.

It was about nine o'clock on a lovely summer evening that we reached our night quarters. The sun had not yet sunk down to rest. From a rocky eminence on which the hut was built a lovely and

commanding view of the extensive forest could be obtained, while at our feet lay the dreamy waters of Bjornsö lake, looking like a golden mirror.

"Well, Ole," said our Norwegian friend, who accompanied us, to the occupant of the hut, who evidently was an old acquaintance, and hailed our unexpected visit with marked symptoms of delight, knowing full well that the presence of three Englishmen would be the means of adding materially to his exchequer, "we shall put up for the night, and shall want the boats early in the morning —say three o'clock—to fish on the lake. And now what do you say to supper, my good friends, after your long walk?"

"Why, I think it would be acceptable; but, as it is still light, what say you if we catch our supper first, and then cook it afterwards? and then a cigar, just fifteen drops of Jamaica, and we'll seek the downy, or whatever sort of sleeping accommodation it may be our good fortune to find."

The river ran close by the hut, and, as it was too late to think of fishing in the lake that night, we determined on devoting just one hour to the river immediately below it, and no more. The fish rose well and quickly, and precisely at the allotted time we met again at our "trysting-place," and found that we had over sixty small trout wherewith to make our suppers on.

While the important operation of frying the trout was going on, which, by the way, was ably performed by our Norwegian friend, I had time to observe the hut and its inmates. It consisted of two rooms and a cupboard, and was thatched with turf, over which came a layer of birch bark. One of the rooms served as kitchen and sleeping room for Ole, his wife, and three or four children. The other room, the parlour, I presume, where we were to sleep, I found got ready for us. On the floor was strewn a pile of pine twigs and fir shoots, over which was spread a sheet, not conspicuous for its snowy whiteness.

Ole's wife, who was already in bed with the children, huddled up like birds in a nest, did not seem all disconcerted at our presence, for she bundled out, *en déshabille* as she was, bare-legged, and—but I

won't enter into further particulars—and proceeded to a little out-house to get a bowl of milk. Over the door of the hut I perceived a notice affixed, which ran to the effect, "That any of the Baron's dependants who lent boats to parties not authorised by himself to fish on the lakes, would be immediately dismissed from the baronial service."

The trout proved excellent, a trifle too greasy, perhaps, for I never saw such people for butter as the Norwegians; and after supper we went and seated ourselves on a huge boulder of granite to enjoy our cigars and the refreshing coolness of the night. A stillness and silence, broken only by the roar of the cascade and the sighing of the wind through the forest, reigned supreme. The sun had just gone down for a short nap, for, like ourselves, he, too, would soon be up again, and the dark masses of pine stood out in bold relief against the golden traces he had left in the western horizon.

And now to bed, for it is well nigh midnight, and we have to start again at three o'clock. So "Sov godt" (sleep well), said our Norwegian friend, as, cigar in mouth, he laid himself down on the bed and smoked himself to sleep, for he said "it would keep the mosquitoes off." I am passionately fond of fishing; there are few things I would not put up with to enjoy a fair amount of sport. I do not object to poor fare, neither am I fastidious as to how or where I sleep; but I do most decidedly object to sleeping or rather lying on the floor (for I never closed an eye the livelong night) between two inveterate snorers. On one side of me the Norwegian went ahead in a deep bass, like minute guns at sea, while on the other side another bedfellow indulged in a shrill treble or *falsetto*, enlivened here and there by a convulsive grunt, as if he had been dreaming that his neck was broken; whilst, to add to my pleasures, the fleas hopped and bit, and the mosquitoes hummed and stung, as if they had "smelt out the blood of an Englishman" from all parts of the Baron's dominions, and had determined to make the most of the occasion. I stood it as long as I could, but "human endurance has its limits;" so, finding that kicks, digs in the ribs, and mild remonstrance shouted in the ears of the respective obnoxious parties had no effect, I

determined to get up and sit by the kitchen fire, preferring even the company of Ole, wife and Co., though none of the sweetest, to the inharmonious music of my friends on the floor.

I went in as softly as I could into the next room, and sat me down by the fire, and smoked and dosed away till three o'clock, when I went and stirred up my still snoring friends.

After a breakfast of milk and rum and biscuits we started down to the lake. To our great annoyance, we were only able to have one boat, so that we were obliged to fish only two at a time, in turns. The fog was just lifting off the lake, like a reluctant stage curtain as we pushed off from land.

I and the Norwegian began fishing, which I should state consisted of trailing.

"Now for the first fish—ah! a nibble—he's off—now I have you this time!" I cried, as my reel whizzed round and round with a pound fish on the end of the line. "Good! that deserves a dram," and we each of us took a taste of the Jamaica.

It would be tedious to speak of all the fish we caught that day and the numbers we didn't catch; suffice it to say, when it was nine o'clock, and we had got on land to breakfast off some of our spoils, we had bagged about twenty nice fish, the biggest weighing two pounds, and the smallest half a pound.

"The fish bite well, Ole! I never knew them take so!" said our friend. And Ole made some reply which seemed to interest the first speaker extremely.

"What is it all about?" I inquired.

"Why, Ole has been telling me something which I never knew before. About midsummertime the waters begin 'to flower,' as he calls it. I remember coming here last year just at the very time, and never a rise did I get. When the pines are on the flower, the pollen gets blown down on the lake, and I suppose impregnates the water with a turpentiny flavour; you may see it floating in mid-water like grains of sawdust. Anyhow, whatever be the cause, while this 'flowering' is going on, there will be no sport in the Nordmarken lakes. He tells me, too, that the flowering has just

taken place, and I suppose the fish after their long fast are uncommonly hungry."

So do not let any Englishman attempt the Nordmarken lakes till about the middle of July!

Breakfast over, we set to work again and fished assiduously till three o'clock, when we were obliged to leave off, as we had ordered the carrioles to meet us, at the spot where we had left them, at six. I believe if we could have fished that evening we should have caught a great many trout, and I have often regretted that I did not pass a day or two longer up there, though it would have been alone; but then I should have had the bed to myself.

In later years I have fished repeatedly in the Nordmarken lakes, but have never met with the same sport again, though always careful to ascertain about the water flowering. Our total bag on that day amounted to about forty fish, besides those we had eaten and given to Ole, and I should think weighed 25lb. I should add that the fly which seemed to be the favourite with the fish that day was as follows: Body yellow silk, ribbed with gold twist; legs, red hackle; wings, jay's feather. We christened it the "blue fly."

Ole accompanied us through the forest to carry our fish, and though thus heavily laden easily outstripped us along the rocky and difficult path.

On emerging from the forest there were no signs of our carrioles; and though we waited for an hour not a sound of a wheel could we hear. So at last we decided upon proceeding to the town on foot, and, distributing our burdens equally, and bidding farewell to Ole, and giving him a parting dram of rum out of my pocket flask (a liquid which, from the grimaces he made on tasting it, I thought did not prove palatable, but which my Norwegian companion assured me were only expressive of his intense delight), we set out, rather out of humour at the prospect of so long a trudge before us. At length, after a mile of the journey was accomplished, the carrioles hove in sight, and we soon spun along the road and reached town by nine o'clock. Late though it was, our friend would insist upon our

going up to his house to sup off the trout, which he promised us his wife would cook to perfection.

Another place where I used occasionally to fish was at Hönefoss, a village of some little importance about thirty miles from Christiania. It is one of the lions of Norway, for the road to it passes through the far famed Kro-kleven, while the "Kongen's Udsigt," and "Dronningen's Udsigt" (the King's and Queen's View) on either side of the road are frequented by visitors during the summer. Hönefoss, which is a few miles beyond Kro-kleven, is situate on the conflux of two rivers, the Sperilen, which flows through Aadal, and another one from the Rands Fjord. There is a very comfortable little inn here, situated on the river bank, and the fisherman will find it a most convenient headquarters while he explores the pools of either river. About two hundred yards from the inn the Sperillen makes a grand fall, below which, in midstream, very heavy trout may at times be taken by spinning. I had come over to Hönefoss one day with a friend from Christiania for a little fishing, when I found an Englishman and his son already at the inn. They, too, had come there for the same purpose, and what I am now going to relate refers to their exploits, not my own. I had some slight acquaintance with the "Pater," for I had met him two years before on the Fille Fjeld, on which occasion I had been of some little service to him. It seems he had had some quarrel with his "Skyds-gut," the driver of his carriole, about the payment of a few extra coppers; for somehow or other English travellers are either lavish in their payments or niggardly in the extreme!

"I am so delighted to see you, my very dear sir," he began, after we had greeted each other, and had expressed our mutual surprise at this unexpected *rencontre*. "I am so charmed to meet you, for I know you speak Norwegian like a native, and I should be very much obliged to you if you would tell the driver that he is a —— brute."

"Before complying with your very *reasonable* request," I replied, "I should like to know the circumstances of the case." And then "old testy" poured forth his troubles into my ear, telling me that all

the Norwegians were rogues and cheats in general, and this one in particular; that he had been imposed on and bitten by fleas, &c., at every infernal station he had put up at, and that he was determined to make an example of that confounded beast of a driver, "that he would!"

Knowing that one story is always good till the other is told, I now turned to the driver, who seemed to be enjoying the fun immensely, and who I verily believe tried all he could do "to get a rise" out of his fare for his own especial amusement. I forget what his tale was; but I know he said "that nothing would please the Englishman there, who haggled about his fare at every place he came to." So feeling convinced in my own mind that "coachy" was in the right, I addressed my countryman thus—

"Yes, sir, I dare say you have suffered a great many inconveniences; but, on the other hand, I really think that in this case a little allowance must be made. The driver tells me he has had to bring his horses from a distance of twelve miles to the last station, so that they will have to travel at least fifty miles before he gets home again. He says, moreover, that your luggage is double the weight allowed, and that, if he chooses, he can make you pay excess fare. So, under these circumstances, I really think you had better pay a few coppers more to save yourself trouble; for you may depend upon it you will not be allowed to leave the next station till you have paid him."

The prospect of having to remain a day longer than necessary at a dirty roadside inn had such an effect on him that he determined to follow my advice, of which I informed the driver; and bidding him adieu, with a fervent wish that we might never meet again, we parted.

After I had left him, I could not help thinking of "old testy:" "A grumbling old humbug! It is such exacting fellows as he that ruin the Norwegian peasantry. He had much better stay at home and grumble at his butler, swear at the cook, and foam at the coachman, than come and make such a thundering fool of himself in a country like Norway."

But to get back to Hönefoss, where I left the old boy and son fishing, or going to fish. I and a friend of mine, who had been staying at the inn before they arrived, had taken the precautions of engaging a boat and the services of a boatman for the time we should stay there. It seems there was no other boat to be had, except one that leaked very much, in the place. Of course this sort of thing was not calculated to put a gouty old Englishman into the best of humours.

"Now I tell you what we'll do," I said one morning to my friend, while we were at breakfast, "we'll let 'old testy'" (we hadn't seen him five minutes before he had got this *soubriquet*) "have our boat, and we'll take the other, and fish a few yards above him. I should like to observe the animal, and study his habits; I think him rather a good specimen, and, if I mistake not, we'll have some fun." So we offered our boat, which put the old boy into such a good humour that he was profuse in his thanks, and insisted that we should make a point of coming to see him in England; *quod Deus avertat!* The fish were taking well, and we had succeeded in bagging a few brace of small ones, before our friends in the other boat had got one.

Presently, however, an ejaculation made us turn round, but on looking we could see nothing but the heels of the stout old party in the air, though we could hear him swearing at his son for having been the cause of the mishap.

"The old boy is in a fit," said my friend.

"Of swearing, then," I answered.

It seems the young man had hooked a nice fish, and in his eagerness, had jumped up from his seat rather hastily, and had thereby deposited the governor at the bottom of the boat. To say that we laughed would be wrong, we regularly shrieked till the tears ran down our faces, and the son and our two boatmen joined in. Heaven and earth! what a rage he was in when he did get up. But with an adroitness that did him credit, my companion, turning towards the shore, cried out "See! he's up again. I never saw such a donkey to kick in my life." He had seen an imaginary urchin on a phantom donkey on the bank, I suppose, though he was not

aware, doubtless, that there are not more than one or two "mokes" in the whole country. However, the *ruse* answered. A grateful look from the son, and a bewildered glance from the boatmen, who evidently could not understand the *diversion*, and peace was restored for a time. At last the old boy caught a nice fish, and became exceedingly chatty and good tempered, though at intervals of about five minutes he would swear at the boatman and his unhappy son like a lunatic, if they stirred an inch. We did not catch any quantity that day, for we were both of us more intent on watching the movements and gestures of our countryman than on the trout.

"Hollo! he's got a run, let us watch him," sung out my friend.

And indeed his reel whizzed out, and took out the line in fine style.

"A large fish, sir, I think?" I cried.

A nod of the head, as much as to say, "You hold your tongue, you young fools don't know how to play a large fish; you shall just see how I do it!"

"You'll lose him, by Jove, if you slacken your line like that!" cried out my companion in an excited tone, regardless of the odium his remarks would incur.

"What the devil do you know about it, sir? I think I ought to know what to do, seeing I have been used to fish ever since I was eight years old," was the quick reply.

"Beg pardon, sir!"

Half an hour elapsed, and still the fish was on; another half hour, and yet the same strain on the rod.

"I don't hesitate to say, gentlemen, it is one of those large lake trout, and weighs I dare say 30lb.! I'll play him all night, sooner than lose him;" and he gave us a look full of triumphant expectancy.

The fish, or supposed fish, had now been on four hours, but had never shown a fin above water.

"I tell you what it is, we'll go ashore and have our dinner, and then come and look at the old boy again." So we went to the inn, where we stayed about an hour, and on again rowing out found everything *in statu quo*.

"I can feel him tug, sir, every now and then, and I think he's getting tired of it," was the greeting we received.

I knew there was somebody in that boat who was tired of it, and that was his son, who, if he moved or stirred, was slanged up and down, till he daren't move hand or foot. It was getting dark, the fish had been on eight hours, and still the old boy presevered, and, indeed, I must give him credit for pluck and perseverance. "He would have a lantern out, that he would," so we went ashore and brought him one, and there he sat in his boat, fishing by candle-light, at one end of the rod a supposed trout, and at the other about the most disagreeable old bear I ever met with.

"We'll see the fun out," I said to my friend, as we lighted another pipe.

"By all means!"

Well, to make a long story short, the crisis at length came, and a growl of rage and disappointment announced to us the fact that the fish had broken his line, and got off.

The river was to be dragged as soon as it was light, and a reward offered to any one who should find the fish and bring it to him. Such was the parting injunction to the boatman, who actually complied with his request, and got two dollars for his trouble, and might have had five more if he had not been so honest, or else so stupid; for he could easily have got a large fish from the stake net higher up by the fall, and palmed it off on our countryman, I'm sure. It is my firm belief to this day that it was no fish at all, or at all events that if one ever were on at first, it had got entangled round a long piece of wood that was firmly fixed in the bottom at one end, while the other kept swaying backwards and forwards in the swift current.

To us, though in a fishing point of view the day had been almost a blank, yet ample compensation had been made in another respect; and we retired to bed determined to start early, before the old boy was up, and fish higher up the river.

The following morning we were early astir, and left the inn long before "old testy" was awake. A short walk from the town took us to the fisherman's hut. He was waiting to receive us; so, jumping

into his boat, we rowed up to the foot of the fall at the head of the lake, and there disembarked, and proceeded at once up the river. It was a lovely morning; there had been a heavy rain during the night, not enough to alter materially the quantity of water, but just sufficient to discolour it in the slightest degree imaginable. This, of course, was all in our favour, for previously, we learnt, it had been so bright that very little fishing had been possible. There was a nice warm breeze, too, which curled the surface of the water, and made the little ripples and eddies it caused look as if they were sprinkled with sparkling jewels.

The view from above the highest foss, for there are two close together, is extremely pretty, commanding, as it does, the whole extent of the lake below the lower one. The woods seemed alive with thrushes, blackbirds, and cuckoos, while every here and there we could discern the mocking laugh of the green woodpecker, and the plaintive, shrill cry of the large black woodpecker. This latter bird is, I believe, not found, or is at least extremely rare, in the British Isles. It is, I should say, twice the size of the common green woodpecker, and is quite black, with the exception of a red top-knot of feathers on its head. Amongst the peasants it goes by the name of the "Gjertrude bird."

"One day," says the myth, "when St. Peter was on earth, he found himself very hungry, and perceiving an old woman, who was named Gjertrude, with a red cap on her head, in a cottage making bread, asked her to give him something to eat. She either refused, or else gave him a very little bit indeed (I forget which), at which St. Peter, getting angry, cursed the old woman. Thereupon she was turned into a bird, and flying up the chimney became of a sooty black colour all over, with the exception of a red mark on the head, and whenever rain is approaching, or after a shower, she may still be heard in the forest lamenting, in plaintive notes, her pitiable case."

Butterfly and moth collectors would also, I think, find this part worth a visit during the month of July. My companion, who was making a collection of insects, I remember, enlisted me into his service, and soon I was rushing about, gauze net in hand, after

"Swallow-tails," "Apollos," and "Camberwell beauties." Though I had met with them in many other parts of the country, I never remember to have seen such a quantity as on that morning. I remember, also, that he added what he considered to be an extremely rare moth to his collection that same evening—viz., "the pine hawk-moth." I soon got tired of chasing butterflies (and I am sure the old fisherman thought we were a couple of lunatics), so, returning to the river side, I commenced operations.

The fish seemed greedily inclined, and took well. They were rather too small, however, to please me, none of them exceeding half a pound in weight.

After breakfast we moved higher up the river, where there were some nice pools. I remember one especially, under a fall about two miles distant from the great falls by the lake. Standing on a rock that jutted out a long distance into the river, I was able to throw nearly over to the opposite side. I am sure there were some big fish there, and though the largest I caught with a fly was but little over a pound, still the absence of small ones led me to conclude that it was a favourite *gite* for the big ones. Impressed with this idea, I laid aside the fly rod, and taking my light spinning rod, put on a flight of hooks and baited with a small trout. After two or three unsuccessful attempts I managed to cast just on the very spot I desired, when a whizz and a rush showed me that I had not been wrong in my conclusions, and that I had got hold of a nice fish. I never saw such a game fellow in my life, and though I felt that my rod was too strong for him, and did not give him much chance, still it was some few minutes before I could land him. It weighed 4½lb., and was as pretty a fish as ever I saw; and as for flavour, for we dined off it *al fresco*, unexceptionable.

Further up, our guide informed us, the fishing was much better, and this I really believe, for during our few days' stay at Hönefoss I saw enough to convince me that the villagers (I am afraid the inhabitants would be highly offended at hearing their *town* styled a *village*), fished it a good deal. Its proximity, too, to Christiania renders it less likely to show sport than other rivers more remote. At

a distance, however, of ten or twelve miles from Hönefoss the fishing is much better, and improves the further one explores up it. I would, therefore, strongly recommend any one who visits Hönefoss for the purpose of fishing not to waste his time, as we did, near the town, but at once to push on a good distance up the river, the nearer to the Sperilen Lake, whence it flows, the better. There are two places thereabouts—Bersund and Fjosvig—which can be especially recommended. Comfortable quarters may be had there, and, to make all complete, there lives there an old fisherman who has attained quite a notoriety for his skill in enticing the "speckled beauties" to his hook. He knows every pool and hole in the river, and for a small remuneration will row the fisherman about. Added to this he is a most amusing companion, and many a tale and adventure can he recount with a little persuasion in the shape of a bit of baccy and a drain of "Brændeviin" (corn brandy). About a hundred yards below the Sperilen Lake is, perhaps, the very best place in the whole river. It is called Kongströmmen, and abounds with large fish, and with plenty of them into the bargain.

It was late before we got back to our quarters at Hönefoss, laden with a goodly quantity of trout, to say nothing of butterflies, moths, and wild flowers, and some beautiful specimens of ferns. The old fisherman cast many an anxious look on the butterflies and moths, which, I am sure, he coveted; and I believe now that he was all along under the impression that we had caught them to fish with, and not to put under a glass case.

The next morning we decided on exploring a part of the other river, which, as I mentioned before, runs into the Aadal river, close by the inn at Hönefoss.

As the lower part of the river is so much overgrown by trees, we decided on taking a cart, a sort of market cart without springs, and driving to a spot about ten miles distant, in the middle of the forest. This our guide said was considered to be an excellent place, and thither we accordingly drove. During my travels I have had to undergo a good deal of jolting and shaking in vehicles of different sorts and descriptions, but if any man wants to have his inside

thoroughly stirred up, let me recommend him to a drive in a "stolpe kjœrre," for so the cart is termed in Norsk, along little-frequented forest-tracts. The road was full of ruts, holes, and rocks; and nothing but a cart of the above sort could ever have got along it.

After undergoing this misery for two hours or more, we arrived, to our no small satisfaction, at our fishing ground; and, putting up the horse at a woodman's cottage, proceeded to the river, which ran along a ravine close by.

In many parts the banks were so steep, and the trees came down so close to the water's edge, that it required great care and skill to be able to get a line in. When I go to Norway again, I shall certainly provide myself with an "otter," for I do not think there is anything unsportsmanlike in using one of these killing apparatuses in wild water, like that which one finds in many parts of the country, far away from the beaten track of the tourist. Many and many a charming pool could I have fished in a brawling mountain stream, or in places where to throw a fly would be a sheer impossibility, had I only had an "otter." However, as we did not possess such an article on the present occasion, we had to fish where we could. There were several nice pools, and I managed to catch a few small fish, and to lose a big one (when is the lost one not a big 'un?). In the afternoon we came to a mill, to our great surprise, on the river, the appearance of which seemed strangely out of place in the heart of a wild Norwegian forest. Close by it was a fall of some fifteen feet in height, underneath which we succeeded in catching a few nice fish.

The miller, though not quite answering to Tennyson's description of a miller—for he was not "wealthy," I am sure, neither had he a "double chin," nor was he "of portly size"—was a jolly sort of a fellow, and seemed to like his place of abode vastly. "We must fish above the fall," he said; and so we determined to follow his advice, the more especially as he kindly put one of his boats at our service.

I shall not readily forget that afternoon, for I did not catch a single fish, while my companion, declining altogether to intrust

himself on the river, preferred remaining on *terra firma* hunting butterflies. I do not think I am particularly nervous, but there are one or two things I have a decided objection to. And one of these is to fish in an old leaky boat on a rapid river just above a roaring waterfall that dashes over on to the rocks below. "Keep rowing over backwards and forwards about fifty yards above the foss," shouted the miller to my boatman.

I stood it as long as I could, and as I did not catch a single fish (and no wonder, considering I had forgotton to put a cast of flies on, so absorbed was I with the idea that we should go down), I ordered him to row higher up where the current was not so strong, and where there was no danger. For if only one of the oars had broken, or if even a rowlock had given way, nothing could have prevented our going down the fall, and getting smashed on the rocks at its base. A man must have an amazing amount of *sang froid* indeed to be able to enjoy fishing under such circumstances.

I dare say the miller thought me a great coward. But he was used to it (I do not mean used to getting shot down the fall, though that he will have a "header" down it some day I feel confident); but as his cottage was on one side and the mill on the other side the river, he thought no more of rowing backwards and forwards at all seasons, night and day, than he would of walking over a bridge, had there been one there. Use, I suppose, is second nature, and one may get inured to danger in any form after a time. But for all that, it would take me a long time to find any pleasure in fishing just above a foss fifteen feet or more in height.

The Norwegian peasant is, I think, naturally careless of (or rather callous to) danger. Born and bred amongst the mountains, he gets used to the perils incurred by "flood and fjeld;" and, inured as he is from childhood to undergo hardships and often a goodly amount of physical suffering, he looks on things in general with a different eye to other people.

I never remember to have heard any Norwegian hunter or peasant boast of any exploit or daring deed he may have performed. They seem to act more from *instinct* than from *mature reflection*,

and not to be aware that they have done anything deserving of praise.

I do not mean to say that in this especial instance the miller showed any bravery in risking his life every time he rowed over to his mill. I do not believe he ever thought he was incurring any risk; therefore, it was not bravery, and by the same reason neither was it foolhardiness, but simply the result of long habit.

"If your oar were to break," I said to him, "you must go over the foss, and perhaps get killed."

"Oh, yes!" he replied in a careless tone, "might be;" but the contingency, I think, he considered so remote as to render it an impossibility of happening.

It was now time to start home, especially as the sky looked very threatening. We had not accomplished half our journey when down the rain began to pour in such torrents that we nearly got swamped. This did not render our drive home the more pleasant, neither did we feel in the very best of humours when the axletree broke and sent us all three spinning into the mud. Fortunately we were not far from home, where a change of dry clothes, a good supper, and a pipe after it, restored us to a better humour, and made us even regard the mishaps of the day with actual cheerfulness.

CHAPTER XIII.

SKETCHES FROM SÆTERSDAL.

SÆTERSDAL is certainly one of the most sequestered of the retired mountain valleys of Norway. Of all the crowd of tourists from Christiania who stream out over fjeld and valley, and traverse the far-famed Thelemarken, there is scarce one who ventures over the mountains into Sætersdal. To the English traveller it is a *terra incognita*, and indeed is but little known to Norwegians themselves; for the attractions it offers are few, unless the love of exploring unknown tracts makes up for other deficiencies. Moreover, it lies very much out of the way of our regular tourists. Still it is easy of access, for already, on coming from Thelemarken through Bykle to Valle Præstegjeld* in Sætersdal, one may find a broad and well-kept-up road, winding its way for more than ninety miles through the whole extent of the valley along the Bygland Fjord, and the banks of the Otter to Christiansand.

Where it passes through wild and precipitous places, as in Bygland's Præstegjeld, there are now roads build at much expense, and with great skill, on the face of the cliff. In former times there used only to be a wretched bridle-road, from which horses used frequently to be precipitated, or, under the most favourable circumstances, only prevented from falling headlong into the depths below by means of a restraining power applied to their tails. And this but half a generation ago!

* Præstegjeld, or "parish."

Not without reason did the peasants christen this place "Devil's Cliff." A yawning abyss opens on the right, while on the left the mountain rears its side, covered with birch and wild cherry growing between immense blocks of rocks. These huge boulders, which seem to have been hurled down in wild disorder by giant force into the valley below, along the foaming river or dreamy fjord, form a peculiarity of Sætersdal landscape, and give it a wonderful air of defiance and savage wildness, perhaps nowhere else to be found. Here the marks of "Thor's hammer" may be seen, giving evident signs of the hard contest he sustained! The Bygland's Fjord below seems still to preserve remembrances of it deep in its silent bosom; but the Otter rages and chafes as if at the bare thought. Alas, that none can interpret its noisy language! The voice of tradition is hushed.

In passing underneath these huge blocks, it is impossible to refrain from shuddering at seeing them suspended, as it were, overhead. They seem as if they had not entirely stopped after their violent course; as if they were lying there, lingering and reflecting whether they should venture a spring down into the abyss. Occasionally it happens that one or two of these loiterers at length finds a convenient moment for this last leap, of which it has been pondering for centuries; and then, as if actuated by some sudden idea, rushes with a crash like the roar of a cannon down into the depth in a wild dance, dashing everything along with it in its passage. There are also points where the valley becomes wider, and where the road winds through a more smiling landscape; but still, Nature never quite loses her character of wild and exaggerated power.

Gazing on such a prospect, one cannot but acknowledge that such a picturesque bridle-road—now boldly rounding a projecting rock, now hidden to view in a thick coppice, or again creeping down into the valley below, made with no calculation, and devoid of art, graceful in its capriciousness—would form a suitable frame to this magnified picture. But when you now roll along at your ease in a comfortable carriole through the whole length of the valley, you swallow with a feeling akin to gratitude the dust which is the

constant attendant of a prosaic high-road, if you can only first rightly appreciate the prosperity and civilising influence which is mixed up in its particles. Formerly, there was only a miserable bridle-path along which the Sætersdal peasant had to lead his mountain pony, taking his produce to the town on its back, and bringing home in the same manner the purchases he made. The old folk in the valley look back (as old folk are wont) with unspeakable regret on these bygone days, which they regard as the age of contented simplicity, in comparison with the conceited depravity of the present time. It is true, they used to bring less from the town, and took fewer articles to market; but they were satisfied with less, and did not long for that which they neither knew of nor were used to. Now, however, luxuries and superfluities, *brændeviin* and coffee, frippery and foppery, are more easily conveyed on a broad road, and in a capacious cart, which formerly four horses could scarcely have dragged. At that time, too, the old-fashioned hats, with their national buckles, broad crowns, and narrow brims, did not vie with that pest of town civilisation which, beginning at the head, will soon descend lower, and exchange the genuine Norwegian costume for the tasteless "Dano-French" tail coat. The old inhabitant sees them disappear with regret, as they give place to the broad-brimmed, betasselled caps, which the Norwegian peasant seems to receive with especial affection wherever the national dress is disappearing.

There was a time (and there are still to be found old men who wear this dress) when the Sætersdal peasant used to go about in his long white frock, short yellow leather breeches, long white stockings, and garters with tassels; but it is long ago, and the rising generation scarce remember it. Then the overwhelming power of civilisation came from the north over the fjeld, not as now, from the south through the valley. Then there was no regular road, and the traffic with Christiansand was but small; but therefore consequently greater with Thelemarken, whence came the fashion which swept away in its devastating current the knee-breeches and the long peasant frocks, introducing in their place the short jacket and the enormous trousers peculiar to that district. Nowadays, the

Sætersdal peasant is completely immersed in his breeches, while at the same time he is hung up in his jacket, thus quite putting to shame the old proverb—"He who is born to be hung cannot drown;" for here, as is so often the case elsewhere, the fashion is carried to the extreme without any regard to tastefulness.

These walking breeches, with long dangling sleeves and short clipped head, with an ear on either side, sticking up as a handle, have scarcely anything human about them, but possess a remarkable bearish look; and the word "*Buxe-björn*" (or "Bear-breeches") can only be duly appreciated and understood on seeing a Sætersdal peasant. But there was good reason for abolishing the old costume, for the knee-breeches, which were held on the hips only by a single button, did not nearly come up to the short waistcoat, thus leaving a large part of the body uncovered, except by the thin shirt—a very insufficient protection against the severe climate of a fjeld district; and the people maintain that colic and cramps in the stomach are much less frequent than formerly. It must, therefore, be allowed that in this case appearance has been sacrificed to health; a great deal more than can be said of many other fashions that have come into vogue in the world, in which a total disregard to health and good taste has been the distinguishing feature. The dress is set off by a lively array of buttons, an upright green collar, light green facings, cords, and cuffs, with yellow and red embroidery upon a grey ground. The *söljer* (silver brooches) and silver studs are not wanting.

The peasants' shoes have a peculiar turned-up peak which gives them a *kömmager** appearance. The trousers, which are as narrow below as they are wide above, and reach only to the small of the leg, are trimmed at the bottoms with broad green ribbons, and buttoned at the side, leaving the thick white stockings visible above the shoes. In the winter they wear a sort of white woollen gaiter reaching to the knee, stitched at the sides and tops with broad dark cords. In the summer, however, adapting himself to the heat, the

* *Kommager*, a shoe peculiar to Iceland, with a turned-up peaked toe, something like a Chinese slipper. It is made of reindeer skin, the head being only used. It is, I believe, universally worn by the Lapps and Finns in winter.

Sætersdal peasant lets down a part of his trousers from under the arms, thus exposing on either side a triangular patch of not over clean linen. In this way, in the most practical manner possible, he adapts his huge trousers to the different seasons of the year.

The national costume of the women has, however, undergone no such changes. Unlike their sisters in other parts of Europe, they pride themselves on adhering to antiquated customs; and, it must be owned, the dress of the Sætersdal woman, which remains quite unchanged since the days of Axild, is both characteristic and pretty. The short skirts which reach only as far as the knee, with closely-sewn folds, have a peculiar crinoline appearance about them; while the red silk kerchief which is gracefully thrown over the head, the glittering studs of silver on the snow-white linen, and especially the woollen shawl, with its broad red stripes woven in with yellow on the white ground, thrown as a plaid jauntily over the shoulders, give their costume a picturesque and captivating appearance. The Sætersdalians are readily distinguished from the inhabitants of surrounding districts by their tall stature, broad muscular backs, and a regular, frequently antique, cast of features. The *tout ensemble*, even to the oval form of the face, and the small coquettish whiskers which every Sætersdal peasant wears, as well as his short jacket and low broad-crowned hat gives him a peculiar foreign look, and has contributed to the opinion, which circulates as a dark tradition, that he is not of the genuine Norwegian race, and that foreign blood runs in his veins. It is said that ages ago, in the remote past, some Scotch families found their way into Sætersdal, and especially into Bykle, and settled there; and that in time they became so intermixed with the Sætersdal peasants that all indications of their foreign extraction became obliterated, except from this dim tradition and their outlandish features. This subject, however, we will not discuss, but will rather describe their character, manner of living, the secluded position of their district, and their disinclination to enter into connection with those who do not dwell among them; for the Sætersdal peasant is not generally well received out of his own parts, owing to his national peculiarities and independence of bearing.

He wears his hair cropped close, stiff, like the bristles of a pig; but in front, bordering on the forehead, he allows it to grow into a pigtail (or *spör*), which he takes a pride in plaiting and twisting behind the ear. He is as proud of his pigtail as the Oriental of his beard, and would not part with this ornament at any price; and the principal cause of his dislike to soldiering is a fear of the brutal military scissors, which would clip off his pride, his joy, his darling pigtail, the moment he is enrolled. He differs from the Indian only in this, that the one wears his pigtail in front—the other farther back. With both people it has a sort of challenging air about it; but in the one case it refers to a scalp, in the other to an eye. In a fight, for instance, the Sætersdal peasant, with that precision and certainty which only long habit can give, seizes with his fore-finger the pigtail of his enemy, and with his thumb endeavours, and often succeeds, in gouging out his eye. Many a living testimony now wanders about with one eye, as Odin, a victim to the conservative predilections of his opponent for eye-squeezing. Not unfrequently, too, the nose and ear bear marks of the contest. To bite off and swallow his opponent's nose or ear is thought just as little of as squeezing out his eye, and is not considered as any disgrace in a Sætersdal fight. But should he have a fight in the town, he acts as a man of taste and good breeding, and only uses his knife; but amongst his own people his sharp teeth come into play, and he seldom disdains to seize the defiant pigtail of his enemy, which, on such occasions, falls over the forehead in a most inviting manner.

But, unless excited by brandy or ale, the Sætersdal peasant is not usually pugnacious or obtrusive in manner. He is superstitious to a degree, owing to the wild solitude of the district, and the traditions from olden time. "Aasgardsreien" still goes about and jests, and many are the tarred crosses which the peasant marks over his door at Christmas-time, to keep the powers of evil away. He firmly believes, too, in spirits; and there are few of them who at least once in their lives have not seen and heard the wild, ringing gait of "Aasgardsreien." After sunset he will hardly ever venture out of doors, and even threats or promises will not induce him to go a

single step after darkness has fallen. He is very sluggish in his movements, more so than is usually the case among the Norwegian peasantry; excessively egotistic, and of a calculating turn of mind.

He will not readily do any service to a stranger; and when any request or demand is made, and he thinks the party able to pay, he never forgets to weigh, as far as possible, the favour asked of him against the money expected. "How much will you give?" is a question which he will ask at every step; and before this important point is decided, not an inch will he budge from his place.

This is a sad trait in his character, but, unfortunately, too true, as every stranger who has come in contact with a Sætersdal peasant will allow. The cause of this disobliging and calculating spirit, which is so uncommon, generally speaking, in the country, is difficult to explain. It must arise from his isolated and secluded position, which has given his feelings, thoughts, and interests, a sort of spiral form, constantly converging towards a point, which point is himself. Intercourse and contact with others will probably considerably ameliorate this failing.

It were to be wished that it would also be instrumental in checking and restraining another peculiarity, which obtains certainly more amongst the Sætersdal peasants than any others in the country. It is their abominable filthiness! In this they certainly gain the palm—at all events, there are very few who approach them.

The Sætersdal peasant has an innate horror of water, and washes himself (properly) only every Christmas time! On his cottage floor, which has not undergone any cleansing process ever since it was laid down, his pig jumps cheerfully about; the hens sit on the shelf, between milkpans and cheeses; while the cock majestically struts about on the tester-bed. In the same room which serves as dairy the Sætersdal peasant sleeps with his family and servants, amongst pigs and goats, and other smaller and still more lively animals.*

* A friend of mine had, some years ago, to pass the night in a Sætersdal cottage—at least a part of it; for he was so tormented by the "lively animals," that he had to make a bolt of it, stark naked, into the river close by, before he could get rid of his company. Next morning he looked as if he had got the measles!

The peasant of a higher rank has an especial shelf under the roof for his cheese and milk, and, as is usually the case, this is on the tester-bed, which does not contribute to make the one more dainty, or the surface of the other more white and pure. When a milk-bowl is produced, especially in summer, it seldom fails to be covered with a thick coating of dust and smuts, which leaves the spectator in doubt as to what it really is. But the native Sætersdalian takes it down without even blowing the dust off, so little does it disturb his equanimity; for in the great vessels where he keeps his sour milk for a whole year, one can see worms and other such trifles running about as merrily as possible. It all goes down, in enviable combination!

It were easy to relate many a striking incident in corroboration of the dirtiness of the Sætersdal peasant; but no description could possibly give a correct idea of it. To appreciate it properly you must go and visit him in his home, see him roaming about amongst pigs, goats, fowls, cats, and ducks, on a floor beyond all description, the coating of which would be amply sufficient to manure a moderate-sized field, and in an incredible atmosphere, composed of the thickest impurities, arising from the human and animal world which this novel Noah has collected in his ark. No Irish cabin ever came up to it! In the next place, you should see him in his hideous leather breeches, in his nameless shirt sleeves, that have no more of their original colour than had the milk above mentioned, with his wife and daughters, in their summer dress and home costume, the short white woollen blouse which they wear underneath their dark, short-skirted, corded over-dress, and whose whiteness is replaced by a yellow-brown gray, which forms the ground colour, in which are a multitude of marks and spots of all shades and colours like a rainbow; though the greasy and dark spots *are* the most numerous. One can hardly believe that they are the same beings which so short a time ago might have been seen in the churchyard so clean and picturesque-looking in their best Sunday attire; but that, reader, was the poetical and bright side, this the prosaic and real—for the fundamental element is dirt! The white shining shirt sleeves, and silver studs, and cleanly appearance are laid aside as

soon as service is over. It does not last even to the close of the day, but is put by after a few hours' ostentatious parading for the boundless filth of the ensuing week.

But how can it be otherwise? For where hard and heavy labour bows down the delicate and effeminate, these at least must give way.

It will strike the traveller painfully, not only in Sætersdal proper, but in the more southern districts, and the whole western coast, on seeing the hardest and severest work imposed on the weaker sex. Whilst the husband, with a clay pipe in the corner of his mouth, is stretching himself at full length in true Oriental indolence, you may see the former weighed down under the roughest field work.

The women hoe, thrash, plough, cut wood, and carry water; whilst the men, just for once in a way, drive a load into the town. The laziness of the Sætersdal peasant is so great, that he almost looks on it as something derogatory to put his hand to any farm work. He often lets out his whole property on lease to one less opulent, who farms it for him, assuring him a certain rent, on which he lives, whilst he shamefully wastes his time in slothful indolence. There are peasants who, as far as regards the softness and fineness of their hands, can compete with any "*Forening*" * *habitué*, or lion of the metropolis. Ask such a Sætersdal gentleman why he does not manage his own farm himself, and you will get a *naïve* and astonished reply: "He needn't work, he is rich; he isn't compelled to do it." They cannot understand why a person works, unless from the greatest necessity. Amongst a people of such idle tendencies, it is very common to find, along with this letting out of farms, an arrangement made by which the owner secures a maintenance for himself, so as to be able to pursue an idle, slothful, lounging existence; and it is easy to understand what a depressing influence such a proceeding must have on the value of property, and the progress of agriculture. It has, moreover, a destructive influence on the whole family life, and often by the side of affection for parents, there creeps in an element of calculative speculation on the probable event of their death, so as to set the estate at liberty.

* *Forening*—The Almacks of Christiania.

The Sætersdal peasant (as with all uncivilized people) is greatly addicted to strong drink, and on particular occasions—at all events at marriages and Christmas feasts—there is nothing more common than to see men and women, like the Samoïedes, drinking together, till at last they roll down in a state of unconscious helplessness.

And still by the side of this barbarity, there are so be found traits of a romantic chivalry in their nature, at which one cannot help marvelling.

In Sætersdal abductions are not uncommon. It is an old custom, and seems to have taken its origin from the desire of forming alliances and connections, not between their children, but between their farms; indeed, it prevails to a great extent amongst all the peasantry of Norway. In some of the valleys, the inhabitants would on no account marry out of their district. Hence, as may be supposed, in a thinly-inhabited neighbourhood, where the choice is not great, frequent intermarriages occur; and the effects resulting therefrom are extremely injurious. This, combined with other causes, such as the solitary and sedentary life they lead, the poor and insufficient food they have to put up with, is in all probability the reason why there are, in proportion to its population, more lunatics, idiots, deaf and dumb, &c., to be found in Norway than in any other European country, Switzerland, I believe, alone excepted. It is a constant occurrence for uncles to marry their nieces—a practice not confined to the uneducated and "quasi-barbarous" peasant, but adopted also by the higher and educated classes of towns, the metropolis not excepted.

As regards family connections, a stiff-necked, aristocratic tendency prevails among them, not surpassed by any nobility; and the peasant in Sætersdal, as elsewhere, is in this point decidedly an aristocrat; and one often, therefore, hears speak of unhappy alliances, but still oftener that the will of the parents has been set at nought, and that the affair has been decided by the heart, and not by the understanding. There is frequently an instance of a labourer's son marrying a farmer's daughter, and the calculating prudence of the old folk being set at nought. And then abductions

come in, with all their romantic episodes. How old La Fontaine would rejoice in his grave if he had any idea that, amid the stern reality of this "steam-age," and in the very heart of one of Europe's enlightened countries, his theories were turned to practical purposes by shepherds and shepherdesses!

Let me draw a picture. "The moon is shining—a lonely field valley—a cottage in the valley's bosom. . . . . A shepherdess appears—she is stealing out of the paternal abode with a bundle under her arm, in which are a few treasures, her ornaments, and the necessary articles of apparel. . . . . The herdsman waits by appointment. One last tearful look at the home of her father—and she is lifted up by his strong arm, and is carried off at the saddle-bow!"

Now all this sounds excessively romantic, and yet nothing can be truer. Nothing is wanting to complete the picture, even to the tragical despair and fury of the father, and the final pardon. Unfortunately, as far as regards effect, the despair and the fury evinced are completely damped by the stoical resignation (a national trait among Norwegian peasantry!) with which he gives way when he finds it cannot be helped. It has never been heard that an abduction has caused any hostilities between families. When once the thing is done, and the abducted bride has reached her new home, he submits with patience to what cannot be avoided. Exasperation would only make him ridiculous, for the bold lover has the precedent of long-established custom, and the laugh on his own side.

It certainly has occurred that the parents or relations have kept guard over a too amatory maiden, and, for further precaution, have even kept her under lock and key, or bolted her in the cellar; but almost always the loving couple have found means to obviate all impediments—"for if a man's stratagems are deep laid, we know well that a woman's are unfathomable." When a girl has had two or more suitors, and she gets at last weary of such an existence, it often happens that, in order to put an end to it, she allows herself to be carried off by the one who has been the secret object of her heart's affections. The rejected rivals have then nothing else left

than to find another sweetheart as quickly as possible. Such is the prescribed custom. They are to be then seen going from door to door, and making proposals to the first girl they meet with; for if the rejected rival can only feel inclined, and can get married before the favoured lover, *then—and then only*—has he wiped out the disgrace which the refusal and the being jilted has cast on his good name and reputation; a custom which, if generally followed, would contribute not a little to the promotion of wedlock, and the preservation of morals, and to the destruction and discomfiture of all bachelors and convents. More than one has obtained his bride in this way, "*par droit de conquête;*" and the custom prevails to this day.

But, on the whole, one cannot deny that there is a noble pride, a deep feeling of independence, and love of liberty that hates constraint beyond everything, belonging to their good qualities, and shining brightly through all their slothful habits and dirtiness.

The Sætersdal peasant is bold, openhearted, straightforward, and hospitable. With a brimming beaker he meets the guest who passes over his threshold, and drinks to him, and offers him the strong, foaming ale, which, however, it is not the mark of good breeding to quaff off till after repeated and pressing invitations on the side of the host, and continued protests on the part of the guest, in order that the former may have ample opportunities for displaying his persuasive powers.

As regards enlightenment, the Sætersdal peasantry stand remarkably low. Very few of them can read, and still fewer write. Their ideas are, naturally, primitive to a degree. The rotundity of the earth they still look on as a most doubful matter.

Like our venerable forefathers, they believe the world to be flat, like a pancake, in the middle of which the Almighty has placed Norway, and Sætersdal again in the middle of this; and that America, the sea, *Jotunheim*,* are on its extreme limits. The theories of Galileo do not seem to have made much progress here. That the earth remains still, and that the sun, moon, and stars revolve round her at a respectful distance, is considered to be an

* Home of the giants.

incontestable fact. Like the old man in the fable, the Sætersdal peasant has a confused idea that an emperor is superior to a king, and an empire to a kingdom, and the Pope—of whom he has mysterious and uncomfortable conceptions—over them all.

It is still to be hoped that better means of intercourse and growing enlightenment will tend to remove such ideas; and in time even to obtain the mastery over that filth which has justly made the Sætersdal peasant so renowned, and which is so prevalent even where his circumstances are comparatively affluent, lying like a heavy weight on soul and body, and blunting all perception for the beautiful and for real prosperity.

Sætersdal and the neighbouring districts are excellent hunting quarters. On the high grounds are to be found reindeer; on the mountain side, ptarmigan; while blackcock, foxes, hares, wolves, and bears abound in the forests. As the peasants never keep dogs, and hares therefore are only hunted in the winter when the snow is on the ground, it frequently happens that they lose their instinctive shyness, and it is no unusual thing in the summer to see them sitting by the roadside, so seldom are they scared by the chase!

Bears are very numerous. In Sætersdal Bruin lives as a private gentleman in undisturbed possession of his estate, respected, if not beloved, by his neighbours; but like other "Majesties by the grace of God," he cares little about affection, so long as he is respected, and this he certainly is in Sætersdal; for the genuine Sætersdalian is too indolent and lazy, and perhaps also too cowardly, to meddle with a bear, even when it is the attacker, and, by way of amusement or pastime, sticks its claws into a cow or cow-boy.

On the whole, the bear is a remarkably good-tempered animal. One day a few summers ago, Bruin took it into his head, by way of a little change, to have a short walk along the high road. Now, the Lensmand (sheriff's officer) was also out in the discharge of his duties, and, meeting his highness in Fandsklev (Devil's Cliff), endeavoured to inform him in the politest way possible—by a gentle shower of small stones—that he should at least give half the road to the official authorities. Bruin, however, without allowing him-

self to be imposed on by a display of gold cord, gave him to understand by a majestic and significant growl that he had a desire to remain quiet, and that he did not particularly approve of small stones. The Lensmand, therefore, was compelled to turn back, and leave his majesty to continue his solitary promenade undisturbed. Such encounters are by no means rare.

Some *Fossekarle** once met with a bear taking a bath in Bygland's Fjord, on a hot summer's day, and forthwith attacked him, armed only with their boathooks. They had a very narrow escape, however; for the bear, wishing to make their personal acquaintance, had succeeded in clambering up into the boat, when it fell dead from loss of blood.

It is not, however, in Sætersdal Proper, but rather in the contiguous districts, that most bears are to be found. It is here, too, that the regular bear-hunters live. They have a real passion for the chase, and make quite a profession of it.

One of the most renowned bear-hunters in this district is Niels Knudsen Breistöl, a famous blacksmith, who not only manufactures his own rifle, but also provides his countrymen with weapons of his own make. His rifles are well known, and are much sought after. In Evje, too, there lives a well known bear hunter; and on a farm called Moy there is a man who is said to have shot about a hundred bears; but it would be tedious to reckon all the bear shooters in a district where there is scarcely a peasant who does not go out in pursuit of them; and where there are to be found those who have shot scores of bears, and but few who have not at least twice in their lives obtained head money. It is quite remarkable with what indifference the peasants speak about the dangers encountered in this sort of chase. One would think that they looked upon it almost as a common hare-hunt, as some of them have indeed said. The bear, they say, is not dangerous; for it only attacks when it has been wounded, or as one of them significantly remarked, "*when he is insulted.*" The object, therefore, is to insult him effectually with

* *Fossekarle* (literally "waterfall fellows") are those who are employed in conveying timber into the river or lake, for floating it down.

the first shot; for the peasants always use single-barrelled rifles. One very seldom hears of mishaps, although instances are not wanting. When an accident does occur, they often manage to escape in a most wonderful manner. A story is told of a man who had wounded a bear, but not mortally. The enraged animal immediately attacked him, and dashed him to the ground, falling on him; fortunately, he was scarcely injured. The man, who thus was lying underneath the bear with his face against its stomach, carefully watched his opportunity to move just as the bear moved, so that it could not seize him with its fearful paws. Meanwhile he succeeded in getting hold of his knife, and while thus crawling about under the bear, accompanied this sort of "backward galop" with repeated enlivening stabs in the shaggy stomach of Mr. Bruin, who at last becoming tired of this sort of pastime, sneaked away growling from his unpleasant companion. But it is not everybody who gets off so easily. One sometimes meets with people who have been frightfully wounded; and it is only astonishing that this is not more frequently the case, owing to the reckless courage, almost amounting to carelessness, which they display in this chase, which is generally carried on single-handed. With the utmost coolness does the peasant repair to the den where Bruin is enjoying his winter slumbers, and crawl in unarmed; then when he sees two eyes sparkling through the gloomy darkness, and has ascertained that the place is occupied, and that "the governor" is at home, he crawls out again backwards, fetches his rifle, which he politely left outside the door, and creeping in again, takes aim at the eyes, and slaughters the bear.

A cow-boy once shot at a bear, which he met by chance, with small stones, for want of better ammunition. On being asked how he dared to fire only with a charge of small stones, "I never gave it a thought," said the boy. And this is quite characteristic, for so it is with the peasants; they do many such things, which might presuppose a lion courage wanting that mature deliberation, without which true courage cannot exist. They don't think about it. This is not deliberate courage. Occurrences as those just mentioned

happen so naturally that they are but seldom known out of the immediate district; and the hero of the adventure would be excessively astonished if he noticed that any one attached peculiar importance to it, and would perhaps deliberate the next time, and so, in all probability, not succeed so easily.

One more incident. Some little time ago a bear used to prowl about a particular part. He was called the "horse bear," because he had despatched so many horses in his time. His fame had extended far and wide, and he had often been hunted. He had had, moreover, to submit to a regular "Klapjagt,"* something quite uncommon in these parts, but had always contrived, though often wounded, to escape.

In one of these encounters he got severely wounded in one of the hind legs, causing the foot ever since to be quite awry, so that he could easily be recognised wherever he went. Wild and savage to the extreme from all the persecution to which he had had to submit, he would attack people whenever he saw them, even if they had not "insulted" him. Some time elapsed, when the slaughter of various cows, and the breaking down of cowsheds, gave convincing proofs that he was again in the neighbourhood, and great was the panic caused by the advent of this terrible "horse bear." Therefore, one of the most renowned bear-shooters in the valley, who had often had an encounter with these princes of the forest, determined to go out in quest of him. One fine day, then, throwing his single-barrelled rifle over his shoulder, he started out. He had been gone but a short time, and had snuffed about in the wood, when suddenly, on emerging from a moderately thick copse, he perceived the "horse bear" making straight for him. Taking aim, he fired, but whether the unexpected meeting had made his hand shake a little, or whether there was any other reason, it is certain that the shot did not take effect where it was intended. The bear was wounded, but not mortally. Furious, it raised itself upon its hind legs, and attacked the man. As he was only armed with his single-barrelled rifle, there was no possibility of reloading. His

* When the whole country is called out to beat the woods.

position, therefore, was critical; for if he attempted to fly he was irretrievably lost, and if he remained standing the prospect was not much better. He did not take long to reflect. With a determined look, and grasping the barrel of his rifle firmly in the right hand, he awaited the approach of his terrible opponent, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. But the furious brute, perplexed, and undoubtedly awed by the steady gaze and firm mien of the hunter, after having advanced a few steps towards him, suddenly disappeared in the thicket. Thus the "horse bear" escaped again, but was shot not long after.

A short time back a bear had taken his annual trip from Sætersdal into Bygdelag, in order to visit his old haunts. He had been seen one day in the spring in Evje parish on the eastern side of the river Otter, sitting in a most philosophical manner on its bank, and probably cogitating whether he should venture an expedition across or not. After having gazed at the water in this manner for a considerable period, he seemed at last to have come to the conclusion that it was not quite convenient, for presently, with a "right-about-face," he disappeared. A short time after, a bear was noticed wandering about in Iveland, near the river Otter. It had been seen about there in several places, and seemed especially to keep about the neighbourhood of the farms Kless and Ivedt. It was in one of the outlying fields of this last-mentioned farm that it attacked a cow-boy, who endeavoured to keep it away from the mash-tub by shouting and throwing stones at it. Getting, probably, tired of this racket, or being struck by some of the stones, he at last flew upon the cow-boy, and tore his clothes to pieces. Matters seemed becoming serious for the poor lad, who was far away from any human assistance, and quite unarmed. The bear would soon have made short work of him had not a courageous heifer, who had hitherto prudently kept neutral, now that matters were going beyond a joke thought it high time to interfere. Without long reflection, and only waiting for a favourable opportunity, it attacked the unbidden stranger so courageously and ably, that at last, either by a well-directed butt, or that the bear thought it silly to be

beaten by such an ignoble animal as a cow, it sneaked off quite crestfallen. Meanwhile the cow-boy, who had such an unexpected opportunity for studying Bruin's expressive physiognomy, got off, thanks to the noble assistance of his horned ally, with torn breeches and some few trifling scratches—a cheap price for such an honour! After this rencontre his growling highness repaired to other places, and they heard no more of him that year. Knud Breistöl, and one or two of the shooters in the valley, were naturally out after him, when one morning while it was dusk he sneaked by them unawares. Knud fired, as did the others; but it was still dark, and there was no time to take steady aim, so the bear probably saved his skin whole and sound for another time. If it is actually the case that the renowned Count Raben is as clever in shooting bears as he is said to be in shooting pigs from his travelling carriage, it is strange that Sætersdal has not witnessed his exploits, for here he would have an opportunity of acquiring both honour and bear-skins; probably, however, this "terror of the bears" has laid aside his weapons.

But cultivation and civilisation will soon drive the bears away from this mountainous valley, as they have from so many others, and it is easy to see that their lot will be like that of the aborigines in America and Australia: their race will in time disappear from the country, and one will have to take a journey to Siberia in order to get a bear-skin.

Once, but it is longer ago than in the memory of man, there were beavers to be found in the valley—a fact which the names of certain farms clearly indicate; but these, too, have long since disappeared; the law was too late in protecting them against destruction. It is said, however, that even yet in one remote mountain-lake remains of their clever building operations are yet to be seen. But the otter at least does not bear its name in vain, for otters are found here in plenty, and there are few to look after them and hunt them.

English travellers who are desirous of studying the habits of a strange people, and who do not mind putting up with such inconveniences as dirt and poor accommodation, will probably find a visit to Sætersdal both interesting and remunerative.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ASCENT OF GALDHÖPIGGEN.

GALDHÖPIGGEN, the loftiest mountain in Norway, and in northern Europe, is 8300 feet above the sea level, and is well worthy of a visit. It has been ascended several times by Norwegians; but, as far as I am aware, no Englishman has ever set foot on its summit. To those who are partial to Alpine clambering, and whose pleasure is enhanced in direct proportion as the danger of the ascent increases, other mountains may possess greater charms than Galdhöpiggen; and yet it, too, requires a good head, a steady foot, and a trustworthy guide. The ascent is by no means arduous, and when the top is reached, should the day be clear, the magnificent panorama that will unfold itself to the eye will more than repay the climber's trouble. The summit of this imposing mountain rests on a basement named Galdhöen, which extends on all sides in such a way that the top can only be seen from the adjoining valley of Visdal.

The direct route from Galdhöpiggen to Christiania is *viâ* Lillehammer. A road branches off to the left at Laurgaard (a station a few miles short of Dombaas, at the foot of the Dovre mountains), which will conduct the traveller to Lom, at the farther end of the Vaage Vand. At this place the beautiful valley of the Bæverdal commences. After following its course for a few miles, the traveller will observe that it branches off into two lateral valleys, Visdal and Leirdal, between which Galdhöen is situate.

Visdals Sæter is about twenty-one miles from the parsonage house at Lom, and here the ascent may be said to commence. Let us there

commence our clambering; and be it stated for the special benefit of alpine climbers that to reach the summit and return to the sæter ought not to occupy more than twelve hours, allowing one hour to spend on the top.

After following the course of the river from the sæter for some little distance, the path crosses it by a bridge. The ascent now begins to be steeper and steeper for the next two thousand feet, after which the plateau becomes enlarged, and a magnificent view over Visdal may be obtained, while the lofty peak of Glittertind, surrounded by its more humble companions, may be seen on the opposite side of the valley. A little higher up, and on the other side of the glacier, the summit of Galdhöpiggen is visible. The view now becomes very much extended, and presents a landscape which will not readily be forgotten by the person who has once seen it. In the distance, Snehætten and a great portion of the Dovre Fjeld are distinctly visible, while the Horungerne may be seen looming forth from a perfect sea of mountain peaks. On the right a glorious summit, clad in a mantle of ice and snow, boldly bids defiance. It is Galdhöpiggen itself in all its majesty. Let me now continue my description of the rest of the ascent in the words of a friend of mine, Mr. Axel Blytt, the son of the late talented professor of botany at Christiania, who made the ascent in 1864:

"It reared its head some eight hundred feet above us still. On Keilhau's Top—so called because a professor of that name was unable to ascend any higher, owing to a storm coming on—I noticed the last vestiges of vegetable life in the form of *Lecidea geographica*, a yellowish-green sort of lichen, which may also be found on the top of Mont Rosa, the Jungfrau, and the Finsterhorn. It is found, too, on Chimborazo, at a height of 17,200 feet above the sea.

"Should there be but little snow on Galdhöpiggen, and the ice be bare, the ascent will be found to be very tedious. An axe will then be necessary, for the inclination of the glacier is about forty five degrees. On the left lies a yawning chasm, while on the right a precipitous glacier hangs down for about fifteen hundred feet, intersected every here and there with deep rents and fissures. It is

verily an intermediate position between a Scylla and a Charybdis. But fortune favoured us, and we got over the glacier without a single mishap, and at length stood on the very top of Galdhöpiggen.

"Before describing the view that is to be seen from it, I will say a few words about the formation, &c., of the top of the mountain. I was greatly surprised to find it larger and flatter than I had anticipated. It certainly was not less than fifty square feet. A coating of snow entirely covered it, which, from its consistency, had evidently lain there the whole summer through. Indeed, I am inclined to think that it is always covered with snow.

"A panoramic view may be enjoyed from the summit, which, perhaps, stands unrivalled in Norway; for everything that high fjeld nature can offer is here presented to the eye of the visitor. I feel how difficult it is to give the reader at all an adequate description of the glorious scene I witnessed; perhaps the reason may be that the enjoyment of such a spectacle consists in the fact that the eye can take it all in at once, while the pen can only render it bit by bit, and describe each individual point in turn, the totality of which only makes the landscape so enchantingly glorious.

"I had brought with me a map of Christian's Amt, and, laying it down on the snow, managed, with the help of a pocket compass, to make out the names of many of the numberless peaks which reared themselves up into the sky on all sides.

"Wherever I turned, nothing but plateaus of snow and mountain peaks were visible, all of them apparently destitute of any signs of vegetable growth, till in the extreme distance, where their outlines could not be distinctly discerned, they seemed to melt away into the sky; just as when far out at sea, water and sky seem to be no longer two different elements, but one homogeneous fluid mass. The valleys below looked like little rents and splits cut in the solid rock. I could see to the bottom of none of these with the exception of Visdal, which lay at a terrific depth almost under our feet.

"On turning to the north, the Nordfjord Fjelds, Skedager and Læsje, and Romsdalhorn are visible. But, perhaps, the wildest and the most interesting view is towards the south and south-east. The

extensive ranges of mountains in these parts, which stretch over a hundred square miles, and contain only one human habitation, differ from most of our mountains in their formation. For they have not the rounded and uniform formations which contribute more than anything else to impart a monotonous and gloomy appearance to the mountains of Norway. On the contrary, they tower up in sharp cones or pyramids. Covered as they all were with fresh snow, I could only liken them to a sea that had been swept by a terrific storm, each wave of which had suddenly been frozen as it had raised its crest aloft.

"To my great surprise, I discovered that organic life was not quite unrepresented at the altitude at which we now were, for I found a little spider creeping over the snow, and on looking upwards saw a majestic eagle soaring hundreds of feet overhead."

But I have detained my readers long enough on Galdhöpiggen, and will now tell them how Mr. Blytt got down. This is shortly told:

"At first all went on swimmingly, as we used our old tracks, and had not, therefore, to proceed so cautiously. We had scarcely left the plateau when the sun began to sink down. A high ridge towards the west hid it from view, but its beams shone brightly on the opposite summits. They looked as if they were bathed in all the colours of the rainbow, and as one hue succeeded another, first a deep rose merging into gold, succeeded by a purple gradually but surely dying away into a dull leaden grey, they presented to the eye a series of dissolving views on a gigantic scale that baffle description, and require to be seen to be fully appreciated.

"We were afraid, however, to stay as long as we could have wished feasting our eyes on this kaleidoscope of nature, for we were still some distance from the sæter, and the dusk was setting in apace. Indeed, in the valley below it was as dark as night, though on looking up every here and there we could see the sun shining on some of the loftiest peaks, as if his beams would fain linger as long as possible on scenes of such grandeur and beauty. The descent now began to require great caution, for the increasing darkness rendered

it a matter of difficulty to choose the right path among the boulders. At length we happily reached our night quarters, just as the moon rose from behind the top of Galdhöpiggen, and cast a silvery robe over the snowy mantle of its sloping sides."

One word more in recommendation of Galdhöpiggen to the notice of the aspirant to alpine honours. Though doubtless other mountains may offer a more extended view, because the ranges in their immediate neighbourhood may be of less imposing height than is the case here, yet I question much whether any fjeld in Norway can show a more beautifully grouped prospect from its summit than is to be obtained from the heights of Galdhöpiggen. Another recommendation is that the ascent, though doubtless arduous, is comparatively free from danger, an advantage that does not belong to many other mountains of much smaller altitude. And, lastly, the ascent of this, the highest mountain in northern Europe, cannot fail to leave an impression on the mind of every one who has a sense for what is grand and exalted in nature, that will not readily be effaced.

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